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TOTEM POLES

*MARIUS
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KAIGANI

HAIDA

NISKAE

GITKSAN

TSIMSYAN



BELLA BELLA

BELLA
COOLA

KWAKIUTL

INTERIOR

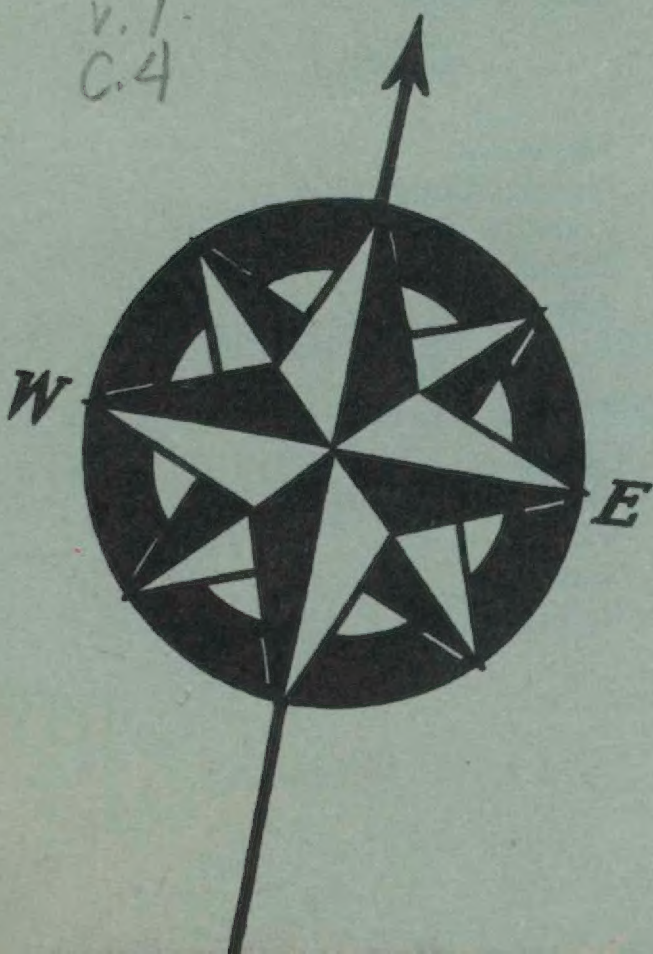
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LEGEND FOR MAP SHOWING POSITION OF INDIAN VILLAGES

Tlingit

1. Klukwan
2. Chilkat
3. Juneau
4. Sitka
5. Telegraph Creek
6. Stikine Glacier
7. Wrangell
8. Klawock
9. Ketchikan
10. Saxman
11. Cape Fox
12. Tongas

Haida (Kaigani)

13. Tuxecan
14. Kasaan
15. Hydaburg
16. Sukkwan
17. Howkan
18. Cape Chacon

Haida

19. Langara Island
20. Frederick Island
21. Hippa
22. Virago
23. Yan
24. Massett
25. Tow Hill
26. Cape Ball
27. Skidegate
28. Tsahl
29. New Gold Harbour
30. Cumsheewa
31. Skedans
32. Tanu
33. Ninstints
34. Tasu

Tsimshyan (Niskæ)

35. Nass River
36. Kincolith
37. Gitiks
38. Gitrhadeen
39. Gwunahaw
40. Gitwinksihlk
41. Gitlarhdamks
42. Volcano

Tsimshyan proper

43. Fort Simpson (1831)
44. Port Simpson (1833)
45. Metlakatla
46. Prince Rupert
47. Port Essington
48. Kitsemkælem
49. Kitsalas Canyon
50. Gitrhahla
51. Kitamat
52. Hartley Bay

Tsimshyan (Gitksan)

53. Kitwanga
54. Gitwinlkul
55. Gitsegyukla
56. Hazelton
57. Kispayaks
58. Kiskagas
59. Qaldo

Kwakiutl

60. Bella Bella
61. Rivers Inlet
62. Smith Inlet
63. Hope Island
64. Koskimo
65. Blunden Harbour
66. Fort Rupert
67. Alert Bay
68. Kingcome Inlet
69. Gilford Island
70. Turnour Island
71. Knight Inlet
72. Cape Mudge

Nootka

73. Quatsino
74. Klayuqaht
75. Nootka Sound
76. Friendly Cove
77. Zeballos
78. Alberni

Salish

79. Campbell River
80. Comox
81. Nanaimo
82. Vancouver
83. Victoria
84. Port Townsen

TOTEM POLES

BY

Marius Barbeau

BULLETIN No. 119 — VOLUME I

TOTEM POLES ACCORDING TO CRESTS AND TOPICS



DEPARTMENT OF RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT
DEVELOPMENT SERVICES BRANCH
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*Let this book be a memorial to
the native artists of the north
Pacific Coast!*

*Their genius has produced
monumental works of art on a par
with the most original the world
has ever known.*

*They belong one and all to our
continent and our time, and have
shown how creative power may
thrive in remote places. Indepen-
dent of our great moderns, from
Turner to Gauguin, Van Gogh,
and Cézanne, they were neverthe-
less their contemporaries.*





HEINA

EMILY CARR, 1871-1945

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA

P R E F A C E

All the totem poles, house posts and frontals, and the stately grave pillars of British Columbia and Alaska have been included in this monograph, as far as the author knows. The only exception is the important lot studied and published in his Totem Poles of the Gitksan, Upper Skeena River, British Columbia (Bulletin No. 61, National Museum of Canada, 1929, pp. 275; illustrations, 33), now out of print.

The scope of this study is explicitly restricted to the geographic area and historical period covered by the native art of the totems. Yet it is more comprehensive, for it forms but one of many chapters in the growth of native arts in the various parts of the world, and illustrates æsthetic principles well-nigh universal and belonging to all times. It is obvious that the mythology and folk tales, on which the oral literature of the north Pacific Coast thrives, form only a local branch of world-wide themes, some of which were familiar in classical antiquity. They have passed into America from Asia with scattered migrating tribes across Bering Strait or via the water route of the Aleutian Islands; the latest of these tribes to come, only a few centuries ago, was the Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) clan with which this monograph begins. The growth and ramifications of this ancient lore are now so overwhelming, their occurrence in the totem pole area so intense and rich, and their adaptation in the plastic arts so impressive, that the author has been impelled to commence other illustrated monographs concerning such subjects as Bear Mother; the Immaculate Conception and Redemption themes; the Dragon or Hydra myth nowhere more familiar than in the northern Rockies; Orpheus in America, in which a journey to the other world is made to rescue a loved one; the Thunderbird and the Divine Raven or Zeus and Prometheus; the Rock or Ruck, a huge bird which carries people on its back or under its wings; the Flood and the Promised Land; Jonah and the Whale; Pygmalion and Galatea; the Strong Man or Samson; the Hermaphrodites; Janus or the double-faced keeper of the gates.

Another monographic study of large size, now in progress, entitled Haida Argillite Carvings, bears out the same conclusion as the present one on Totem Poles, that is, that the arts of the north Pacific Coast as known to us are a recent growth, almost entirely within the nineteenth century, and mostly in its latter part. Totem poles and pillars, highly perishable in the open, all range from 50 to a 100 years of age; so with the smaller items; wood carvings, silver and metal work, leather decorations and Chilkat weaving. A historian is not justified in stating that the plastic arts they represent have come down from prehistoric times; archæological research belies such assumptions. The argillite or slate carvings of the Haidas were made only for sale to seamen and curio collectors from the days of Captain Cook to those of later-day tourists. The oldest specimens, in the museums of America and Europe, go back only to the 1820's. Older than the totem poles and most of the perishable wood carvings we know, they tell a plain story of their own. At the beginning, from about 1825 to 1840 (as evidenced by the Scouler specimens in Paris and the large Wilkes Collection of the National Museum in Washington), the figures and objects represented are non-totemic; they are imitative of Chinese, British, or American art as it could then be grasped from afar, or they are mostly portraits or caricatures of white or oriental folk. In the 1840's smoking pipes, flutes, and plates

with silver-like engravings and rope borders began to prevail. The earliest miniature totem poles of an archaic type (mostly portals) appeared in the late 1860's. This is made clear in our large museum collections with reliable catalogue information. Like the monumental totems of the same period, which they helped to develop by providing training to the workers, they were the creations of individual craftsmen whose names the author has traced, along with their activities, their production, and many aspects of their æsthetic principles, down to the present time. These argillite carvers prepared the ground for the totem makers of the Haidas; usually they were the same, in the 1850-1900 period. Yet all of them have come to the end of a century-long journey, unique in American art history. Native arts, however ancient or recent, are now a feature of the past.

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INTRODUCTION

TOTEM POLES: THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER

The totem poles of the north Pacific Coast of America, in British Columbia and Alaska, are known all over the world. The excellence of their decorative style at its best is nowhere surpassed by any other form of aboriginal art, and as an expression of native personality and craftsmanship they are impressive and unique. Many of them, along with vast collections of carvings and paintings, are treasured by the museums of Europe and America. Other monumental carvings of the same coast stand in the public parks of western cities — Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Juneau, and Sitka. But it is in their true home that these picturesque creations can be seen to best advantage. At the edge of the ocean, amid tall cedars and hemlocks, and in the shadow of lofty mountain peaks, they create impressions as unexpected as they are exotic. Deep-set in moist, dark green, semi-tropical surroundings, in an atmosphere often laden with bluish mists, their bold profiles are strangely reminiscent of Asiatic divinities and monsters.

The art of carving poles belongs to the past. Racial customs and stamina are on the wane everywhere, even in their former strongholds. With the exception of a few poles recently carved and erected in the upper Skeena River, and in southern Alaska under the auspices of the WPA, totem poles as such are no longer made. Most of those erected from forty to seventy years ago have fallen from old age, and since disappeared in decay. Some were sold, cut down, and acquired by museums or public institutions. A few were removed, without the consent or knowledge of the owners, in maritime raids upon deserted Indian villages. A number were destroyed by the owners themselves during religious revivals under the banner of Christianity; for instance, those of a southern Tlingit village in Alaska, and of two Tsimshyan tribes (Gitlarhdamks and Port Simpson) in the winters of 1917 and 1918.

Not even a remnant remains of the famous clusters of former days at Massett, Yan, and Skidegate, among the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Kaigani-Haida totems of Prince of Wales Island have vanished or have been removed to other locations in public parks. Scarcely any are left among the Bella Coolas, the Kwakiutls, and the Nootkas, and in a few years even these will have disappeared. Of the fifty or sixty Haida poles still standing along the sea-coast in several deserted villages visited by the author in 1947, only about a dozen could be removed for preservation elsewhere. The rest are in an advanced state of decay.

The best collection of poles, still fairly complete in 1930, was that of the upper Skeena River in British Columbia, a short distance southeast of the Alaskan border. It comprised more than a hundred poles or carvings in scattered groups of from four to over thirty poles, each in eight tribal villages of the Gitksan nation. (The Gitksans are one of the three nations of the Tsimshyans.) But grave deterioration has since set in, sometimes in the form of "restoration". Another of the three Tsimshyan nations, on Nass River to the north, still possessed, in 1927, more than twenty of their poles; these were scattered from Gitiks, near the mouth of the Nass, to Gitlarhdamks,

midway up the river. Although the poles of Nass River tribes were among the finest and most elaborate in existence, ranging up to 80 feet in height, those of the Skeena were, on the whole, of inferior size and quality. Nearly all the Nass River poles by now have been purchased and removed by the author for various institutions in Canada, the United States, Great Britain, and France.

A number of the Skeena poles are crude, archaic, and older than any of the poles on the coast, where constant moisture hastens decay. Only a part of the long shaft in many of them is decorated. They occur up river, far inland — from 150 to 250 miles — at the edge of the area where this art once was the fashion. Nowhere else but on the Nass were poles to be found so far inland. The Canadian Government and the Canadian National Railways, in 1928 and 1929, inaugurated the policy of preserving the Skeena River poles in their original location, and a decade later the Forestry Branch of the United States Government adopted a similar policy in Alaska.

The fame of this striking form of native art might lead one to suppose that our ethnographic literature concerning it is rich in proportion. But it is not. In the articles, usually illustrated, of such observers as James Deans, Dr. Franz Boas, Dr. J. R. Swanton, Lieut. George T. Emmons, Dr. C. F. Newcombe, W. A. Newcombe, and others, we find only brief or casual descriptions of poles or of models. Their notes usually lack the necessary historical context, and it is too late now to recover it. The only substantial contributions to the knowledge of this subject are the author's monograph *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, published in 1929, and a smaller, valuable book mostly on the totems of Alaska, by Edward L. Keithahn, entitled *Monuments in Cedar*.

The figures on totem poles consisted of symbols and illustrations, many of them comparable to our heraldry, and others commemorating historical events. They were not pagan gods or demons as is commonly supposed; they were never worshipped. Usually they illustrated myths or tribal traditions. Their meaning and associations inspired veneration rather than actual religious devotion.

The poles of the Tsimshians and the Tlingits in particular — though this is also largely true of those of the Haidas — were monuments erected by various families in the tribe to commemorate their chiefs after their death. They corresponded to our tombstones. After the people had given up erecting totem poles, they often had some of the same crests carved from stone or marble at Port Simpson or Vancouver, and placed as tombstones in their modern graveyards. The owners' object in showing their coats of arms on poles or posts was to enhance their prestige and to publish at large their claims to vested rights and privileges. These emblems or totems varied with each family; they were their exclusive property, jealously guarded. They embodied legends, phenomena, and the animals of the country. The Eagle, the Raven, the Frog, the Killer-Whale, the Grizzly Bear, and the Wolf are among the most familiar themes. The Thunderbird, the Woodworm (a local form of the Dragon), the Strong Man (the Samson story), and several others were borrowed from mythology. Some animals are less frequently seen, and so seem to be quite recent as crests: the Owl, the Salmon, the Woodpecker, the Beaver, the Starfish, the Shark, the Halibut, the Bullhead, Split-Person, the Mountain-Goat. The Puma, Moon and Stars,

Mirage and Rainbow are fairly restricted in use. All these symbols were property marks, proudly displayed on houses, garments, and household possessions.

The legendary origin of most of these emblems is explained in traditional narratives that used to be recited at the winter festivals or potlatches, after totem poles had been erected. In spite of the decay of tribal customs, they are remembered by members of the older generation, who can still tell how their ancestors long ago met with tribulations and adventures; how they were harassed and rescued by spirits and monsters; how benevolent spirits appeared in visions and invested their 'protégés' with charms; how ancient warriors conquered their enemies in warfare. The carved illustrations of these stories served a definite purpose besides commemoration and ownership; they made familiar to all members of the tribe the legends and traditions of the past.

Soon after the death of a chief, the prospective heirs appointed his leading nephew to the post. The induction of the successor took place in the presence of a large number of invited guests, and during elaborate festivals where liberality was an outstanding feature. The name of the 'uncle' passed on to the 'nephew', and the erection of a totem pole crowned the event. Groups of related families mustered all the resources available to make the feast memorable, for their standing and influence depended on display. Power and wealth were ruling factors in the social life of the Northwest Coast people.

Cutting a large red cedar tree, transporting it overland or by sea for considerable distances, carving and finally erecting it, often required years. Delays were numerous and unavoidable. The owners needed time to gather their resources, and expenditures were necessarily made in instalments. First a tree was selected and felled. The 'allies' or opposites (that is, the family of the father) took charge of the work and no relative could accept a stipend. The workers and the guests were fed and paid publicly, before the ceremonies were concluded. Then a carver was hired, also from the 'father's' clan, who, should he lack the necessary skill, was privileged to appoint a substitute over whom he 'stood' ceremonially, assuming the credit for the work. The carving was accomplished as secretly as possible. Figures were selected by the owners from their list of available crests, as these might exceed half a dozen in number. The most costly item was the actual planting of the pole in the ground. When enough food and wealth had been amassed, invitations were sent forth to all the leading families of the neighbouring tribes. Eventually the pole was erected in the presence and with the help of the hundreds — sometimes the one or two thousand — gathered for these festivities which were so important a feature of this tribal life until sixty years ago.

As there was a lack of modern equipment, the raising of a large tree trunk required the greatest ingenuity as well as the closest co-operation of several tribes. The butt of the pole was introduced into a six-foot hole, out of which a trench was dug, and the small end was raised gradually by means of wooden props. A rope of cedar bark, sinew, or trade materials was then attached to the upper end of the shaft and passed over a stout supporting frame. Numerous hands then pulled the rope until the mast was finally hoisted into position.

Though the totem pole villages of the Haidas have been the most widely known, they have now virtually ceased to exist. Those of the upper Skeena are the only ones that still retain some of their earlier features. Kispayaks, Gitsegyukla, and Kitwanga claimed, as late as 1930, about twenty poles each. Their own alien and bizarre appearance was enhanced by the striking background of darkly wooded and mist-shrouded, ice-capped peaks. Gitwinlkul is the most remarkable of these tribal villages. It stands on the Grease Trail from the Skeena to the Nass, claiming the largest number of poles now standing anywhere in a single cluster. Even in 1925 it was still most impressive. Its poles were among the tallest and best, as well as the oldest. Each year, however, brings some veterans down.

These carved memorials usually faced the main highways of river or ocean. They stood apart from each other, in front of the owner's house, and dotted the whole length of the village in an irregular line. Changing times forced the removal of most villages to new quarters in the last sixty years, and the poles were forsaken in the abodes of the past. Here and there trees have grown round them, and sometimes it was not easy to find them in the forest. This was particularly true along the Nass and on the Queen Charlotte Islands. As it is, they lean precariously, tottering in every wind, and destined to crash down, one by one.

Little printed information is available on the actual carvers among most nations. The author has retrieved enough material from near oblivion for a detailed history of plastic art and the making of totems on the north Pacific Coast. The carving of totem poles once was a very popular art. Although some artists were at times preferred to others for their skill, their choice for specific tasks was governed by customs rather unconcerned with craftsmanship. (This did not apply to the Haidas as it did to the Tsimshians and the Tlingits.) Each family of standing had every inducement to employ its own carvers for important functions in ceremonial life. For instance, the hundred totem poles of the upper Skeena were produced by more than thirty local carvers and thirteen outsiders. Six of the outsiders were from the Nass, and had been engaged in the earliest period when the Skeena carvers were not yet proficient in the new calling; three others were from the lower Skeena, and four from the Bulkley River, a tributary of the Skeena. The Skeena carvers belonged to independent and widely scattered social groups or families: 23 were of the Raven-Frog phratry, 9 of the Wolf, 5 of the Eagle, and 3 of the Fireweed. Seventy-eight out of the hundred poles are ascribed to Gitksan artists, and the balance is credited to outsiders.

THE GROWTH OF TOTEM POLE CARVING

It is an error to suppose that totem poles are hundreds of years old. The nature of the materials from which they are made and the climate to which they are exposed render this an impossibility. A green cedar pole cannot stand upright much beyond fifty or sixty years on the upper Skeena, where precipitation is moderate and the soil usually consists of gravel and sand. Along the coast, it cannot endure beyond half a century because of the muskeg foundation and the intense moisture that prevails most of the year. For instance, the totem poles of Port Simpson, which are exposed to warm rainy winds, all decayed on the south side first, and most of them tumbled to the ground in less than fifty years. The well-

known poles, now in our parks and museums, were carved after 1860, and many of those seen in Indian villages, such as Alert Bay, were erected after 1890.

The art of carving and erecting memorial columns is not really so ancient on the north Pacific Coast as is generally believed. Popular misconceptions in this respect used to be fantastic. Nobody seemed to question the statement on labels that some poles were one or two hundred years old, when the actual age, still verifiable, was much nearer sixty or seventy. Even such poles as these were among the oldest obtained in the Haida country.

Native technique reached its fullest development in the last century, and after 1860. It hinged upon European tools, the steel axe, the adze, and the curved knife, which were made in imitation by the natives or were traded off in large numbers to them from the days of the early circum-navigators, that is, after 1778. The lack of suitable tools, wealth, and leisure in the prehistoric period precluded elaborate structures and displays. The benefits accruing from the fur trade at once stimulated local ambitions; they stirred up jealousies and rivalries, and incited sustained efforts for higher prestige and leadership. The overmastering desire everywhere was to outdo the others in ingenuity and wealth, power and display. The totem pole came into fashion through the rise of these ambitions, fostered mostly by the fur trade. It became the best way of announcing one's own identity in the commemoration of the dead, the decoration of houses, and in the perpetuation of traditional imagery. The size of the pole and the beauty of its figures proclaimed the fame of those it represented.

Feuds over the size of totem poles often broke out among the leaders. The bitter quarrel between Hladerh and Sispegoot is still remembered on the Nass River. Hladerh, head-chief of the Wolves (*Larhkibu*), would not allow the erection of any pole that exceeded his own in height. Sispegoot, head-chief of the Killer Whales, disregarded his rival's jealousy. When his new pole was carved, over seventy years ago, the news went out that it would be the tallest in the village. In spite of Hladerh's warnings, Sispegoot issued invitations for its erection. He was, however, shot and wounded by Hladerh as he passed in front of his house in a canoe. The festival had to be postponed for a year. Meanwhile Hladerh managed, through a clever plot, to have Sispegoot murdered by one of his own kinsmen. He later compelled another chief of his own phratry to shorten his pole twice after it was erected; and he was checked only when he tried to spread his rule to an upper Nass village.

Before totem poles had reached imposing proportions among the three leading northern nations, the carvings that preceded them were mostly graveyard carvings. The crests as a rule were painted with ochres on the house fronts or carved on head-dresses and small ceremonial objects. The impressive crop of totem poles that became known from 1880 to 1900 was the first of its kind to stand anywhere. The oldest poles of Gitsegyukla (at Skeena Crossing on the Skeena River) have stood only since the fire destroyed the earlier village in 1872; those of Hazelton were carved after the establishment of the Indian reserve about 1892. But several of the poles in the other villages — including Kitwanga — were many years older and are, therefore, particularly interesting as an illustration of the growth of totem-

pole carving within two or three generations in the nineteenth century. The Haida and Tlingit poles were all, with rare exceptions, erected after 1850. The earliest lot, much smaller, is unknown to us.

The poles of the upper Skeena were, on the average, erected in the past fifty or sixty years. The five or six oldest slightly exceed eighty years of age. Many are less than forty years old. It is safe to say that this feature of native life among the Gitksans became fashionable only after 1870 or 1880. Six out of nearly thirty poles at Gitwinkul — the earliest of these villages to adopt the art — exceed sixty years of age, and only a few poles at that time stood in the neighbouring villages.

Native accounts and the evidence of what the earliest carved memorials were, among the three northern nations of the coast, led to the inevitable conclusion that carved house-front poles and house corner posts were introduced many years before the first detached columns appeared. Several houses and posts of this kind were still remembered by the elders and have been described to us; a few were even to be observed, though most were in an advanced state of decay. The archaic style of house decoration was abandoned as soon as the natives gave up building large communal lodges in the purely native vein, and memorial columns that could no longer serve as ceremonial doorways — or traps — became the new fashion. Actually, some of the upper Skeena villages never adopted the fashion wholesale, and at least four of them boasted of no more than a few poles, some of which were put up only after 1890.

Internal evidence tells the same tale. The carving technique on several of the oldest poles — those erected over seventy years ago — is self-revealing, particularly as it discloses anterior stages in the art. It is essentially that of making masks or carving small detached objects; or again, of representing masked and costumed performers as they appeared in festivals rather than the real animals or objects as they existed. The carvers had not yet acquired the skill of their successors, who had advanced to the point of thinking of a large pole as a unit, which called for breadth of decorative treatment. Hæsem-hliyaw and his contemporaries of Gitwinkul, among the Gitksans, have been responsible for the advance of the art beyond its first stage; and yet they belong, from the point of view of location and affiliation, to the Nass as much as to the Skeena. The totem poles of Cape Fox and Tongas (southern Alaska) are said to have been the work of Nass River carvers, and the house posts of Klukwan in the Tlingit country to the north were from the hands of Wrangell craftsmen.

The fashion of erecting large wooden memorials in most parts, except the Haida and Nass River districts, was plainly derivative. During the stages of its evolution it spread from the Nass southeastwards to the upper Skeena, as some of the leading carvers of the coast were invited to transplant their activities to parts still unprovided with native craftsmen. But the demand for foreigners here was shortlived. Local talent soon developed. Stimulus for it was constant, the demand pressing. The imitativeness and inexperience of the new recruits to the art was at first only too evident, and their efforts were often crude. Progress to a point was rapid, but they remained on the whole inferior to their contemporaries of the Nass and the Queen Charlotte Islands to the west.

Hæsem-hliyaw and Hlamee, of Gitwinkul, both represent distinct periods of the craft among the Gitksans. To Hæsem-hliyaw, the greater

of the two artists, goes the credit of carving some of the best poles in existence. He belonged to the little group of Nass River and Gitksan carvers who excelled their compatriots, among whom we note Nees-laranows and Hlamee. Their carvings were on a par with the best ever produced on the Nass and the Queen Charlotte Islands. In other words, they are nowhere surpassed in excellence.

Hæsem-hliyawm and Nees-laranows lived as late as 1868. Hlamee, their junior and follower, died after 1900. No fewer than twenty poles from their hands still stand in the three lower villages of the Skeena, seven of them ascribed to Hæsem-hliyawm, three to Nees-laranows, and ten to Hlamee.

The style of Hæsem-hliyawm was of the finest, in the purely native vein. He combined a keen sense of realism with a fondness for decorative treatment. With him, as with Oyai of the Nass, Tsimshyan art reached one of its highest pinnacles. It sought inspiration in nature, while keeping within ancient stylistic technique. Hæsem-hliyawm belonged to the generation (1840-1880) in which the art of the totem pole saw at once its formative stages and its apogee. His handling of human figures ranks among the best achievements of West Coast art — indeed, of aboriginal art in any part of the world. The faces he carved, with their strong expression and amusing contortions, are characteristic of the race. Many of them are masterpieces. From a purely traditional source his art passed into effective realism. His treatment of birds and spirit-monsters is not inferior to that of the human figure. On several of his best carvings, especially as seen at Gitwinkul, he reached into the sphere of higher art where the artist yields to his instinct and expresses himself in general terms.

The carved poles of Nass River maintain a higher standard of art than those of the Skeena and adjacent areas. They were less numerous too, as the Nass people gave up their ancient customs earlier than the Gitksans. That was fifty or sixty years ago, and most of the Gitksan poles were erected since. The technique of pole carving in both areas represents well the passage from the earlier and better art of the Hæsem-hliyawm type to that of Hlamee. Carving was at first the almost exclusive means of achieving effect, but commercial paint later gained ground at the expense of plastic form.

Nass River tribes made totem poles at an earlier date than the upper Skeena people. Many families on both sides were related, and several of the Gitwinkul villagers had their hunting grounds on the upper Nass. The Gitksans used to travel every spring to the lower Nass for oolaken fishing or to trade pelts and dried fruit cakes with the coast tribes. There they came into close touch with the Tlingits of southern Alaska and with the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands. A strong cultural influence from the more progressive tribes of the coast was unavoidable and it is a trait of all these aborigines that they were keen and gifted imitators, and fond of novelty.

The Tsimshyans of the lower Skeena, or Tsimshyans proper, never wholly adopted the art of carving totem poles. When they were moved long ago to commemorate a historical event of the first magnitude, they erected a tall slab of stone, not a totem pole as they would have done more recently. Such a slab still stands at the Gitsalas canyon, at the former village of Gitsed-zawrh, on the north side of the river.

The poles erected at the Tsimshyan village of Port Simpson, established by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1833, have mostly all decayed or been destroyed. Yet they were all erected after 1857, as an early painting, "Fort Simpson in 1857", reproduced in Arctander's *Apostle of Alaska* (page 53), contains no trace of a totem pole.

If the Tsimshyans proper were not swayed by the modern fashion of erecting carved memorials to their dead, they retained the older custom of painting their symbols on their house fronts in native pigments. Although not a single totem pole seems ever to have stood in the village of Gitsees near the mouth of the Skeena, five house-front paintings were still remembered and described to the author a few years ago. Many houses of the neighbouring tribes were also painted; a feature that at one time may have been fairly general all along the coast.

This remarkable West Coast custom of carving and erecting house poles and tall mortuary columns, and of painting coats of arms on house fronts, is sufficiently uniform in type to suggest that it originated at a single centre and spread north and south. Its frontiers coincide with those of the West Coast art, embracing the carving or painting of wood, leather, stone, bone, and ivory.

This art itself seems more ancient in its smaller forms. Its origin may be remote, going back to Asia like the people themselves during late prehistory. It was partly in existence, quite conventionalized, at the time of the early Spanish, English, and French explorers (1775-1880). Most of the early circumnavigators — Cook, Dixon, Meares, Vancouver, Marchand, and La Pérouse — give evidence that masks, chests, and ceremonial objects were, at the end of the eighteenth century, decorated in elaborate or grotesque style. They also mention, without details, that house fronts and house posts were decorated with carved and painted designs. There is a striking lack of evidence as to the existence of totem poles proper or detached memorial columns, either south or north. Yet the early mariners often visited the villages of the Tlingits, the Haidas, the Tsimshyans, the Kwakiutls, and the Nootkas. The descriptions or sketches in some of their relations fail to give us any hint of the presence of tall carvings, still less of their actual appearance. For instance, Dixon examined several of the Haida villages on the Queen Charlotte Islands, but fails to mention totem or even house poles; yet he minutely described small carved trays and spoons, and left some illustrations.

There were already — from 1780 to 1800 — some carved house posts in existence. Captain Cook (*A Voyage . . .* Volume 11, page 317) observed a few decorated posts inside the house of the chiefs at Nootka Sound, where he wintered; and Webber, his artist, reproduced the features of two of them in his sketches. Meares, in 1788 and 1789, observed similar Nootka carvings in the same neighbourhood, which he describes (*Voyages . . .* page 138): "Three enormous trees rudely carved and painted, formed the rafters, which were supported at the ends and in the middle by gigantic images, carved out of huge blocks of timber." And he calls them elsewhere "misshapen figures". The earliest drawing of a carved pole is that of a house-front or entrance pole (not a real totem pole) of the Haidas, in Bartlett's *Journal*, 1790¹.

¹ Cf. *The Sea, the Ship, and the Sailor*, by Captain Elliot Snow, Salem, Mass., 1925.

The custom of carving and erecting tall mortuary columns in front of the houses in the villages to honour the dead is comparatively modern, and was probably unknown before the beginning of the nineteenth century. But it is not easy to trace it back to its exact birth-place on the coast. These monuments hastily borrowed their style and features from smaller prototypes, ceremonial objects such as masks, charms, canes, and staffs. The earliest Gitksan poles, the oldest preserved, show this derivative trend, and a few poles among the Haidas and the Kwakiutls are reproductions of ceremonial staffs or carved canes. The figures were carved out of a log as if they were detached parts affixed to its surface with wooden pegs. Even the simple poles of the Nootkas as described by Cook may not represent the art of prehistory free of foreign influences. Iron and copper tools at that date were already available on the coast and were used everywhere with the proficiency of lifelong habit. The West Coast at that date was no longer untouched. The Russians had discovered its northern parts many decades before, and the Spaniards had left traces of their passage to the south. The influence of the French and the British had filtered in through contacts between intermediate tribes, and through the arrival of halfbreeds and *coureurs-de-bois* west of the mountain passes. The north Pacific Coast people, mostly because of the fur trade, had been under foreign influence at least indirectly for more than two hundred years. All the natives were eager imitators. Nowhere more than on the western sea-coast did they show greater avidity and skill in assimilating whatever suited their needs from the sundry goods and crafts of the white man. They quickly adopted the tools introduced by European traders, and improved their native technique to the full measure of their new facilities.

To emphasize the novelty of totem pole carving and single out the causes which, after 1830, promoted its growth, I shall select a few illustrations showing their connection with the fur trade, more particularly with the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company.

One of the two upper Gitksan tribes, that of Kisgagas or Sea-Gull near the outlet of Babine River on the Skeena 225 miles from the sea-coast, was not far removed from Fort St. James, the earliest fur trading-post established in 1808 in the northern Rockies. It seems that the company soon after built a subsidiary post at Bear Lake, under the direction of a Mr. Ross. A Tsetsaut party at that time raided the village of Kisgagas while most of the hunters were away, killed two men with the flint-lock musket in their possession — the first gun seen in the country — and returned home with a female captive, a niece of the head-chief whom they had killed. The young woman was rescued by the white people at Bear Lake and later sent back home. A retaliation party, under her guidance, proceeded to the Tsetsaut country, but decided to visit the white man's fort on the way. Here they had their first opportunity to see the white man and to marvel at his possessions and strange ways; to them all this was nothing less than a supernatural experience. What impressed them most was the white man's dog, the palisade or fortification of the house, and the broad wagon road — so different from their faint forest trails. All three of these they decided to adopt as their own crests or emblems after they had reached home. Waiget, the head of one family, took upon himself White-Man's Dog or Mr. Ross' Dog (called Masselaws); Malulek, another chief, assumed Palisade as his own; and other participants shared other similar crests. They gave two big

feasts in the course of the next two years, to which they invited representatives of other Gitksan tribes as guests. They exhibited with pride their new acquisitions, which they later carved on their totem poles. The palisade took the form of a small fence built around the totem pole.

Another family lower down on the upper Skeena, that of Harhu of Kispayaks, likewise acquired the Shingle crest (*ran'arhgyeek*), obviously from the white man's device of that name, after an ancestor once had proceeded either to the trading-post of Bear Lake or Fort St. James. This Shingle emblem on a Kispayaks totem pole is still seen in the form of parallel lines sloping down on both sides of a central ridge cut deep in the cedar.

Many instances of similar origins are noticeable on the totem poles and house frontals of the coast; for instance, the white sailor at the helm of a ship at Bella Coola (a short distance north of Vancouver Island) now preserved at the National Museum of Canada; another white man at the top of a tall pole at Cape Fox, southern Alaska; a sailing ship with a woman on its deck on a pole recently transplanted to Ketchikan, Alaska, and erroneously stated to represent Captain Cook; and the splendid Haida pole now standing in the same park at Ketchikan showing three Russians, two of them in church vestments, one above the other, two cherubs with wings outspread, and two eagles. This pole from Kasaan, a Haida-Kaigani village on Prince of Wales Island, was carved about seventy years ago and erected during a potlatch, which some old people still remember, for a native family that showed its interest at the time in the Greek Catholic Church of the Russians. Another Kasaan pole with scroll fret-work was said by an old Indian woman to have been carved by her uncle, who wanted to represent on it a Greek Catholic Church certificate in his own possession.

These emblems were at first foreign to the Indians and have remained, since their assumption, the exclusive property of a few families. The bulk of totem-pole figures elsewhere is of a different kind; it symbolizes familiar animals, legends, and natural phenomena.

Definite examples of totem poles erected as a result of relations between officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and the natives are too extensive for full quotation here. Yet these include some of the best and tallest samples of the art, in particular on lower Nass River.

A head-chief there named Sakau'wan — Sharp-Teeth — whose pride was deeply wounded by his wife's desertion. The young woman, who was attractive, and either ambitious or fickle, had forsaken native rank for the favours of Captain McNeil, a Hudson's Bay Company's fur trader, and had gone down the coast to live with him at Victoria.

To efface his shame in a way recognized by his people, Sharp-Teeth made use of the first opportunity in a tribal feast and, holding up in his hand ten beautiful marten skins, he began to sing on an old tune a new challenge which he had composed to cast ridicule on the deserter.

This song of challenge was: "Wait and see what a chief can do! Wait, sweetheart, that you may learn how I have raised my head again! Wait, O flighty one, before you send me word of how you pine once more for my love! Time is now ripe, woman of the bleached Victoria tribe, for you to send me a bottle of Old Tom (whisky). That is why I now dispatch to you this handful of beaver skins."

Actually the skins were even more valuable than beaver, they meant dollars to the natives, and were picked marten such as an indignant and resourceful chief could sacrifice to heap ridicule upon a woman unworthy of him and surely unable — after her escapade — to reciprocate in kind. The only way now for her to save her face was to return a gift of still greater value. This, unexpectedly, she did.

The gift which, in her absence and through her brother Neeskinwætk, she used to rebuke her former husband (with the help of her new husband, Captain McNeil) was a large Haida canoe carved out of a huge cedar tree. Thus she had made the Old Tom demanded by Sharp-Teeth into a trade canoe, decorated inside with the Bear, her own heraldic emblem, and beautifully carved at the prow. As the canoe was given in a feast to the challenger, "she went over big" — so we were told — "and had the best of him." He had wanted to discredit her forever in the eyes of her people, because she had shamed him and he was proud. Now once more she had brought new humiliation upon him. At the time the tribe was not sure that he would retaliate.

He did. After he had gathered all his wealth in pelts, copper shields, blankets, and trade goods, he gave a big feast, invited all the neighbouring tribes and made it known that he was about to cast off his wife in a way that would brand her as worthless. As he lavished presents upon his guests, particularly those who had derided him, he sang a song which he had composed for the occasion — a taunting song.

Captain McNeil's native mistress, in her turn, smarted under the insult, even though she lived far away from the scene of her disgrace. She decided to fight it out to the end with her former overlord. As her brother Neeskinwætk, with whom she shared the leadership of a high Wolf clan, had recently died, she decided to erect in his memory a totem pole and herself assume single-handed the leadership of the clan. Bent on using this opportunity to raise a fine totem and enhance the prestige of her clan — one of the oldest on the Nass — she would wipe out the shame which her dismissal by her husband had brought upon her. And she had the means to do it.

The best carver of the Nass at the time — about eighty years ago — was Oyai, of the Canyon tribe on mid-river, who was spending his busy life under the command and the pay of the chiefs of various tribes, carving memorial columns for them. So she made sure of his services for about a year, during which he fashioned a pole for her.

When the carving was ready she came in person to the Nass, bringing much property with her, and had the totem erected to the memory of her brother in the midst of a great celebration. Henceforth, in the esteem of the people, she would assume the rank of a high chief, on a par with her estranged husband, who had lost his power over her. She was a leader among the Wolves, as he was among the Eagles — their respective clans being the Wolf and the Eagle.

Her totem pole was a fine memorial, standing at the head of a splendid row of totems at the old Nass village of Angyadæ. After the lapse of about seventy years, I discovered it still standing on the former village site, surrounded by a growth of wild crabapple trees. Its heraldic figures carved out of red cedar were weather-beaten, yet most expressive and original.

It was evident at first sight that Oyai, its carver, deserved his reputation as the best totem carver of his generation on the Nass or anywhere.

The author has since purchased this pole from its owner and removed it for conservation to the Trocadero Museum, now Le Musée de l'Homme, in Paris.

The plastic and pictorial arts of the coast and river villages progressed in new directions throughout the nineteenth century until, after 1880, they came down with a crash among the Haidas and the Tsimshians, largely through the conversion of the natives to Christianity and the influence of the Gold Rush into Alaska. They thrived until about 1900 among the Gitksans, owing to their isolation inland, and until 1910 among the Kwakiutls. Argillite carvings, canoe and box-making of the Haidas, and the carving of totem poles, beautiful rattles, and head-dresses among the Nass River people, all belong to this period. These were meant for inter-tribal or foreign trade after prehistoric frontiers had been invaded.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TOTEM OR MEMORIAL POLES ON THE COAST

When and where the totem poles or mortuary columns first appeared is an interesting though elusive point. There are two possibilities. These heraldic monuments first became the fashion either on Nass River or among the Haidas of Queen Charlotte Islands. Our evidence eliminates the Gitksans and the Tsimshians proper. Likewise, the Tlingits, and the tribes farther south cannot be considered. The Bella Bellas were painters rather than carvers. The Kwakiutl and the Nootka plastic art always remained crude compared with that of the northern nations and lapsed into grotesque forms by preference. Seldom was it at the service of heraldry as in the north, for the crest system was of minor importance on the coast south of the Skeena. Totem poles among the Kwakiutls and the Nootkas are very recent; hardly any of them, as they are currently known, antedate 1880. The most familiar of the Kwakiutl poles, those of Alert Bay, were carved and erected since 1890. None were standing when the late Dr. Franz Boas and Dr. C. F. Newcombe visited the village about that time. At first sight it seems more likely that the Tlingits of the southern Alaskan frontier might have initiated the custom of erecting memorials to the dead. They were closer to the Russian headquarters, and must have been among the first to obtain iron tools. Yet credit for originating totem poles cannot fall to them. The early circum-navigators who called at some of their villages made no mention of large carvings, not even of such house or grave posts as were observed among the Haidas and the Nootkas farther south. Further, the custom of erecting these monuments seemed modern to a keen observer of these people like Lieutenant G. T. Emmons, who was stationed on the Alaskan coast for many years in an official capacity. From Lieutenant Emmons we learn that the northern half of the Tlingit nation never had totem poles until very recently, and the few of those that sprang up in that district within the scope of his observation are the property of a family or families originally belonging to the southern tribes and retaining southern affiliations. The custom of planting poles, in other words, is only a characteristic of the southern half of the Tlingit tribes, those next to the Haida and the Niskaë frontiers, and cannot be said to be a typically Tlingit practice. Most, if not

all the Haida and the Niskæ or Nass River tribes, on the other hand, were totem pole carvers and owned many poles in each village. The fashion is more typically theirs than it is Tlingit.

The Haidas might next be dismissed from consideration as likely originators of the totem poles proper. The large Haida carvings, as we know them, are partly house poles, grave memorials, and partly totem poles, and the house poles are far more numerous in proportion among them than among the Tsimshians. Practically none of the Niskæ carvings, as they have come down to us, were house poles. The two large posts observed among the Haidas by Bartlett and Marchand in 1788-1792 were house portals. Though the Haida villages were often visited at the end of the eighteenth century and in the first part of the nineteenth, we find no other reference to large poles, still less to the famous rows of poles at Massett and Skidegate as they were photographed about 1880. The Haida poles, as we know them in our museums, are all of the same advanced type, of the same period (1840-1900), and presumably from the hands of carvers who were contemporaries. Their stylization was largely the result of miniature argillite carvings made by their craftsmen for the curio traffic with white buyers. The totem poles were from ten to thirty years old when the islanders accepted Christianity, gave up their customs (about 1890 or afterwards), and cut down their memorials or abandoned them in the bush. It is commonly said that the fine row of poles at Skidegate rose from the proceeds of an inglorious type of barter in Victoria. There is no evidence of totem poles among the Haidas antedating 1840 or 1850, though a few earlier and transitional ones may have served to introduce the fashion.

In all probability detached totem poles actually originated among the Niskæs or northern Tsimshians of Nass River. From traditional recollections, it is obvious that the custom among them of commemorating the dead with a carved memorial is not an ancient one; yet it antedated that of the Gitksans or the Tsimshians proper. It is more likely that the Haidas imitated them, as did the Tlingits, than the reverse. The estuary of the Nass was the most important thoroughfare of Indian life in all the northern parts. Oolaken fishing in the neighbourhood of what was called Fishery Bay, near Gitrhadeen—the largest Niskæ centre—was a predominant feature in native life. The grease from the oolaken or candle-fish was an indispensable staple along the coast. For their yearly supply the Haidas, the Tlingits, the Tsimshians, and the Gitksans journeyed by sea or overland every spring and camped side by side for weeks at a time in temporary villages of their own from Red Bluffs eastwards on the lower Nass. Exchanges of all kinds, barter, social amenities, and feuds were quite normal at Fishery Bay and Red Bluffs. Cultural features of the local hosts—whether they were willing hosts or not is open to question—were constantly under the observation of the strangers and often were a cause for envy or aggression. The Tsimshians, on the other hand, never crossed to Queen Charlotte Islands unless on war raids or isolated visits to relatives.

Nass River carvers were on a par with the best in Haidaland. Their art reached the highest point of development ever attained on the north Pacific Coast; many of their totem poles were the best and tallest seen anywhere. The Haida poles in comparison were more stylized and offered less variety. The Tlingit poles closely resembled those of Nass River, and the Niskæs claim that a number of the carved columns at

Tongas, one of the two southernmost of the Tlingit villages, were the work of their carvers, within the memory of the passing generation.

The affinities between the plastic arts of the north Pacific Coast and of the other people around the rim of the Pacific Ocean down to the South Seas should not be overlooked. Common features in the crafts, technology, and mythology of our coast natives, and of the Polynesians and the Malaysians are too numerous for them to be entirely unrelated. The early navigators noticed, about 1780-1790, the striking resemblance between the fortresses of the Haidas and other Coast tribes and the *hippahs* of the New Zealand natives. Carved portals and house posts, fairly recently erected on both sides of the Pacific, offer compelling resemblances. The manner of erection, besides, was identical. We must conclude that the spectacular growth of native crafts in wood carving and decoration is more recent than previously believed.

TOTEM POLES ACCORDING TO CRESTS AND TOPICS THE SALMON-EATER TRADITION

The tradition of the Salmon-Eater or Gitrhawn clan of the Tsimshians, Haidas, and Tlingits embodies what the natives of these three north Pacific Coast nations consider the true story of their migrations "out of the Foam" — that is, across the northern seas — down the Alaska sea-coast to their present scattered stations. Their totem poles illustrate some of the salient points in the few narratives so far recorded since 1927, from aged informants, shortly before their death. These carved illustrations on tall pillars of wood erected close to the seashore as memorials to their chiefs after they had passed away, are now part of an armorial system to which anthropologists have given the name of totems. Closely resembling European coats of arms, they are the exclusive property of the members of the clan. But this jealously-guarded possession is no older, among them, than are their actual racial experiences in an unsettled past. The chronology of their fairly recent adoption unfolds itself in the narratives; it begins with the Eagle, the double-headed Eagle (or Russian Imperial Split-Eagle), the Thunderbird, and a few leading crests, which, they acknowledge, were new to them. The oldest do not antedate the historic phase of the sea-otter trade with China, which in the past two centuries or so, have thrown the Russians, the British, the Americans, and other seafaring nationalities, together with the wild natives — until then untrammelled in their prehistoric pursuits. Once the fur-trade interference began its inroads on native life, it never ceased to grow, particularly after 1760, until our time, and its influence entirely changed the outer face of native culture. Curiosity at first, then hostility and a craving for foreign articles, particularly copper and iron, trade blankets, China goods, abalone shells from California, flared up and transformed a primitive horde into a people intensely involved in economic pursuits of an international overseas brand. Most of these hunters of furs were coastwise; others were from the adjacent rivers and mountains. From the moment of their discovery and their ready enlistment to the service of the fur traders — some of them freebooters in the early days — they were obsessed with the yearly coming of the seafarers in sailing ships, and made every effort to avail themselves of whatever benefits would accrue to them from the barter. Their search for furs enhanced the value, so far trivial, of their ample hunting grounds; these became sacred, inviolate, subject to the sanction of death. The greed for wealth, social ambitions and rivalries, warfare and raids, the ability of some to travel long distances along the coast in dug-out canoes or inland as middlemen in the fur business, the slave trade which extended as far as California — the Haidas and the Tsimshians being great raiders — the adoption of coats of arms, first to imitate the great white traders, then as an emulation among themselves; all worked together and brought about a great upheaval, which for a period became intensely productive. It introduced the so-called "totemic" system, the memorial and carved poles which, in the second part of the nineteenth century, became a striking feature of a transitional life among the leading tribes. The purpose of this book is to bring out the cultural aspects of these activities, only in so far as totem poles, house posts and frontals are concerned, many years after the collapse of the fur trade and of all native institutions and incentives. The fur trade now is only a vestige of what it used to be, and the Indians themselves, decimated long ago almost

to the point of extinction, are forsaking their recent past and are adopting modern ways for good or evil.

Origin of the Salmon-Eater Clan. This historic tradition (*adaorh*) was recorded in Kincolith at the mouth of Nass River, in 1927. The narrator was Qayarh or Sakaouwan, a chief of the leading Eagle clan of Gitrhawn known as Chief Mountain. He was then a very old man, blind, and lying on a couch. The interpreter was Paahl, Charles Barton, an elderly chief of a Wolf clan on the Nass.

During the great upheaval, through the foam caused by the flood, emerged our canoes, the canoes of the Gitrhawn (Salmon-Eater) tribe. They parted from one another, although they belonged to the people who were relatives. Gitrhawn for one travelled his own way on the calm waters, and was lost to the others in the foam (*rhkæq*). When the wind rose and blew the foam away, the seafolk beheld the land, a land unknown to them. They landed together from their six canoes and established a village on the shore. Here they encountered other people, earlier occupants, and as food was plentiful they made a good living.

Gitrhawn had a cap of cormorant skins (*haots*) with feathers, and wore it whenever it rained. There on the seashore, he and his tribe lived for many years. He and his folk learned the language of the Rhaidas (Haidas), a people of the Queen Charlotte Islands who spoke one language; they too had come from elsewhere. The Haida village called Qona Village of the Grizzly Bears, stood on one side of a large bay, and that of Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater, on the other side.

Ka'it, the chief of the Grizzly Bears, had a nephew who wanted to marry Salarhkons, Salmon-Eater's niece. He sent delegates to Salmon-Eater to propose the marriage, and his proposal was accepted. As soon as Ka'it learned about the acceptance, he had a lot of tough pitch wood gathered, and filled large bags of it in a lodge close to him.

The uncles of the bridegroom and their attendants went to the village of Gitrhawn, Salmon-Eater, to get the bride, a high princess and very proud. They carried her down to the seashore, sat her on a moose skin on the boards laid across the top of two canoes, and brought her back to Ka'it's lodge. There they placed her alongside the bridegroom in readiness for the wedding, and gave her refreshments.

She possessed a robe of sea-otter skin, and a very fine second robe of young sea-otter; over these she wore a chief's gala garment (*gus-hallait*) for ceremonies. The over-robe was a garment of very smooth leather decorated with *tseek* beads from the sea (*dentalia*). Her breeches were of leather. In those days people knew of no dress. A young woman of her rank wore only trousers and four robes. Her fine hair was combed very nicely.

When the evening came, the newlyweds retired for the night. Ka'it's nephew, the princely bridegroom, took the pitch-wood [made torches], set fire to one, and bade Salarhkons, his bride, hold it up, as he lay down to sleep. She sat all night holding up the light. As the fire burned the wood down to her hand, she rolled up her robe of *tsisku* leather around her hand to protect it. She kept rolling up the robe, rolling it up, while the torch was giving out light and burning down. When the morning arrived, the remnants of the robe were in a bundle. She spread them on the ground and lay on them after throwing away the burning pitch.

The people came in later in the morning. They sat Selarhkons up and fed her. Ka'it's nephew, after daylight, ate with her. His uncle then told him, "You should not act as you do. Why have you, fool, forced this young woman to hold up the torch. Serious trouble is bound to occur. We may all pay for it with our lives, and our uncles are sure of being killed. Do not forget that we have to deal with Gitrhawn's tribe." But the bridegroom did not change his ways. During the four following nights, he had his bride hold up more torches, and she scorched her four garments trying to shield her hand from the fire. On the fourth morning nothing was left, and she found herself wholly undressed. Ka'it's uncle offered her a robe in the style of the country (of bear skin), but she refused it, pushed it off, and went outside naked. At that moment, her uncles were bringing food with the intention of giving it to her husband, according to the *lugyin* rule. A great feast had been called to celebrate the marriage. As soon as the callers saw Selarhkons, they realized what had happened, and hastened back with their gifts of food.

When they came over once more, under the leadership of Gitrhawn, it was to wage war on Ka'it's tribe. Selarhkons had gone away from their village and disappeared without any one being able to tell where. The two tribes, those of the Salmon-Eater and the Grizzly Bears fought and killed off a great many of each other. After the fight, Gitrhawn's people looked for the niece of their chief, but could not discover her. They later found, a good distance away, the stone statue of the woman standing at the head of a lake, her legs bridging a stream issuing from her. The Salmon-Eater folk were frightened, because this statue was Selarhkons so transformed. They prayed (*giginerhku*) to the lake, which they noticed was a great resort for trout (*laurh*).

Gitrhawn's nephews — Quawm, Laas, Kilæskilæs, Kwawkyans, and his own son decided to return to this lake to fish trout. Gitrhawn's son took his father's Cormorant cap and wore it. To this his father objected, saying, "You had better not wear this cap. Your grandmother would advise you not to, for if you do, things may not turn out right; even dangers may be in the making." But the young man was headstrong; he did not pay any attention. Taking a spear, he and his four companions went to the lake for trout. At night they paddled off in a canoe. When they reached their destination and had hauled up their canoe, they hastened to the edge of the lake, fixed a platform over the water, and stood on it to spear the trout.

Salmon-Eater's son, who wore the Cormorant cap, could not catch any fish. As soon as he looked down into the water for the trout, his hat would fall off into the lake. Four times this happened. Angered, he cursed (*hakys*) the lake, addressing his words to the stone statue: "Here is your cap!¹ I know that you don't want me to wear it. So there you are, you woman with a wet . . . A stream is running out of you!" Casting angrily his spear at the fish, he broke it, and looked for the canoe at the edge of the bush. His friends meanwhile made a fire there near the lake, and got ready for a meal. They fried the trout over the fire, and sat around it together. When the fish was cooked, they laid two, ready to eat, on the bark of a tree. As they were waiting for the fish to cool off a little, suddenly a frog leaped out of the fire right onto the hot food, and pushed it into the flames. One of the young

¹ Because of the rule of matrilinear descent, the Cormorant hat belonged to a nephew or a niece, not to the child (son or daughter). Ka'it's son, therefore, was guilty of infringing on an acknowledged privilege among the three northernmost nations of the north Pacific Coast.

fishermen, vexed, took the frog, and threw it away. It fell on a stone, and was killed. More trout were cooked for their supper. But the same thing happened, only this time the frog leaping out of the fire was larger than the first, and the trout again were lost. Four times this happened. The last time, a large frog leaped out of the fire; its eyes, mouth, and claws were of copper, and copper covered its body. It upset the bark dish containing the roasted fish onto the fire. More angry than ever, the prince threw the frog on the red embers and held it down there with his spear handle. *Purh!* the frog burst. Darkness at once shrouded the lake. The young fishermen, much frightened, hastened to drag their canoe out and paddle away. One of them, Salmon-Eater's son, instead of paddling, hid himself at the bottom near the bow. He was the one who had killed the copper frog.

Before they had gone very far, the fishermen beheld a flash of lightning in the lake. In its flare a woman appeared out of the woods and began to chase them. She was like a pillar of flame. In her hand she held a cane, on the top of which sat a frog, whose name was Copper-all-around (*trhagilkaloq*). She cried out, "Because of your rashness you shall all die." Paddling with all their power, they hurried away. But she had not yet finished threatening them: "When you reach the point of land ahead, the paddler at the bow shall drop dead." When they arrived there, one of the young men fell down lifeless. Once again the spirit of the lake cried out: "When you pass the second point, another one of you shall die." The paddler next to the bow, Kwawkyans, dropped lifeless; the Woman cried once more: "When you come to the third point, it shall be the turn of the third one of you." Only one man, Quawm, now was left paddling, as Laas was hiding at the bottom of the canoe, where he could not see the Woman of Fire coming. Only Quawm could look at her. She cried out to him: "At the village, after you have told the people what has happened, you too shall die." Quawm paddled away with all his power, and kept silent after he had reached the village. The people there found the young men dead in the canoe, and wondered what had happened. He answered, "I will tell you only after a while. Wait until I am ready." He stepped ashore, dressed himself up, and sat down. Then he said, pointing to Gitrhawn, "It is you, you are at fault. You have allowed your son to wear the Hat of Cormorant." Angry, he hit the water with the cap, and cursed the stone statue. "It is because of the statue that the fire has inflicted death upon us." These words were no sooner uttered than he fell dead.

Laas, the only one left alive, had not seen Selarhkons, the Woman of Fire. Now the crackling of flames came from the woods towards the village. While everybody was gazing on, a frog leaped out of the fire into the chief's house. Gitrhawn said, "Take this frog, and throw it into the fire." Laas caught the frog whose name (in Haida) was Kadeskyis, and cast it into the brazier. Then he pinned it down with a stick. *Purh!* the frog burst, and put the fire out. A stream of lava poured down from the hills, and consumed every one.

Before the fire had reached the village, a woman at the outskirts saw it coming and, with her daughter, rushed to a large pit which she had dug as a refuge. Once inside, she closed the entrance with seven copper shields and covered them with sod. There they both stayed buried and huddled together until the fire had died down. When they came out and found that their village was no more, the woman took to the pit the little food that was left — some

dried halibut and a little whale grease — and buried the coppers in the same hole. She went about the destroyed village and tried to recover whatever of use was left. The only things she found were stone adzes and pots. After she had heaped them up in one pile, she walked to the end of the village where her uncles had placed their seven canoes under cover. They were not burned. As she sat there with her daughter, she ate the little food still left over.

While eating and gazing out to sea, she beheld sails (*ahlaw'*) a long way off. They were made of mats (*alawkom-skane'*), and she counted six. The canoes came to shore, and those manning them — Gitrhahla people or People-of-the-Narrows — stepped off, and found only brownish ashes and earth where the settlement had stood. Among them was a chief named Luhlan-kyemnæ'q and an old slave. As they were looking over the place where the village had been, the slave found the girl and brought her along. (Her mother, meanwhile, had disappeared.) She said, "I will go away with you only if you tow my canoes along." This they agreed to do, and her seven canoes were saved.

As the Gitrhahla were towing the canoes which now belonged to her, she donned the Cap of Cormorant, and began to sing a dirge about the Woman who had brought destruction upon the village: "Selarhkons . . . is the one who caused the fire which burned out all the Rhaidas."

This young woman eventually was married to Luhlan-kyemnæ'q. Within a year she brought forth a child, a son; her second child was a daughter. The seven canoes were then sold at her bidding. She then gave a feast, and bestowed the name of Gitrhawn — Salmon-Eater — to her son. When they later migrated to the Queen Charlotte Islands, they found that the village of their adoption was complete again, that the houses after the fire had all been rebuilt and were filled with people. But they did not speak the same language, for they were ghosts (*luleq*). This is the reason why, on those islands, there is still a place called Gishlawas (the Ghosts became men). This young woman had more children, ten in all. Among them was Skya'an — a daughter, and Kilæskilæs, Quawm, Kwawkyans, Laas, Laka-wæsk, Gyedarhao. These names are now owned by Nass River people and others elsewhere. Two of the children travelled to the Nass River and had offspring there. That is how Gitrhawn — Salmon-Eater — came to be known on the Nass, and became a great chief. Another Gitrhawn, at the same time, went up Skeena River to the village of Gitsemkælem; and yet another settled at Larhsail in the Tlingit country to the north.

After Gitrhawn's family had increased on the Nass, the mother gathered much food, and said to her sons, "You had best go over and present some Nass River food to your grandfather whose home is on the Queen Charlotte Islands." She told them how to proceed on their journey, and three set out in a good canoe, Quawm, the oldest, Kilæskilæs, and one woman. When they reached the neighbourhood of Gitrhahla, they watched for an opportunity to cross, and did their best to follow the directions of their mother: "Go out west of the island — avoid the east." So they did. But when they saw a fine sandy beach, they forgot what their mother had said, that is, "Don't play on the sand!" The day was fine, and the sandy beach so smooth that the two boys forgot their mother's warning. Without making a camp, they tarried a long while on the sand, until the wind changed. A storm broke out and damaged their dug-out canoe, which they had forgotten on the beach.

When they rushed to it, they found it filled up with water. Only a few smoked salmon and some boxes of oolaken grease could they save. Their dried and smoked berries were soaked in salt water. As the tide was rising, they managed to haul their canoe up the beach and turn it over. It was split. They spent that stormy night under it.

The wind changed to the southeast, and rain fell heavily. For six days they used their canoe as a shelter while they stayed there. A strange man appeared to them. They realized that he was a spirit (*narhnok*) who enquired what they were doing there. They answered, "Spirit, we were on our way to Larha'iderh (On-Haida), to give our grandfather some Nass River food. But our gifts now are spoilt, our dug-out is almost broken up, and we are about to starve." The stranger looked as if he were wrapped up in a robe. On his head he had a dark headgear like a cap. After gazing at them, he said, "I will help you."

After the spirit had placed two round stones in his mouth, one on each side, he took the young woman, and placed her under his left wing — for his arms had changed to wings. The two boys he held under his right wing. He told them to hold fast. As he had become a bird, he took flight with the three of them in the direction of the islands. About half of the way across, a stone dropped from his mouth and became a large rock in the sea. He said, "This will remind your grandchildren what is happening now. I will drop another rock when we are about to land on the shore." Before landing with them, he dropped a round rock on the beach. There it is still — a large rock in the water — near Gitrhahla, and the people still like to point to it. They camped there at night on the seashore, until daybreak. Once more the huge bird took them under his wings, bidding them not to look out lest an accident befall them.

He soared at a great height with them, and whirled round and round. The roar of his wings beating the air deafened them. They were utterly lost until, about midday, he swooped down, and brought them to the end of the village of Gihlkayo on the Queen Charlotte Islands, whence he had come. Being a spirit, the Supernatural-Eagle (*narhnarom-rhskyæk*), he warned them not to look out as yet, not until he had disappeared. The young men refrained for a while from opening their eyes, but the woman looked out. She saw the monster bird, who truly was the Eagle of the Sea (*hagwelawrom-rhskyæk*). Each of its wings must have been ten fathoms long, and its tail was monstrous. As she saw the spirit that had carried them through the air, she said to Quawm, "Look at the size of this bird!" She repeated these words to Kilæskilæs, and the Eagle, aware that he had been seen, dived down towards the sea, landed on the surface of the water with a terrific splash, and flopped there a long time, to sink to the bottom in the end.

This monster Sea-Eagle had a white head (*masqis*) and a broad garment (*gameks*) over his shoulder. He looked like an old chief. After he had disappeared under the water, they thought that he was drowned. Grieved, they intoned a dirge song (*lemaw'i*) to the words, "The Great Eagle has cried out. The heavens have shaken because he has flown with us over the sea."

This Spirit Eagle was carved in stone just as he had appeared to the Gitrhahla folk. It was as if he had turned to stone under their hands. His size was impressive. Bright shells covered his head from the tip of his bill all the way over the head down to the tail, also under his body. His beak

curved down and backwards like a hook (similar to that of the Thunderbird).

From that time on, the Spirit Eagle of the Sea has been the crest of Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) and his clan.

The Totem Pole of Sakau'wan (Nass River), chief of the outstanding Gitrhawn clan of the Eagle phratry at the former village of Gwunwawq. This pole usually bears the name of the aged chief (in 1926) — Mountain or to be exact, Mountain-Chief *Skaneesemsem'oiget* — who considered it his own. From his heirs the author purchased it for the Royal Ontario Museum soon after Mountain's death in 1928. For over sixty years it had stood at Geetiks on lower Nass River, close to the Alaskan frontier.

This pole, tallest in existence (81 feet high and weighing several tons), is one of the finest and most elaborate of all poles. Its fifteen figures are illustrations and heraldic emblems; illustrations, in so far as they portray traditions and mythical adventures of the ancestors of the clan to which it belongs; and emblems, as they are in the nature of coats of arms or family symbols. Here they do not only represent the emblems of the owner's family, as is the custom, although these predominate. There are also included some of the emblems of Hladerh, who at one time was the head-chief of a Wolf clan on the Nass. For reasons of prestige and expansion, about eighty years ago, Hladerh was adopted in the Eagle clan of Sakau'wan. The mixture of two independent sets of crests — one of an Eagle clan, the other of a Wolf clan — resulted from this amalgamation, which was purely accidental. Elsewhere the emblems on totem poles, among the Tsimshians and the Tlingits, belong to one clan only.

Description. The figures on the pole, from the top down, are:

1. The Eagle, sitting at the top;
2. Man-Underneath (the water) or *gyædem-tso'yerh*, a supernatural being, human-like, who was seen by the ancestors of the clan in their southward migrations on the Alaskan coast. This mythical being emerged from the sea, holding two fish by the tail—salmon or halibut—and he was taken on as an emblem of the people in their migrations;
3. The Shark (*qat*) or the supernatural fish called *Kandah*, a familiar crest of several clans of the Eagles on the sea-coast;
4. Uwait, a supernatural wooden man, harmless, whom the ancestors are supposed to have seen long ago in their peregrinations;
5. Dragon-Fly (*wil'æq*), with a human-like face and long sharp nose in the form of a bill, an emblem of some of the Wolf clans of the interior and introduced here to represent Hladerh, the chief of a Nass River Wolf clan adopted within Sakau'wan's clan. Around the head of the Dragon-Fly is a crown like that worn by chiefs, with a row of small human faces. This presumably stands for Hladerh's own head-dress or crown, which he wore on ceremonial occasions;
6. Bullhead (*maskayæt*), a monster of the sea resembling the common bullhead. Its body was supposedly covered with human faces, such as are seen on some of its carved representations. Here only one face is introduced on the fan-like end of the tail, which is turned back. Bullhead was one of Sakau'wan's crests;



Totem pole of Sakau'wan, at Gitiks

7. and 8. Aitl, the large person with hands up and palms forward, and Gunas, the smaller human being in front of him — two ancestors who were drowned in the sea during the southward migrations of the Eagle clan;



Lower parts of Sakau'wan's totem pole (right) and of the Eagle's Nest

(Composite)

9. and 10. The Eagle-Halibut emblem, a monster of the sea, part eagle and part fish, that swallowed up Gunas when he was swimming after his canoe had capsized; Gunas is represented a second time here, as if seen in the Halibut's body;

11. Gunas' uncle, who went down to the edge of the sea after he was drowned, is represented here in miniature form — a human face between the large ears of the Eagle-Halibut;

12. The Cormorant (*haots'*), a small detached figure of a bird with outspread wings which chief Sakau'wan declared was not his coat of arms. It seems to have been another badge of Hladerh, the Wolf chief adopted by this Eagle clan. It is also used by other Wolf families of the interior, who claim that it was ceded to them by a former Sakau'wan, as compensation for a murder;

13. Devil-Fish (*takal'owntk*), a monster of the deep sea, described as a powerful shellfish (*hadzalt*) or a devilfish with 'suckers' or fingers. It caught Aitl, an ancestor of the clan mentioned above, and held him fast until he was drowned under the rising tide;

14. A second representation here of Man-Underneath (*gyædem-tso'yerh*), a supernatural being seen by the ancestors in their southward migrations along the coast.

These heraldic figures are explained to the satisfaction of the natives in myths accounting for their origin, and handed down from generation to generation. Long traditional narratives describe how the Eagle clans migrated down the coast from the north, had strange experiences, and encountered supernatural beings. Other accounts concern the Dragon-Fly, an emblem of the Wolf clan of Hladerh, represented about the centre of the pole. Briefly, such a one is as follows:

The myth of the Dragon-Fly. A young unmarried woman of this clan, whose name was Yaw'l, broke her seclusion taboos to play with her brothers. Although it was summertime, a heavy fall of snow covered the ground at night. When the brothers and sister looked outside, they found themselves in a strange country; their house was nearly covered with snow. Huge-Belly, a monstrous being, appeared from time to time, calling the young taboo-breakers outside, one by one, in order to cut them open with his long, sharp, glass-like nose, and hang their bodies on the rafters of his lodge to smoke and dry like split salmon. One of them managed to kill him. The slayer took to flight with his sister and remaining brothers, but to little avail. A female being of the same kind, Ksemkaigyet, who could draw out her nose into a sharp knife, pursued them. As they hid in a tree at the edge of a lake, she detected their shadows in the frosty waters and dived several times to capture them, until she was quite frozen. Then they killed her. But before she died, she declared, "The people will always suffer from my nose." From her remains were born the mosquitoes and other pests. The crests of the Dragon-Fly and Large-Belly, which they adopted after this supernatural experience, were inherited in the family of the survivors, who belonged at first to the family of Luus and Kyawlugyet, of Qaldo on upper Skeena River.

Migrations southward of the Hagwenudet Eagles. The following narrative was dictated in Niskæ by Chief Mountain (Sakau'wan) and interpreted by Charles Barton (Pahl), chief of a Wolf clan at Gitrhadeen.

The majority of the emblems of this totem pole — the Eagle, Man-Underneath (the water), the Shark, Bullhead, Devil-Fish and others — are accounted for in the tradition of the Eagle clan migrations, particularly

as reinterpreted in the Eagle clan to which chief Sakau'wan belonged. This Eagle clan is known under the name of Hagwenudet, which usually means Fugitive, but the ancestors in the clan were not really fugitives; they had not taken to flight before their enemies, but were heading for the Nass River. This is the contention of Sakau'wan and other members of the Eagle clans. Here is a summary of Mountain's narrative (*adaaorh*) dealing with the migrations from the north of the Hagwenudet clan.

Six canoes, loaded with our ancestors, once landed outside Thlawak on what is now Prince of Wales Island, in southern Alaska. They meant to settle down, but failed to make a living there. Not knowing where they were at the time, they decided to go on moving down the coast until they would find Leesems — the Nass. During their migration in the canoes, some of them died; others were born. For two moons they paddled, after they had left Thlawak. Then they arrived at Saneenæ, a place which other people before them had deserted, after they had drifted off to some other place.

While they sojourned at Saneenæ, Aitl, one of the young men, went down at ebb-tide to the seashore for shellfish. A big stone stood exposed with a hole under it. He took a long stick and poked into the hole, which was then filled with water, to see whether any living thing hid there. Something snapped at the stick and he could not pull it out. It was a huge Devil-Fish. Aitl tried to capture it with his hands, but the monster caught him with its mighty tentacles, and tried to pull him in. To protect himself he held on to the rock near him with one hand, but found himself much the worse for it. The two valves of a large shellfish (*kal'un*) clinging to the crevices in the stone, closed on his fingers. When this happens to a man he knows that he is lost, for the *kal'un* is large and deadly; it never gives up its prey. The tide was already rising. His brothers, noticing his plight, came down to his rescue, but were at a loss to know what to do. The arm was caught fast. In haste they soaked a seal stomach pouch and inflated it. They attached it to him as a float. In despair he spoke to them in Tlingit, as this was the language of our ancestors, "Cry for me!" These words he kept on repeating in the face of the on-coming tide. They have become a dirge for us, in the Tlingit: '*Hiyanawhæ . . . Cry for me!*'

While Aitl and his brother sang this dirge, the tide rose past Aitl, and in spite of the float which was meant to make him buoyant, he was drowned. His body fell back, and it was removed by force, burnt, and his ashes were buried on the shore. This calamity made the people re-embark and paddle with more determination than ever on their way; they worked day and night, as they had no sail. Now they arrived at Ahlk-nebæh, south of Stikine River, and they passed the Tongas Narrows (*marhla'angyesawns*).

Salmon was plentiful at the Narrows, the sockeyes especially so. They caught some and roasted the fish on the beach as the day was sunny and warm. It was so fine that the Fugitives for once relaxed in their efforts, and Gunas, a young man, went into the water to swim. A giant halibut rose from the bottom and swallowed him. The people looked for him after he had disappeared, but could find no trace of him. An eagle swooped down to the edge of the water looking for salmon. When the fishermen saw a halibut rising to the surface they caught it and cut it open. There they found the body of Gunas, their dead relative. His flesh had already decayed, but a copper shield surrounded his neck like a collar. Gunas' uncle stood

at the head of the Halibut, and lamented his nephew's death. Here are the words of his dirge — they have become traditional in the Fugitive clan: "This is the place where we encountered the supernatural Halibut."

When Gunas' body was cremated his ashes were buried on the shore, and the flight down the coast was resumed. Near the large body of tide-waters at Akstaql, (now Cape Fox), the Fugitives beheld Man-Underneath (*gyædem-so'yerh*) with his long hair. This monster of the sea looked like a statue holding in his hands a fish by the tail. According to other accounts, Man-Underneath held two king salmon, one with each hand. (It is quite possible that the upper fish on the totem pole may be the King-Salmon instead of the Shark as some people believe.) Sitting in the ocean, the monster was eating the salmon, while the people marvelled at him and decided to take him as an emblem — Man-of-the-Sea or Man-Underneath.

A frightened canoeman sitting in the stern urged, "Let us flee from here, Man-of-the-Sea might devour us all!" While the canoe was turning, he asked his brother facing him, "Is he still eating the salmon?" "Yes, he is eating it." These words never were forgotten to this day. They are repeated in another dirge used at the death of chiefs in our family.

The Fugitives approached Akstaql in fair weather. There they beheld Bullhead (*mas-kayæt*), a large fish, and hastened ashore on a small island. From this vantage point, they gazed for a long while at the monster, whose body was covered by human faces. So impressed were they that they decided to take him as another emblem. Like the others it has been represented since on a number of totem poles. Seeing the monster, an old man wondered, "What is it I behold? What is the being there whose body is alive with human faces?" And these words are embodied in another dirge.

At the other end of Akstaql, the people went ashore where Larhsail now is, and joined the tribe already living there. Together with these earlier occupants, as their opposites (or the other moiety), there our ancestors formed the village of Larhsail, the present Larhsail in southern Alaska. Ka-shaiks of Saxman (near Ketchikan) is their head-chief and our close relative.

A young man and his sister went out in a canoe soon after he had placed on his head an Eagle cap with a stuffed eagle's head. Their canoe capsized, because of a strong wind that suddenly rose from the sea. The man was drowned and his sister saved. Their chief, dressed in his finery, walked down to the beach, lamenting the loss of his nephew. Then the spirit Halibut rose to the top of the water looking like an eagle. The chief in mourning felt his long leather ear-rings with halotis pearls sewn on; they were longer than his hand and wide as two fingers. He said, "The prince whose canoe capsized shall wear my ear-rings." To him the supernatural Eagle-Halibut in the water was none other than his nephew, now transformed after his drowning. The words of the chief's lament became a fourth dirge, which we still preserve, "Dear boy, wear these ear-rings after death."

Before his chant was ended, a strange canoe landed on the shore with the body of his nephew. Standing near it, he cried out, "Dear son, the Eagle cap still sits on your head." And these words are part of a fifth dirge. The Eagle-Halibut had become one more emblem for our clan. The body was burnt and buried there, at the village of Larhsail, and the people decided to move away, down the coast towards Leesems — the Nass.

They went around Cape Fox (*Akstaql*) and stopped at Tongas (then called *Larhtawq*), where they saw many canoes filled with people. Here they became acquainted with the grandfather of La'ee, the chief of another Eagle clan now located on the Nass and also the grandfather of Sagya'mas, chief of a leading Wolf clan, the Eagles' opposites, now also of the Nass. Other Eagle and Wolf clans had preceded the Fugitives in their migrations down the coast. They did not stay there very long, but all started with La'ee, Sagya'mas and their people, in their search for Leesems. They travelled through the Narrows and, without realizing it, cut across the bay at the mouth of the Nass. They made two camps at the place now called Tsem'adeen, on both sides of the inlet near the mouth of a river. They built a fish fence across the river with a trap to catch salmon. The salmon here were plentiful — the spring salmon (*ya'a*), the humpback (*stem'awn*), and the dog-salmon (*qa'it*), but no sockeye.

La'ee, the chief of the other Eagle clan, and some of his men, left in a canoe soon after to look for Leesems (Nass River), their destination. While he was away, a man of the party across the mouth of the river went over at night to La'ee's camp and stole his wife. But he was discovered and murdered on the spot. His body was thrown into the sea. The relatives of the murdered man demolished the fish fence, packed up, and moved away. The others departed too. They all travelled across the mouth of the Nass on what is now Portland Canal, our ancestors with Tsagya'mas of the Wolf clan. La'ee's people were left behind. They made a camp above Hrmadint, but soon moved into the mouth of Hrqal'ant, on Portland Canal. There they came to a rock which was covered with hair seal (*'ilrh*), and killed some of them. From that time on the name of the rock has been La'awp-Skunaase. Quite a distance up the inlet, they came to Lee'aaset, an island, where they established their village. The bay is called Sqo'omket. After a time, Sagya'mas and his Wolf clan decided to retrace their course. Our ancestors alone kept going up the inlet. On the way up they killed many seals and filled their canoes. They made their home in this country, up the inlet.

A generation later, they set up a camp a short distance below Kunahanit. Often they had heard their uncles and the old folk who had since died tell of the relatives they had left behind — the Tsetsauts. But they never had met any of them; they did not know who they were. One day, as they sat on the shore at Kunahanit cooking a seal, they saw strange people across the inlet, at the mouth of the river. They went over in a canoe. For the first time they beheld the Tsetsauts, and recognized them from what they had heard. They would not land but came close to shore. They cut up the cooked seal they had with them in strips (*hyæks*) a hand wide and two hands long, put some of these at the end of their spears and offered them to the strangers ashore. When everybody had their share, a man standing at the edge of the water motioned, 'Wait!' and he urged the others to come down from their camp in the woods and have seal meat. After they had eaten, the Tsetsauts gave presents to their visitors in the canoes — blankets of groundhog skins, of marten skins, coats of leather (*kutadzemtrha*), and moccasins (*tsaosetrha*). The man at the bow of the canoe received quite a lot, and the others just as much. They paddled around, and the others at the stern had their turn. Thus peace was made between the Eagles and the Tsetsauts (an inland folk). The canoe was loaded with furs

when the Eagles started for their camp some distance away, and they paddled all night.

They painted their faces brown before landing at their camp at daybreak, to show that their expedition had been successful. The people on the shore gladly received the good news about the Tsetsauts. Their chief decided that the whole band should go up and stay at Kunahanit, near their new friends, that winter. They became fast friends and adopted many of them into their own families. The partnership with them has lasted to this day.

Comments of the interpreter Barton on this narrative. A year later our people decided to move, after they had prepared their salmon supply and dried it. They filled their canoes with salmon so completely that they had to sit on top of the bundles, also to sleep on them while on their way. Once more they wanted to look for Leesems, the Nass, and they paddled away. This time they discovered it. La'ee who had preceded them there, and also Sagya'mas, welcomed them, and received bundles of salmon (*lukst*) as gifts. After they had gone back for their tribe and brought it along, they built a new village at Leesems, and called it Larh-lukst — On-Bundles, on account of the bundles of smoked salmon which the earlier occupants had presented to them upon their arrival.

Our people had taken in the Tsetsauts people as part of their own clan and before separating, they had agreed that they would all be 'brothers' together — Eagles and Tsetsauts. Some Eagle clansmen adopted three Tsetsauts, others four, and took care of them, supplying their needs. The Tsetsauts returned the compliment in furs and meat, for they were great hunters and woodsmen, whereas our people were mostly seafolk and fishermen. Among the Tsetsaut chiefs they adopted were Tsedzee, Kwaya' and Aladzaw, whose names, still preserved in our clan, are in the Tsetsaut language. To this day we remain 'brothers' with the Tsetsauts.

The Tsetsauts were numerous in those days and, working together with them, we became strong and prosperous. Unfortunately those people have died out since. Only Qahlo is left—the last of his family, at Kincolith on Portland Canal. The cause of their disappearance is their war with the Tahltan and the Larhwiyp, the Prairie people up river, at the head of the Stikine and the Nass (the Larhwiyp used to be at the head of the Nass). Their enemies killed off a great many of them; others died otherwise, after their tribe was much weakened. The Prairie people have also dwindled in numbers. Not many have survived.

Our story, which we know well because it is often repeated, halts at Larh-lukst — On-Bundles, near the mouth of the Nass. The emblems that our ancestors acquired on their way down the coast are carved on the totem poles; formerly they were only painted (*qawah*) on the house fronts. Our people, together with La'ee and Sagya'mas, who had gone ahead, joined the Gitrhadeen tribe, which was already on the Nass. In that town the earlier occupants were the Kanhaades — Raven-Frog people — and the Kispudwades — Killer-Whales; also some Wolf people — Larhkibu, who had recently arrived. But Gitrhawn, the important Eagle chief from the far north and the Queen Charlotte Islands, had not yet made his appearance in this country.

The incessant quest for food, according to season, took our people to various places. They went back every year to the inlet, up what is now called Portland Canal. In the spring, they would catch oolakens or candle-fish for grease at Fishery Bay on the lower Nass. At other times, in the summer, they would go to their salmon streams elsewhere. They never lacked food in this bountiful Leeseems.

Some of the Leeseems Eagles proceeded down the coast to join the Tsimsyans permanently. Demhaa'de, at Gitka'ta, is one of them, and our close relative; Kudzaw'se, at Gitsees, another. A third, because of the salmon fishing, went up the Nass to the canyon.

Before these people had come to Saneena and elsewhere on the Nass, they had mingled with the Tlingits and spoken their language. For this reason, words of our dirges are even now still Tlingit. When, later, the Eagles settled on the Nass, they did away with Tlingit, but could not change their dirges, which to this day remain the same.

The Nass River language — Niskæ — was spoken in the early days only by the Gitlarhdamks (On-the-Lagoons) tribe, up the river at Ansema'isk. Soon their language, which was that of the country, spread down the river to the newcomers, the Wolves and the Eagles.

A few of the Nass people intermarried with the Tsetsauts. Sagya'mas' 'grandmother' married one of them, also our 'grandfather' Keelarhtao. They had murdered a Tsetsaut and captured a woman. She became our 'grandfather's' wife, but after a while she ran away. He married another — Kindaale, a Tsetsaut, and she bore children to him; Aladzawh, a son, and Kinhlakawts, a daughter, who also had children. But none of them have survived.

At Gitlarhdamks, up the river, there were two clans, the opposites. They stubbornly held on to their Niskæ language, that of Kyærh and Tsirhkan. They had belonged to the country from time immemorial. These Gitlarhdamks natives claim that they taught the Niskæ language to the newcomers after they had welcomed them: "Henceforth you shall speak a new language (*she'algyarh*), the Niskæ." The one who said this was chief at Gitlarhdamks. His name, for this reason, became Hunt-after-Language — *Sen'algyarh*. It was conferred upon him in a great feast by the Fugitives from the far north.

A feud over this pole. Old chief Mountain or Sakau'wan, some time before his death in 1928, gave an account of the rivalry between the Eagle-Raven clan and the Killer-Whales or Gispewudwades of Nass River, over the size of their new totems.¹ In summary here it is.

The Killer-Whale chief, Sispagut, who headed the faction of the earlier occupants on the river, announced his determination to put up the tallest pole ever seen in the country. Its name was to be Fin-of-the-Killer-Whale. However, instead of selecting for its carver Hladerh whose right it was to do the work, he chose Oyai of the canyon. Hladerh naturally felt slighted and confided his grudge to Sakau'wan, chief of the Eagles, and his friend. From then on the Eagles and the Wolves of their own day were to be closely allied, as the ancestors of both had moved in from Alaska and at one time had been allies.

¹ For a fuller account see *Alaska Beckons* by Marius Barbeau. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho and the Macmillan Company of Canada, 1947, pp. 127-136.

Sispagut selected the largest red cedar he could find on Observatory Inlet, and had it towed down to the Nass. There his carver began to work. But Hladerh, now sure of the support of the Eagle clan, summoned Sispagut to shorten his "walking stick" by many arms' length: it was far too long! Sispagut ignored the protest. Insistent, Hladerh resorted to threats. Because of this, the tree remained under cover on the shore for a time. But eventually Sispagut resolved to go ahead in the face of difficulties, and had Oyai resume his carving. When the pole was ready, he sat in his dug-out with his two wives and while he sang one of his dirges, he let it drift down the river in front of the village of Angyadæ. The dirge meant that all the villages were invited to the feast for the erection of the pole. As he passed in front of Hladerh's house, the door opened, and a gun was fired at him. He fell down, wounded in the arm. The pole remained on the ground for another year. But the next spring a new date was announced for its erection. One night he was betrayed by one of his nephews and shot dead. His heirs, however, refused to be intimidated, and later defiantly put up the totem pole of the Fin-of-the-Killer-Whale in memory of their uncle Sispagut. For a time it had won for them the supremacy of their clan on the river. The Eagle and the Wolves were newcomers, and had been thrown back in their own tracks.

This only sharpened the conflict between the two factions. Sakau'wan (Sharp-Teeth) and Hladerh searched for the largest cedar on Portland Canal, and found a perfect giant in Granby Bay, ninety miles away. They had it cut down and towed to Gitiks. Oyai, the leading carver, once more was engaged to do the carving, along with four helpers. Although they toiled at it from dawn to sunset during the whole winter, it seemed as though their work would not be ready by the date fixed for its erection, after the end of the candle-fish season (in the spring). Invitations had been broadcast to the chiefs of neighbouring nations — the Tsimshians of the Skeena, the Haidas of Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Tlingits of Tongas and Cape Fox, in Alaska. Everybody was keenly anticipating the contest between the Eagles and the Wolves on the one side, and the Killer-Whales on the other. The guests were already beginning to land, but the carving of the thirteen figures was not quite finished. Oyai had called in more helpers while the elders fretted, fearful of ridicule, and the pole was declared ready at the last possible moment.

Large crowds lent a hand and pulled at the stout cedar-bark ropes or the nettle ropes made of old candle-fish nets, which were tied at three places on the long shaft¹. A trench leading to the hole was dug, into which the butt of the pole sank slowly. Thick planks held in place the crumbling earth around the pit; supporting posts were planted here and there; and trestles, pushed under the rising shaft, made progress secure at every inch gained, while a huge crowd pulled at the ropes. Women sang haul-away songs and beat skin drums, to urge the workers at the ropes. Higher and higher went the pole, the face of its carvings mounting toward the sky. Whenever any dirt fell into the pit, a chief of high standing, who was called forth, stepped down, cleaned it out with his hands, and was liberally compensated for his service.

¹ Here an incident happened. Kwai, the informant's uncle (Lazarus Moody — Weehawn, of Gitrhadeen) was called upon to clear the hole of dirt tumbling in. After he had gone in, removed it, and stepped out, he received over \$100 in compensation. It was the privilege of the host to call upon any distinguished guest, not necessarily a fraternal relative, to render this service. Had the pole fallen in during the process of erection, then the clans of the other phratries on the river would have been responsible for the job of re-erection.

Liberality was part of the grand show that made the name of a pole famous, and its commemoration was remembered for many years in the land. Gifts changed hands on all sides, the hosts showing their wealth by their lavishness, thus adding to their prestige. Oyai, the carver, was paid ten white and two black trade blankets, two moose skins, a musket, and other goods, for his work. Twenty new guns of the old type were cast into the pit under the pole, with other valuables — blankets, coats, and kettles — to honour the deceased uncle in whose memory the pole was to stand. The guests and workers were fed, entertained, and compensated. This the Eagles and the Wolves could afford, for they were becoming the ruling clan of the whole river and of the Alaskan border, northward to the Stikine and southward to the Skeena. Both, together, invaders from the north as they were, had proved great hunters and fisherfolk, and the keenest traders on the coast.

For two days the crowds pulled at the fibre ropes. Then a half-breed trader, Matheson, arrived at Gitiks in his sloop and saluted them with a gunshot. He would assist them with his tackle — ropes and other machinery recently acquired from white seamen. It was the first time that ropes of this kind, which seemed much stronger than their own, were used in this country. Haul-away songs instilled fresh vigour into the workers, the drums beat still louder, and soon the pole was nearly erect. But it was only at the close of the third day that the triumphant Eagle and Thunderbird reached their lofty destination in the sky.

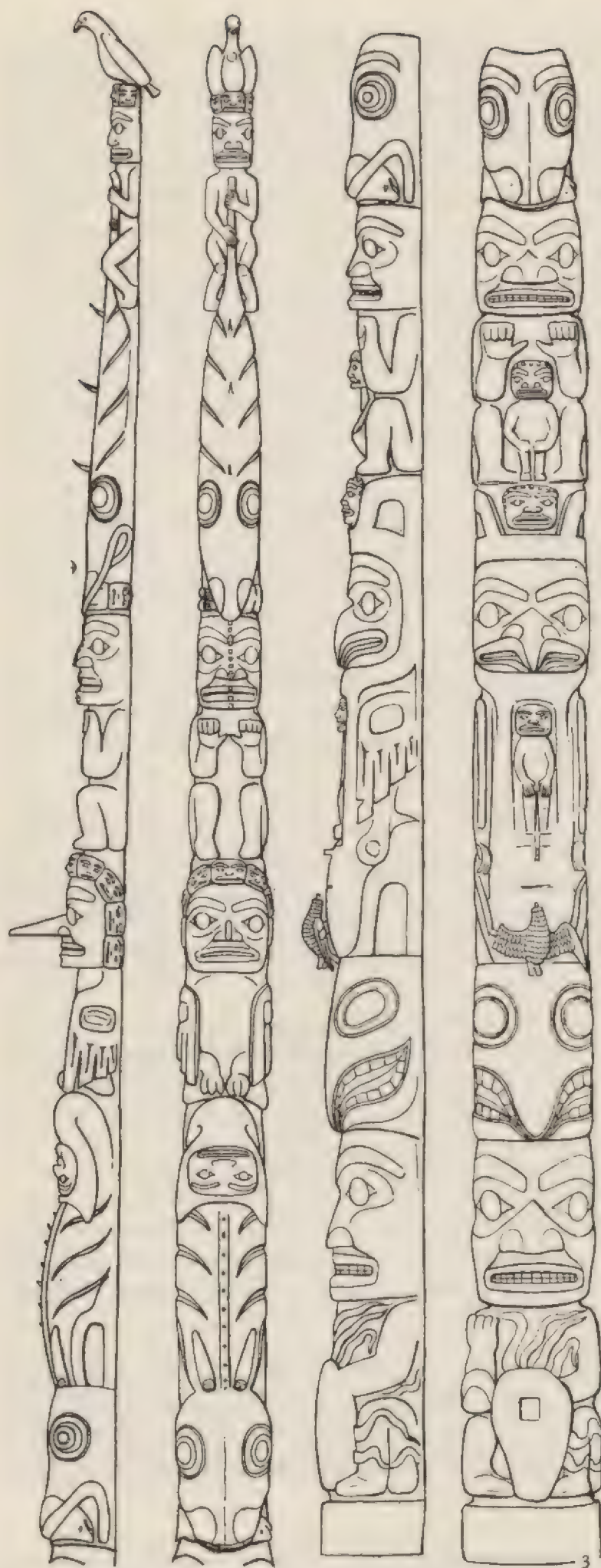
Sharp-Teeth and his nephew, Mountain, came forward in full regalia, at the height of their glory. This was the greatest moment of their lives. They sang the sacred song of their ancestors: "The Golden Eagle of the mountains will spread his wings, as he sits above the chiefs on the hilltops," and Hladerh, in his turn, intoned in Tlingit the dirge of Chief Lanemræt: "The glacier is safe for us all."

The Killer-Whales, the earliest Nass River occupants, now thrown back, had to accept their final defeat. They sat low and praised the Eagles with the rest, and cursed them under their breath. The Killer-Whales, that day, moved back from the front rank. The Eagles and the Wolves stood close to shore, facing the sea, and spoke for all others behind them on the Nass, under the shadow of the huge Eagle totem at the village of Gitiks.

To humble his rivals further, the Eagle chief, Sharp-Teeth, stood that night in front of his new pole and, close to a blazing fire, related at full length the story of his tribal migrations from the Far North to the blessed land of Leesems.

Thus came into existence the pole of Sakau'wan, the tallest and one of the finest monuments of its kind on the north Pacific Coast¹. And the Eagle's Nest pole, the next best, soon followed in the wake, to make doubly secure the predominance of the Eagle-Wolf invaders over the older, native clan of the Killer-Whales.

¹ According to informant Lazarus Moody (Weehawn, chief of a Wolf clan at Gitrhadeen, who was 70 years old in 1929), this pole was erected when he was about 15 years old — that is, about 1874. He remembers having seen Oyai carve it at Gitiks. It had taken him a year to do the work.



Sakau'wan's totem, upper (left), lower (right)

Removal of the Sakau'wan pole from Nass River. The totem pole of the Mountain Eagle at Gitiks, a deserted village on the lower Nass, was the tallest and finest on the Northwest Coast. It stood for something memorable in the life of many Indians, a symbol of prehistoric America with its wild animals and its dusky tribes, and of a supreme effort to express nature in terms of human interest. For sheer stateliness it seemed unsurpassed anywhere as a work of native art and stylisation. Its many figures of animals, beautifully carved, mounted on one another into the sky. They formed a splendid and uniform structure, all out of the trunk of one giant red cedar of Portland Canal. The proud Eagle of the mountains, or the Thunderbird, was perched at the summit. Lost in the jungle of the lower Nass, close to the Alaskan border, I first saw this totem in 1927, as it leaned precariously on two props over the bank of the river. The forest all around was gradually reclaiming its rights after the native villagers had departed many years ago for other haunts, or had died out.

The permanent loss of a carved column of such magnitude (it is probably the largest anywhere), would have been deplorable. I suggested its acquisition by the Royal Ontario Museum, of Toronto, and met with immediate response. I then approached the chief owner of the totem at the Mission village of

Kincolith, 'Place-of-Scalps'. He was an old man named Mountain, who lay on his couch, blind, deaf, and an invalid for years.

Through Charles Barton, an able interpreter, I explained to him what an honour it would be for his pole to be singled out as one of the finest, to be removed and preserved at one of the best museums on this continent — this, for a material consideration. The old man, whose long white hair flowed down his back, at first could not quite understand; his mind was lost in a fog. When it dawned upon him that someone wanted to buy the memorial erected to his ancestors, he remembered that once before he had received a similar proposal.

No one for him ranked higher than his forebears, whereas Douglas, he admitted, was first and foremost among the white people. Douglas was a fur trader of great prestige, and the first governor of British Columbia. Old Mountain's answer was, "Give me the tombstone of Governor Douglas; I will give you the totem of my grand-uncles."

He then related at great length the traditions of his clan, an Eagle clan of the north that once had travelled in large dug-out canoes down the Alaskan coast, had fought monsters, and had conquered a tribe of wild men. His story was an epic in grand style, and illustrated in the Eagle totem. The carved totem itself was a memorial like a tombstone, erected sixty years before (about 1865) to commemorate a famous uncle. The figures carved on it were not pagan divinities, as is often supposed, but the heraldic emblems of the clan; they were like the coats of arms of our nobles.

The old chief had made up his mind not to sell his totem, and it was useless to argue with him. No one of his type ever changes his mind. But his nephews and sole heirs thought otherwise. The next year, after his death, they were anxious to sell a memorial which, in a changed world, had lost its significance. Heredity and the past meant nothing to the new generation. The same summer, I purchased the totem from his nephews. It stands now in a better place for its preservation. Lost to all notice in the northern jungle, it would soon have tumbled to the ground and decayed, whereas it is now on display for everyone to see and may last forever.

Had the old Indian been aware of modern trends among his people, he might have acted otherwise and provided for his own grave and tombstone, as did another veteran of the same clan — chief Grizzly-Bear (*Samedeek*), of Kitwanga, on the Skeena river. Grizzly-Bear some years ago felt that death had come to his door, for he was old and very ill. He summoned his nephews, and had his grave built around him, in his very house-tomb, tombstone, posts, wire fence and all. He paid for the materials and services with ancient gold coins, for he did not think that his heirs would bother much with his remains after his death; carved totems no longer being erected to the memory of uncles. The first night after his installation in the midst of his grave, he slept in his tomb. But he failed to die. I saw him the next summer slowly walking the trail down to the river. Come what may, his dignified rest was assured. The lot of Mountain, his relative on the Nass, was to be buried without honours in the common village plot.

With a small party of Nass River Indians, I spent a day on the old village site of Gitiks, where, in the neighbourhood of two others, and the carved posts of an old abandoned house — the house of the Beaver, the

Eagle pole stood before its removal. The air exuded warmth in that luxuriant forest of the north Pacific Coast, where mosquitoes were legion. As we had luncheon on the beach, our eyes ranged over a scene of the utmost grandeur. Mountain tops tipped with snow and the dented heads of glaciers rose thousands of feet high. The river, near its estuary here, was so wide that it looked like an arm of the sea. So thick was the bush with its dark evergreens and prickly undergrowth that he would never have ventured beyond the clearing of the old deserted village on the river-bank. Mountain gorges, dark and mysterious in the distance, must have been full of bears, which at this time of the year fish salmon out of the creeks.

While my native interpreter, Charles Barton, and the other assistants rested on the shore after lunch, I turned to the carved figures on the poles, and Barton explained that this totem was the work of Oyai. "He was," said he, "one of the best artists of his time on the Nass. He died not so long ago, forty or fifty years (about 1875). The old man here (Gitiks or Bolton) knew him in his childhood and learned his art from him."

The Eagle totem, Pahl explained, did not merely happen to be the tallest of its kind. From the start it was meant to surpass for all time all the others. It stood as the monument of a powerful clan of invaders that brooked no opposition. The size of a pole at first was not meant to indicate the rank of the owners, but it did with the coming of chief Mountain's grand-uncle, whose name was Sharp-Teeth (Sakau'wan), and his friend Hladerh.

The pole transported to Toronto. To remove this huge totem pole from the Nass, and transfer it to a museum thousands of miles away was not an easy job. Taking it down to the ground and shifting it into the water taxed the ingenuity of a railway engineer and his crew of Indians. It leaned sharply, face forwards, and had it fallen, its carvings would have been damaged. But the work was successfully carried out and after a few days the pole with two others was towed down Portland Canal, on its way south along the coast to Prince Rupert. As it floated in the water, several men could walk on it without feeling a tremor under their feet; it was so large that a few hundred pounds made no difference. When it reached Prince Rupert, it had to be cut, as it lay in the water, into three sections, for the longest railway cars are 50 feet. Nor were all difficulties overcome after the three sections had reached Toronto.

Careful measurements at the Royal Ontario Museum were taken of its length. When the architect established the foundation for the tall memorial below the level of the main floor and arranged his ceiling to accommodate it, he took it for granted that the figures given him were correct. But it looked for a moment as though he had taken chances. The totem was so heavy that the services of experts of the Dominion Bridge Company were secured by the Superintendent's office, to put into place the sections one on top of the other, in the main staircase of the building. The two lower sections sat safely in their place, and the top was slowly hoisted up—another giant to behold.

The official responsible for the calculations felt a chill down his spine. Here was the tree he had measured, perhaps without enough space for it at the top. What would happen to him if he had made a mistake? And the bulky top section kept moving upwards till it touched the roof—almost. For a

moment all eyes were fixed on him rather than on the Eagle aloft. Would it break through the roof or would it sit patiently under its shelter? It did. And there was a sigh of relief all round, though the margin was only six inches! Six inches were enough for the sparrows that had taken shelter in the building during construction to build a nest on the head of the eagle -- the highest sparrows' nest known to university ornithologists.

Totem Poles of Chief Mountain (Boas) (111b: 573, 574). Some time after a burial the son or nephew of the deceased erects a column in his memory (*ptsan*). As the meaning of such is not yet clear by any means, I asked 'Chief Mountain' to describe to me the festivals which he gave after the death of his father, who was a Gyispawaduwada. His father had a squid for his protector (*nagnok*). After the death of his father he invited all the people to his house. During the festival the ground opened and a huge rock, which was covered with kelp, came out. This was made of wood and bark. A cave was under the rock and a large squid came out of it. It was made of cedar bark and its arms were set with hooks which caught the blankets of the audience and tore them. The song of the squid was sung by the women sitting on three platforms in the rear of the house.

After the festival 'Chief Mountain' erected the memorial column. It represented, from below upwards, first, four men called Koayowks, or the commanders. These are a crest of the Gyispawaduwada. Tradition says that one night men dug a hole for some purpose behind a house near a grave-tree. They saw an open place in the woods, a fire in the middle, and ghosts were dancing around it wearing head-dresses. They were sitting there as though they were in a house, but the men saw only a hole where the door of this house would have been. Four men, called Koayowks, were standing at the door, and called to them *nagweet!* (To this side!) Since that time the Gyispawaduwada have used these figures.

On top of the four men was the sea-bear with three fins on his back. Each fin had a human face at its base. His father had requested him to put the killer whale on the column, but he preferred to place the sea-bear on it because it is the highest crest of the Gyispawaduwada. The tradition of the sea-bear tells how four brothers went down Skeena River and were taken to the bottom of the sea by Hagulak, a sea monster, over whose house they had anchored. His house had a number of platforms. Inside were the Killer Whales, Hagulak's men. He had four kettles, called Luke-warm, Warm, Hot, Boiling, and a hat in the shape of a sea monster, with a number of rings on top. The name of his house was Helahaidek (near the Haida country). He gave the brothers the right to use all these objects, and with them their songs, which are sung at all great ceremonies of the clan.

The Samuel Wise Version (Tsimshian), related by the old chief Samuel Wise (Gitrhawn), head of the Eagle clan in the Gillarhdzawks tribe at Gitsalas Canyon of Skeena River. Recorded in 1924 at Port Essington, William Beynon acting as interpreter.

When the people were living all together at a Haida village, they owned a fishing pool where they would go to catch trout. One time, three young men fished trout in the pool. After they had caught some fish, they prepared to roast them. They built a fire at the edge of the water. Once the

fish were roasted and ready to eat, they took one and placed it on a skunk cabbage leaf. No sooner had they begun their meal than a frog leaped upon the leaf and started to eat it. They threw the rest of the fish away. They placed the next fish on a leaf and were ready to resume their meal when another frog jumped upon it. Again they threw the fish away, and took up the last that they had roasted. They were about to partake of it when another frog spoiled it for them. Angry at the frog, they threw it into the fire, as they had already done with the others.

Then they boarded their canoe and started to paddle away from the pool. After they had gone some distance, a voice called them, singing mournfully, "You shall not go very far before the man in the bow of the canoe drops dead." Shortly after, the voice resumed singing, "When you have travelled a while after the man at the bow has died, the man in the centre shall also die. When the last man, at the stern, reaches home and has finished telling the people at the village about what has happened, he shall die too."

Before they had proceeded very far, the first man actually died as predicted. When they reached half-way to the village, the centre man dropped dead. As soon as the last survivor had reached home, the people came down to meet him. They asked him what had happened to his companions. At first he refused to tell, knowing that he would no sooner finish speaking than the same thing would befall him. The people pressed him, and he had to explain. Then he dropped dead.

During the next night, while the tribe was asleep, a huge fire ball, much like lightning, struck at the houses, and the village burst into flames. The people were destroyed by the fire. Only a young girl, one of the head princesses, was saved. Having just reached the age of young womanhood, she was camping out secluded in an underground hut, surrounded by copper shields. When her time to come out had arrived, she found out that the village had burned and that every house had been razed to the ground. An old woman came toward the village, crying. On her head was a hat of the Haida type. On its top and all around its brim were frogs. On her cane were human-like faces, and the carving at the top was a large frog. She intoned a dirge, the Frog dirge:

Yæhawnawhiyæ . . . (The words of the song were in a different language and could not be translated by the informant.)

A canoe then approached the site of the former village. In it sat three people. One of them was a Haida chief on a hunting trip. Finding out that the village had disappeared, he stepped ashore to make sure of what he had already observed from a distance. He found the young woman in hiding within the underground hut. He brought her to the canoe and took her to his home village. Later he married her, and she had several children.

One day, as her children were mingling with others of the same age, they were taunted, and they learned that this was not the village of their mother. They were foreigners here. This disclosure of her secret to her children made their mother unhappy. She called her family together, and here is what happened.

After the young woman (from the village destroyed by the fireball) had married the Haida chief, the people captured an eagle and tamed it.



Chief Gagu-gam-dzi-wust with his Stone Eagle. The Stone Eagle of Menæsk (right)

Above its talons they had put copper bracelets as ornaments. The eagle would sail away for one or two days, and then come back to its adopted home. But one day it flew away and never returned. The children who had been taunted, regretted the loss of their pet. Because of the taunt their

mother decided to go away with them. Before departing, they sang a hunting song: *Hawhihoho* . . . and they paddled away while singing this dirge. *Yæhalawiyaw* . . . (The Haida words could not be interpreted by the informant.)

While they were still singing their mournful song out on the waters, they saw a thick fog dropping over them. Then they intoned another dirge while weeping, for they were lost at sea. Before they had finished, an eagle swooped down and alighted in their canoe. They recognized the copper bands at its feet, and knew that their pet had come back to guide them, for it looked in one direction. After they had paddled a long time, they beheld land ahead. The eagle then flew away. They became aware that they had come to Gitamat, south of Skeena River. There they landed, and travelled on foot northwards to the Skeena.

That is why the Gillarhdzawks tribe of the Gitsalas Canyon claim that the land about Gitamat is their individual property and hunting ground. Their rights have been acknowledged by the Gitamat tribe.

The Halibut Pole of Lutkudzamti, described by Peter Denny (named Wesiyo, 65 years old in 1915, Gispewudwade of the Ginarhangik tribe at Port Simpson); interpreter, William Beynon. The following account of the Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater myth was given to explain the Halibut totem pole once standing at Gitrhahla, on Porcher Island; Lutkudzius belonged to the Salmon-Eater clan.

Myth of the long totem pole of Lutkudzamti (a model of which was collected by the author at Port Simpson, in 1915, for the National Museum of Canada):

The third figure from the bottom on the pole is the Supernatural Halibut (*narhnarem-trhao*). And here is the reason why. After the Flood, a number of Tsimshyans drifted away from Temlarham, the Good-land-of-yore. After a time, they cast an anchor, the Stone Eagle, emblem of the Eagle clan (*larhskeek*); on it were copper decorations. The waters then subsided and they found themselves at the place where Ketchikan now stands, in Alaska. There they established a settlement, next to the Wolf tribe (*larhkibu*), who had also survived the Flood. The Eagle clan were then subdivided into three groups: the Gisparhlawts, the Git'adaw, and the Gitrhahla (only a few of the last). The Eagles and the Wolves lived side by side, the Eagles on one side of the river, the Wolves on the other. They set a trap across the river to catch salmon. Box-like contrivances called *waw* were set in a fence built in common, through which the waters of the river flowed carrying salmon. Before very long a quarrel broke out between the two tribes. The Wolves, as earlier owners of the river, contended that the Eagles had no right to fish there, and they meant to hold on to their trap. At night the Eagles held a meeting and decided, under the leadership of Gyaralkstæns, to fight it out with their opponents. The plan they agreed upon was, first, to capture all the canoes of their enemies and run away with them; this they did at Larhsail (the name of the Wolf village). Then, they challenged the Wolves to a battle. The leader of the Gisparhlawts and the Gitrhahlas, Iyandems, is represented as a human being on the present pole; the war chief of the Gitandaw was Trhalarhæt.

Under this leadership the Eagles attacked the Wolves. Their wives (who belonged to the Wolves) seeing that their husbands were hard pressed and on the verge of defeat, pushed the canoes they had purchased from the Wolves into the water, bent as they were on taking sides with their husbands. Many people on both sides were killed or wounded in the course of a stubborn fight. The Wolves, the stronger of the two, came out in the end victorious, and the Eagles took to flight. They became known as Fugitives (*gwenhoot*).



The two stone eagles of Menæsk

When they reached the point on the coast known as Wullebælræshawts (now Cape Fox), they cast their stone Eagle anchor down to the bottom. When they tried to pull it up the anchor rope broke, and it proved a grave accident. The Gitrhahla, besides, had lost their war chief Iyandems, who had failed to embark with them. Meanwhile Iyandems was trying to keep up along the seashore. He climbed over mountains, crossed creeks. The only weapon in his possession was a large mussel (*gyasehægwen*). When he arrived at the point called Gwana' on Nass River next to the coast, he found it very wide. Yet he decided to swim across.

The Supernatural-Halibut (*narhnarem-trhao*), seeing Iyandems swimming and knowing that he was an Eagle, swallowed him and carried him across the water. Suffocating in the belly of the monster, he used his sharp mussel shell to cut the stomach of the fish. The torment made the Halibut swim only faster, until it climbed up the shore and let Iyandems crawl out of its stomach. But he died when his body was only half way out. So he is shown on the totem pole. The Thunderbird (*rhkyaimsem*) flew down from the mountains and landed upon the Supernatural-Halibut.

As the Eagle caneloads of Gitrhahla arrived in this neighbourhood, they were thinking of turning back to look for the remains of their lost war chief somewhere along the sea-coast northwards. They came across the Halibut, the Thunderbird on its top, and they recognized their chief half-way out of the Halibut's mouth. They broke into a dirge, took the remains of the dead man, carried them to the Narrows (*metlakrhahla* or, in full, *marhlegyitrhahla*: through-the-people-of-rhahla), and established a new settlement near Krhain (now the site of Prince Rupert), at the mouth of a small stream named Laramktæde. There they prepared natural fortresses in self-defense, for they knew that their Wolf enemies would come down in pursuit. They were not wrong, for they were soon attacked, and rolled whatever they had carried to the top (rocks, logs) down upon the attackers. This time they beat back the Gidaraniits (or Tlingits), whose turn now it was to take to flight northwards.

The Fugitives began to explore the country, to find out whether the land was good. They left the Narrows behind and proceeded south, still sorrowful about the loss of their chief Iyandems, whom they had failed to take alive from the mouth of the large Halibut. They used him and the Halibut on their carved memorials. Usually, on large poles, a man is shown half-way out of the Halibut, but on a small pole like this it could not be done for lack of space. The only figures here are the Eagle, the Halibut, and the face of the man. They were the acknowledged emblems of Lutkudzamti of the Gitrhahla tribe of the Tsimshians. The picture of Iyandems on the pole is not meant for a real crest, but only to show his past connection with the Eagle and the Halibut. It is peculiar of the Gitrhahla use of the Halibut that it does not carry the human figure coming out of the mouth, as is done elsewhere (for instance, on the lower Nass). The proper way to bring out the Thunderbird is to have it stand on the tail of the Halibut as it did on an older pole seen by the informant at Gitrhahla. On this a human figure was shown at the bottom; above it, the Halibut; farther up, the Thunderbird; and the Eagle on top.

Two more crests, general emblems of the Gispewudwade phratry, were produced on the same pole: the Grizzly Bear (*medeek*). They had been introduced here to show that Lutkudzamti, the owner, belonged to this phratry on the side of his father. So the two phratres (his mother's and his father's) were here brought together on the same pole, which is exceptional among the Tsimshians, but customary among the Haidas.

So strongly is the Haida influence felt at Githrahla (situated on Porcher Island between the mainland and the Queen Charlotte Islands), that informant Peter Denny was prompted to state:

If he happened to die with means, his heirs might erect a totem pole on which his crests (inherited on his mother's side—Gispewudwade) would

be the Grizzly Bear holding up a coffin. His father's lineage, besides, might add its own emblems, the Halibut, the Eagle . . . , and the pole might be placed holding them all together in front of the ceremonial house. Here at Gitrhahla the crests of both sides (father's and mother's) are mixed, as they are among the Haidas. For instance, another totem pole, standing before Simon Morrison's house (*hallaidemkan*—a Wolf), displayed Wolf crests, as well as some Gispewudwade emblems.

The Halibut Crest of the Gidestsu Tsimsyans, tracing back their origin to Gidestsu, a southern post on the coast. According to old Arthur Wellington Clah, of Port Simpson; text recorded by William Beynon, in 1915.

This crest was carved out of wood, and used on a totem pole; it was painted on house fronts, and also represented on ceremonial robes, painted in black and red.

The part of the long tradition in which the Halibut is explained may be summarized like this: three out of four men involved in an adventure at sea belonged to the Gispewudwade phratry; the fourth was of the Eagle phratry. They built houses and then invited the people to a feast to celebrate their escape from death. Here they showed the crests they had acquired in the course of a supernatural experience. A monster chief had given them new emblems, but the Eagle man owned his crest, the Halibut, beforehand. The Halibut crest was called *halibahlesem-trhao*.

The Devil-Fish of Guhlærh in the household of Guhlærh in the Eagle phratry of the Gitandaw tribe, as related by Chief Herbert Wallace (Neesyaranæt), a Raven of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimsyans, at Port Simpson. Recorded by William Beynon in 1915.

A young man of the Wolf phratry went, one day, down the beach for devil-fish, and saw the head of one between the rocks. He reached down to drag it out, but when he touched it, the fish caught his hand just above the wrist, and, as it was very strong, drew it in. The shell of the fish closed on the hand and held it there as firmly as a rock. It was not a common devil-fish as he thought, but a shellfish known as *kahl'on*. As the hand was held fast by this brute, and he did not know what else to do, he squeezed the fleshy part of the *kahl'on* until it died and loosened its jaws. He then went back to the house where his brother-in-law asked him, "Are there any devil-fish under those rocks?" He replied, "Yes, but they are all stuck fast to the rocks. I cannot pull them out."

The next morning the brother-in-law, also a member of the Eagle phratry, went down and hunted for devil-fish. He saw what seemed to be the head of one among the rocks, and thrust his hand down to drag it out. The *kahl'on* closed its jaws and caught his hand just below the wrist. The young man, unable to move, shouted, "The *kahl'on* has bitten my hand." As he shouted for some time, the people came down and took poles, trying to pry him loose. They could not. Then they tried to move the rock, but it was too heavy. The tide was now rising and the people had failed in their efforts to get him loose. Slowly the water rose until it covered the body of the young man. The men and women now sat in canoes over the rock to which he was fastened and sang dirge songs (*lemih'oi*). When the monster felt that its victim was drowned, it opened its jaws and released him. He floated up, and his body was pulled into a canoe.

This happened at Larhsai'l, Alaska, before the people had taken to flight southwards (*gwenhoot*). That is why the families of Guhlrærh and Sqagwait of the Gitandaw tribe among the Tsimsyans use the Kahl'on (Devil-Fish) as a crest on their poles and head-dresses and robes. The house of Neeshlkudzawlk of the Gitsees tribe also used it as their house-front painting, as they were relatives of the young man who was caught by the *kahl'on*.

The Devil-Fish of Lu'alerh, according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade chief of the Gitsees at Port Simpson, J. R3an acting as interpreter, in 1915.

The Devil-Fish was used as a crest by Lu'alerh (Eagle, Gisparhlawts) and some other members of the Eagle clans; it was painted on house fronts and on robes; it was also borne on the head as a head-dress.

The Gyaibelk of Sqagwait, Head-Chief of the Ginarhangyik of the Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, chief of the Gitsees, at Port Simpson; J. Ryan acting as interpreter, 1915.

The Gyaibelk or Supernatural-Fly (*narhnarem-gyæk*) was painted with wings spread out (in various colours) on the house front of Sqagwait, one of the leading Eagle chiefs of the Tsimsyans, and was also used by some of his relatives on the Nass and on the middle Skeena. On his head were shown several human faces. His beak, fixed to the pole, extended about 60 feet forward and had to be supported by a pole standing part of the way towards the tip. (It is spoken in the tradition of Salmon-Eater, Gitrhawn.)

The Eagle's-Nest of Gitiks (Nass River), at Gitiks, a deserted village on lower Nass River. Formerly it stood in Gwunwawq village near Angyadae farther up the river. But after being undermined by a flood, it was replanted at Gitiks, about 1885 (according to informant Lazarus Moody of Gitrhadeen). It stands now at the Jardin Zoologique of the Province of Quebec, at La Tournée-du-Moulin, Charlesbourg, eight miles from Quebec City.

Description. This was one of the two tallest and most impressive totem poles on Nass River. Carved from top to bottom out of a huge red cedar, it stood next to the Eagle pole of Sakau'wan, with which it was related by ownership and story. Like the Eagle pole, it contains mixed emblems or crests illustrating the traditional narrative of the Eagle clan in its southward migrations, one or more crests belonging to the Wolf clan of Nass River that joined forces with the Eagles in their fight against the Blackfish clan, and two or three other crests of a mythological and historical nature.

The minute description following was taken down by Harlan I. Smith, archæologist of the National Museum of Canada, when the pole was being restored for replanting at the Jardin Zoologique near Quebec in 1932.

From top to bottom the figures are:

1. The Eagle on the Nest. It was pinned to the nest with large vertical wooden pegs. A human head at the front tip of each wing looks, from a distance, like the head of a small eagle. The head, neck, and wings were painted white. The pupils consisted of abalone shells. Although the lips



Eagle's-Nest pole of Gitrhawn

and alae showed no sign of paint, they presumably had been ochre red. The teeth (for there were teeth) were also of abalone. The body was black and the tail white, and feathers may have been painted on the top of the tail. The right wing was black and the human form on it was pink (this must have been commercial paint, already available when the pole was erected — the natives formerly did not possess pink). Brows and pupils were black, and the alae and lips were bright red. Plugged holes at $\frac{1}{2}$ " to $\frac{1}{4}$ " intervals round the edges probably had held feathers or sea-lion whiskers as decoration.

On the left wing, the human figure was dressed up in the white man's style, with edges of a shirt front painted black, shirt studs, a coat cut away, and the top of trousers. The palms of the hands were white, the left was marked off with a black line, and the four fingers separated with three black lines. Restoring the pole when it was re-erected at the Quebec Jardin Zoologique, Harlan I. Smith would have preferred omitting the details of the shirt and trousers. But they had to be preserved since their significance is that such a pole was put up at a time when the influence of the white man in the country was already telling. The nest was painted white on the outside, and on the top, roof shingles lapped (in the white man's way), and at least in places had been painted red. Ribs to the nest were set into the pole in eight rectangular holes, and horizontal pieces were placed between the ribs. The square holes on some of the ribs had inlays of one or two pieces of abalone shell.

2. The plain cylinder under the nest, in the natural wood, seemed to have been daubed with black down the front, or possibly white had been daubed with black.

3. The Squirrel chewing a pine cone had a red body. Its ears apparently were ochre red outside, and bright red inside. The brows and pupils were black. The alae and the lips seemed to have been bright red, and the teeth were white. The pine cone, like the body, was red, as was the squirrel's tail upturned between the legs.

4. The Cormorant, which among the Eagle crests explained in the myth is called the Cap of Cormorant, had black body, pupils and eyebrows. Its lips were bright red, and the feet ochre red. The alae presumably had been red, although no trace of paint was left.

5. The Sea-Eagle or Thunderbird (*hagwelawrem-rhskyæk*: sea-monster eagle or *narhnarem-rhskyæk*: spirit-eagle) with a bill curved back (elsewhere called *Rhskyaimsem*) described in the traditions of Gitrhawn. The body and wings of the bird were apparently daubed with black on top of white. The head and the bill were green. The ears were carved to outline the inside. The brows and pupils as usual were black, and the corners of the eyes white. The lips and alae had no trace of colour, and the talons were red.

6. The Whale is shown head down with the dorsal fin erect. The Thunderbird and the Whale are usually associated as, in mythology, the Thunderbird's power is to capture the Whale in the sea, after casting its lightning belt at it during a storm. The body, eyes, nose, eyebrows, and the space between the teeth of the Whale were painted black. The lips, the teeth, and alae held no trace of colour. The two side fins possibly were white, and the tip of the tail and the back fin were black.

7. The mythical Frog Woman of old, usually associated with Dzellarh'ons in the myth of Gitrhawn. She is believed to have appeared to the clan ancestors after their village had been destroyed by the volcanic eruption. As in the myth, she wears a hat adorned with Frogs, has a labret in her lower lip, and holds her cane with both hands. On the totem pole her body was painted red, her hair, eyebrows, and pupils black, and the corners of her eyes white. The alae and upper lip showed no sign of colour, but the lower lip

was bright red. The labret in the lower lip was white. The teeth were pits in which abalone shells had been inlaid. No paint inside the mouth could be detected. The cane was black, and the face at its top was red, with brows and pupils black; the lips and alae apparently were red.

8. The Frog, on the head of which the cane was planted, supported the Frog Woman on its back. Its head and body showed signs of green, with black brows and pupils. No trace of red or other paint could be detected on the alae or the lips, which presumably were red.

9. The Sitting-Beaver, gnawing a poplar stick held in its paws, and holding its tail erect in front of its stomach. Its body was red, and the ears inside were bright red. The brows and pupils as usual were black, and the corners of the eyes white. The teeth may have been white; the lips and alae, red. The stick was green, with white grooves and ends. The front paws were detached pieces held on with wooden pegs, painted red. The human face carved on the chequered tail was painted red, with black brows and pupils; corners of the eyes were white, and the lips and alae possibly red.

10. The large figure with long pointed bill (fallen off and lost) at the base of the pole presumably was the mosquito crest introduced here by Hladerh (formerly head of the Wolf clan at Angyedæ). No trace of paint could be detected on this figure excepting the eyebrows and the pupils, which were black.

Function, carver, and age. This tall monument, still known as the Gitrhawn pole (Salmon-Eater), presumably was erected in memory of the Gitrhawn who died about 80 years ago, when the informant Frank Bolton (old Gitiks or Trhalarhæt) was about five years old. It was carved by Aqstaqhl, member of a Wolf clan at Angyadæ, and planted at the village of Gwunwawq. After it was washed away by summer floods, the clan of the owner replanted it at Gitiks, lower down the river, between the poles of Sakau'wan and of Laa'i. These three Eagle poles together, along with a fourth which has disappeared perhaps without being recorded, formed the finest cluster of tall and beautiful carvings on the whole of the north Pacific Coast.

Details about the erection of the Eagle's Nest pole were brought to light by its purchase and removal in 1932. They are quoted here in full from two documents, because of the insight they give into the native mind. Several decades after, the event might have lost significance, for the old customs are well on their way to oblivion.

The first of these is from a letter dated 11 October, 1932, of Mr. Walter E. Walker, who arranged the purchase for the author on behalf of the Jardin Zoologique of Quebec:

"Regarding this pole, I told you there was quite a feeling on the Nass. I found it very difficult to make head or tail of the story. From one source I was told that Mark Oxyden, son [meant for nephew] of a Wolf Chief, at one time had been adopted by the Eagles, but later had moved down the river, and returned to the Wolves where he first belonged. His paternal aunt [of the Eagles] then took over the chieftainship of the [Gitrhawn] clan. Yet Mrs. Doolan and Mrs. W. Moore, his descendants [meant for nieces], claim the pole through him. Another story is of shooting and of the remoulding

of the bullet, and of revenge. The pole was then paid over as blood money . . . The top of the pole is marked in places with rifle bullets."*

The second document consists of a letter written on the same occasion (Kincolith, B.C., Dec. 17, 1932) by Sam W. Lincoln to Dr. McGill, of the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, and of an appendix, as follows:

"Gentlemen: I am enclosing summary expenses mentioned on the other sheet, as paid out by my late uncle J. G. Robinson, on old Katekum's [Gitrhawn] totem pole and his death. You will please note the total sum; I am entitled to have some of it in reimbursement. This is how it runs. When my uncle paid out that much, I am entitled to hold that pole belonged to old Katekum [Gitrhawn]. Another party has no authority to sell it without our consent. However, it was sold over our heads by the other party, who was not entitled to it, and who has not paid anywhere as much as had been paid by my said uncle. The figures [quoted below] were taken, as shown, out of his expense books and are pretty well known by his son who is living now. The totem pole was cut down by the other party and sold . . . Hoping to get an answer . . ."

"Robinson & Son, General Merchants, Kincolith, B.C.,

Sept. 22, 1932.

Late James G. Robinson's expenses at the time when the late Kadekum's (Gitrhawn) totem pole was erected at the old village, and also his expenses that time old Kadekum met his death, Nov. 24th, 1916, are as follows: expenses totem pole erected, by cash, \$400; 1 shot gun, \$30; 2 rifles (30-30), \$40; 6 bear traps, \$60; 1 native canoe, \$90; 1 shot gun, \$12; 1 spring bed, \$10; 2 overcoats, \$20; 1 hatch canoe \$15; \$5; \$682. (Kadekum's death). By cash, \$200; 4 rifles, \$80; dry goods worth \$50; \$354.
1 overcoat \$16; 2 table lamps, \$8.

Total expenses \$1,036.

The Pole of Lu'yas, a chief of the Eagle clan of Laa'i, at Angyadæ, on Nass River. This clan, like the other Eagle clans, had originated in the Tlingit country to the north. This pole was purchased through the author by the British Museum in London, where it is now preserved.

Description. Six or seven carved emblems used to figure here:

1. A detached representation of the Eagle at the top has long since fallen off and disappeared; the upper part, because of age, is only a shell;

2. The Gyaibelk, a mythological bird, is now the uppermost emblem. With a human face, its nose is a long bill more or less like that of the Thunderbird, and it has folded wings;

3. The Eagle sits below, with a large head and small body and wings;

4 and 5. Two Beavers, head down, a young one on the back of its mother. The mother's tail is stretched upward, and that of the young one is turned down on its back; several cylinders (*lanemræt*) used to surmount the head of the mother as a mark of distinction;

6. The Man-Underneath (the water), a familiar crest explained in the traditions of the Alaskan migratory Eagles. When it appeared out of the ocean to the sea-folk, it resembled a bird, had wings, but its human face had a long beak for a nose. Small people sat on its wings and neck, all of them spirit-like;

*This detail was corroborated at the time when the pole was being restored for re-erection near Quebec. Several blunderbuss bullets were extracted from the wood, and forwarded to the author, who still preserves them at the National Museum of Canada.

7. Man-Underneath holds between his 'arms and legs a large fish, a whale or a bullhead, the head of which is down close to the ground. Long fins are stretched up on both sides of the body, and a human face decorates the head at the spot where a whale's blow-hole is located. In spite of its appearance, this carving may have been meant to represent the Bullhead, a mythical fish which is claimed as a crest by the northern clans of the Eagles.

The Beavers on this pole, like those on the poles of Gitrhawn and Sakau'wan at Gitiks, stand for a later chapter in the story of the Eagle clans on the Nass and Skeena, the northern end of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and in southern Alaska.

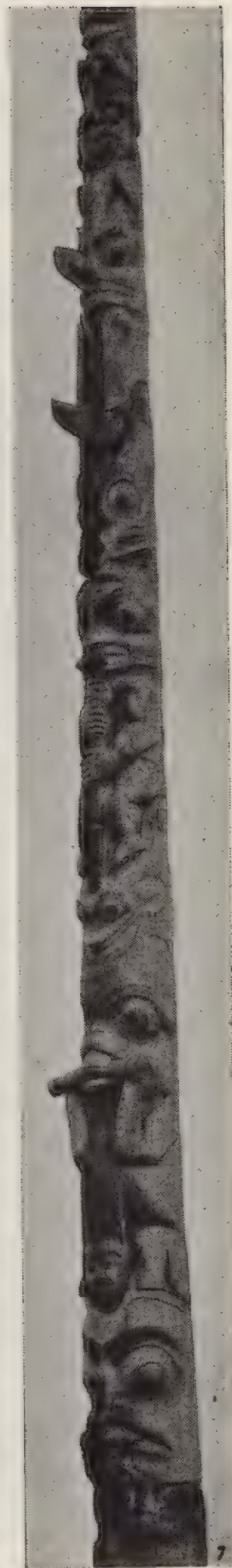
Their origin is explained after the usual pattern. Two forms of this at least are current, one on the Nass, the other on the Skeena to the south. The first is accounted for in the traditions of Radaræh on the Nass, as follows:

"Beavers had their home in a lake they had made by erecting a dam (*andilran*) across a small river. Their house of wood and clay (*qawt*) stood at the centre. The hunters, unable to get at the beavers, decided to break the dam and drain the lake. While the water was flowing away, the beavers came out of their house and began to swim with the current. Even the head of their family was forced to come out. He was a large beaver, the spirit Beaver, with a gnawed stick (*qamrhkan*) on his head — just as it formerly was represented on the pole. He was dressed up for his death. He sang his dirge song (*hlem'oi*), as he swam away from his house behind the others. This dirge is still sung by this clan when their members die. The head beaver was stabbed to death with a spear by Yareks-qawa, of the family of Trhalarhæt, and captured while still alive. His name was Rstsawlemgyæk (Beaver-Eagle) and he became our emblem."

The origin of the Beaver emblem is explained somewhat differently on the Skeena River. Briefly, it is as follows:

"The use of the Beaver as a crest goes back to the time when the ancestors of the three Eagle families at Kitwanga lived at Gitsemkælen, below the canyon of the Skeena.

Strange visitors, according to the myth of origin, mysteriously caused the death of some people at the canyon. They were pursued up the hillside to a lake above Kitsalas, at Kwit'awren. There, changing into beavers, they disappeared under the water. The people drained the lake, with the help of some of their Gitsemkælem relatives, and at the bottom discovered the huge Beaver, the body of which was covered with human faces. Gip-kanaa'o and Larh'ayæorh, ancestors of the Kitwanga Eagles, assisted the Kitsalas people in over-



Eagle's-Nest pole

coming and killing the monster. After they had drawn its body to the shore, they cut it in two parts and divided it among themselves, half for Gitsem-kælem, and the other half for Kitsalas. The Beaver thereafter became the crest of the captors. Sometimes it is shown complete, in a sitting posture; at other times, as on the taller of two poles at Kitsalas, it is represented split in two halves. It is usually at Kitsalas, its head down, and with human faces all over its body."



Eagle-Halibut pole of Lu'yas, at Gitiks

This last account, under its mystic veil, allows us to perceive a historic fact which is known otherwise to us, that is: the Beaver was the badge first of the North West Company, whose headquarters at the turn of the eighteenth century was Montreal. After the amalgamation of this fur-trading concern with the Hudson's Bay Company of London, England, the Beaver

badge passed on to the new company, under the second name. The Hudson's Bay Company established trading posts on the north Pacific Coast, particularly on the lower Nass, in 1831, and at Port Simpson farther south, in 1833. The Eagle clans of the North having been, for a long period, the middlemen of the Russians in the fur trade, whose Eagle coat of arms they had appropriated, became the middlemen of the British newcomers, and likewise they considered their patron's crest, the Beaver, their own to parade, and to enhance their prestige in the eyes of their own people.

Function, carver, and age. The pole of Lu'yas was one of the oldest, perhaps the oldest, on the Nass. When the author first saw and photographed it in 1927, it stood in the bush on the old village site of Angyadæ. But an old photograph shows it standing, slightly leaning to the left of the observer, between two Indian houses of the transitional type. This pole stood for over 70 years (in 1927) before being removed. This is nearly the longest span in the life of a totem in the open. Nobody could remember whom it commemorated. For the family of Lu'yas was then almost extinct, and the old Indian bearing this name (William Smith was the English equivalent) from whom it was purchased for the British Museum, could not give much information, except that his family belonged to the Larh-wisæh group of the Eagles, of which Laa'i was also a member.

The Eagle-Halibut of Laa'i at Gitiks on the lower Nass River, called Halibut (*trhoih*) or Spirit-Halibut (*narhnarem-trhoih*). It was erected first at Gwunwawq village near Angyadæ farther up the river; then, after a flood about 1900, it drifted down and was re-erected at Gitiks.* In 1947, the author brought about its purchase for the University of British Columbia, to where it was removed for re-erection on the University grounds.



Eagle-Halibut pole of Laa'i, at Gitiks

*Informant Peter Calder (Kwarhsuh, chief of a Wolf clan, of Angyadæ) saw it re-erected when he was 25 years old. He was 70, in 1947. It had been carved before his time, that is, before 1880.



Eagle-Halibut pole of Lu'yas, at Gitiks

Description. It was also called Fin-of-the-Shark (*nækem-kæt*), according to informant Lazarus Moody (Wolf, of Gitrhadeen). Its figures are:

1. Person-of-the-Water (*gyædemdzem'aks*), whose usual name is Man-Underneath (the water);
2. The Spirit-Halibut swallowing Gunas, as explained in the myth;



Eagle-Halibut pole of Laa'i, at Gitiks

3. A grave box representing the casket of Laa'i, an Eagle chief of the lower Nass who, in the Eagle migrations from the North, had preceded the Gitrhawn faction;

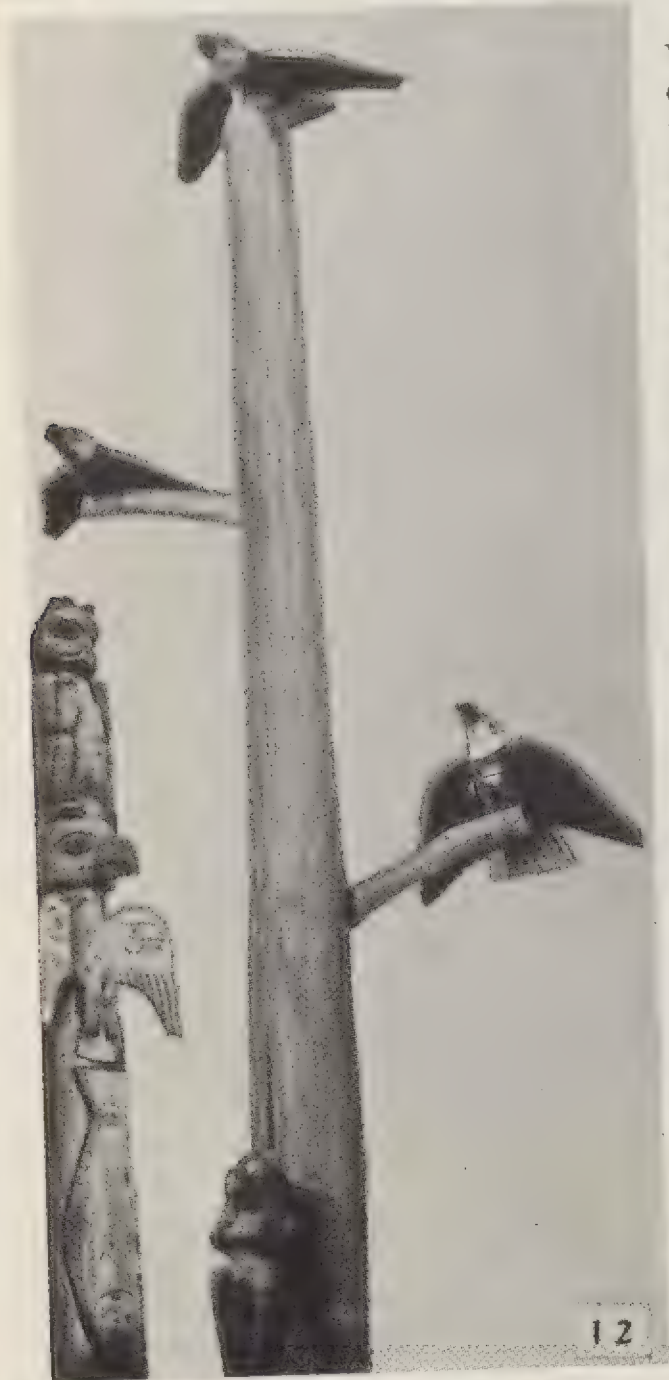
4. The Beaver (*tsemælih*), sitting gnawing a stick, a later crest of the clan;

5. A human face surmounted by four cylinders (*lanemreit*) over the head of the Beaver;

6. The Shark (*qæt*), on the back of which are carved three human faces spaced out one over another. On the sides of the Shark are two long side fins, and the plain upper part of the pole is the Fin of the Shark;

7. At the top sits the Eagle.

Myth explaining some of the crests (Chief Mountain's version). The ancestral myth of the Gitrhawn (Salmon-Eater) clan gives the following account: After the canoes of the people had travelled down the coast a long way from the North, they landed at a place called Ahlknebært, south of Stikine River. They were close to Marhla'angyesawmks (now called Tongas Narrows). As the sockeye salmon were plentiful here they fished, caught some, and cooked them ashore. The day was warm. Gunas, a nephew of the chief, went into the salt water to swim. His fellows saw a large halibut come up and swallow him. They hunted around and watched, hoping to find traces of the fish. Soon they beheld the Eagle at the edge of the water, and close to it, the great Halibut. They caught the Halibut, cut it open, and found the remains of their kinsman inside. His flesh was already partly decayed, and he had a copper ring around his neck. The father of the dead Gunas stood at the head of the Halibut and started to cry: "This is the place of the Spirit Halibut." It became a dirge, to be remembered ever after. They burned the body and hastened on their journey south.



Eagle and Halibut poles of chief Kasaiks, at Saxman, Alaska

Then they came to open sea waters at Akstaql, where the figure of a huge man with long hair rose from the waves. It had the tail of a fish and was holding two king salmon, one in each hand. Standing in the sea, he was devouring the fish. As this was a spirit, they took it for their crest (*ayuks*), and called it Man-of-the-Sea or Man-Underneath (*gyædemtso'yerh*). Later their descendants were to carve it on their poles at Gitiks. The paddlers in the canoes said, "Let's turn back away from him, else he will eat us all up!" The others replied, "Yes, he would eat us!" These words became another dirge (*lem'oi*) for their posterity to keep. The migrants, having passed Akstaql, came to old Tongas at a place called Larhtawq, where they met Laa'i (of an Eagle clan), and the grandfather of Sagya'mas (of a Wolf clan) who was the leader of a large group of canoes. After staying with them for a while, they resumed their journey to Leesems (the Nass).

The Shark was called Sea-Monster (*hagwelawrh*) by informant Doolan, of the same clan in the household of Paræt'anrhl. It was assumed as a crest in the following circumstances.

Paræt'anrhl was one of the foremost and bravest members of the Gitrhawn clan, and a famous warrior. One day, while paddling from Kalan

home to the Nass with his wife, he saw a huge monster completely blocking the mouth of the channel. It was a Monster-of-the-Deep (*hagwel'-awrh*), resembling a huge whale, having many human faces with blinking eyes along the top of its back. After this supernatural experience, he adopted it as a crest of the Gitrhawn clan, to be used on a totem pole.

Function, carver, and age. This monument was put up by the family of Laa'i, when an old woman assumed his name and position. Her son, or the family in his name, brought about the erection of the pole, when informant Lazarus Moody (Weehawn, Wolf, of Gitrhadeen) was about ten years old, that is, about 1870. It seems to be about 50 feet high.

Oyai, the outstanding craftsman of the Wolf clan at the canyon of the Nass, took charge of the carving. As Peter Calder stated in 1947 that it was the work of Charlie Morrison (*Tsem'akengahlyæn*) of Gitlarhdamks and of the Gistransnat group, it may be assumed that he was responsible for at least a part of it.

After the guests of the opposite phratry from all over the river had begun to raise the pole, a bad storm broke out and the pole fell. Held responsible for the accident, the guests had to contribute to the cost of the new erection, having "thrown to the ground the honour of the Eagles after it had been elevated". The theory is that the pole, while it is being raised, must always face up. Here it had fallen face down, involving the honour of the Eagles as a group.



The Halibut house-front painting, at the southern Tlingit village of Cape Fox

The Supernatural Halibut of Gitrhahla, a coast Tsimshyan tribe of the same stock (Alaskan Fugitives) as Neeswa'mak, Skagwait, and Legyarh.



An Eagle-Halibut house post of the Haidas

Description. From the top down:

1. The Supernatural-Halibut (*narkhnarem-trhao*) with head down, it covered the whole length of the pole, with many faces on it; the tail was at the top of the pole, on which sat the
2. Eagle (*rhskyæk*).

Age. It was erected in 1864 or when the informant was two years old (according to what his mother told him), and it was cut down because of decay about fifty years ago, that is, a little before 1900. Gifts were distributed by the owners when they removed it.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, an old Gitrhahla chief; interpreter, William Beynon, 1939.)

The Halibut of Cumshewa (Haida), collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe for the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. It bore the Museum number 85045.

Description. Twelve feet high, broad, and rather flat, it stood in front of a small mortuary house which was acquired and displayed by the Museum, together with the frontal pole.

Function, age. For the lack of recorded data as to owner and age, all that can be surmised is that the owner belonged to the Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater clan whose crest is the Halibut.

A human face is inserted between the forked tail of the fish. The fish is placed head down. Three human faces are engraved in a row on the back of the large Halibut stretching the whole length of the pole. A fine carving, presumably dating back to about 1875.

The Sea-Lion, Shark, and Halibut (Gitrhahla), pole of Ksiyaokem-tsewängyet, who belonged to the northern Fugitive clan of the Eagles. His ancestors, after descending from the north, settled first at Kitkata before coming over to Gitrhahla. The pole is said to be still standing, although not recorded by the author.

Description. — 1. The Sea-Lion (*t'eeben*) is at the top; 2. the Shark (*qæt*) next; 3. the Halibut (*trhao*); 4. the Beaver (*hrtsawl*).

Carver, age. — It was carved about 1900 by 'Arhlawats, a Kanhade of paternal relationship with the owner of the pole.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, an old chief of Gitrhahla; interpreter, William Beynon, 1939.)

The Whole-Being (*Trhakawlk*) (Nass River). The pole of Qawq, head of an Eagle clan of Gitlarhdamks. It was the seventeenth in the row from the uppermost along the Nass River front.

Description. It stood in front of a house called Whole-Person (*trhahgyawlk*), a *ptsæn* (hollowed out pole and carved), the front of which was painted (this style of decoration was called *gawaih*). Its figures were: 1. Person-of-the-Glacier (*gyædemsî'yawn*); 2. Person-of-the-Bow of the canoe (*gyædem-tsawyerh*), and the meaning is that it is at the bottom of the waters; 3. Supernatural-Halibut (*narhnarem-trhoih*); 4. *Trhakawlk*, a human figure sitting. This is a name in a myth illustrated here.

Function. It commemorated a former Qawq, and no longer exists.

Carver, age. Carved by 'Arhtsiprh, who was still alive in 1927, about 70 years ago.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Whole-Being of Gitsalas (Tsimshyan). The totem pole of the Whole-Being (*trhahkawlk*), belonging to chief Gitrhawn, of a leading Eagle clan, on the Fortress (*ta'awdzep*) in the Gitsalas canyon of the mid-Skeena River. Fallen down, it was re-erected in 1928, under the auspices of the Dominion Government and the Canadian National Railways.

Description. It contains the figure of a Person — the mythical Whole-Being of the northern traditions of the Fugitive Eagles (recounted elsewhere), and of the Eagle on top. It stood at the rear of the house of Gitrhawn.

Function. It belongs to the household of Neesqedeks, chief of a leading Eagle clan.

(Informants: Sam Wise, Gitrhawn, an old chief of the same tribe; and Rosa Herring, Port Essington, a member of the Qawm family; in 1926.)

The Headman-of-the-Sea (Haida). The Gwizukanos totem pole of Tanu, on the Queen Charlotte Islands, as described by Arthur Moody, a Haida carver of the same tribe, in 1939.

This pole, about 40 feet high, still stood on the point at Tanu, in spite of its age; it was then (in 1939) about 70 years old, and was therefore erected a little before 1870. After it had been carved by Gitrhun, the Eagle head-chief of Tanu, the informant's father generously paid him for its carving.

Figures on the pole:

1. The Headman of the Sea (*kwirheldangwo*) who could change himself at will into an animal, then into a man (this mythical being is the object of a long tale);

2. Two young fellows in the Headman's face; they opened his eyes for him when he wanted to look on;

3. The Beaver (*tseng*); or the Shark (*q'arade*) with its whole body.

The Gitrhun clan also owned other crests.

Totem Poles of Menæsk (Nass River), No. 1. Menæsk, the Eagle head-chief of Gitlarhdamks, on the upper Nass River.

According to Menæsk, an old man in 1927, (Charles Barton acting as interpreter), the crests of his clan utilized on his totem poles and on those of allied households in Gitlarhdamks, were: 1. The Squirrel (*ts'enshliky*), on a totem pole then, in 1927, still standing at Gitlarhdamks and since transplanted to a park in Prince Rupert. A myth or a tradition accounts for its origin at the time of the volcano eruption on the Nass. 2. The White-Marten (*masha't*), also used on the same pole, and likewise explained. 3. Man-Eagle (*gyædem-rhskyæk*), represented on the poles as a man's face, but with talons and wings. 4. In-All-Hiding (*lutrahyaaurh*), a man with arrows through his head, illustrating a clan tradition. 5. On-the-Rack (*luseskyærhsen*), a rack made of rods interlaced with roots on which to dry crushed fruit. On the pole it is shown in the form of checker lines with three persons on. It is explained in the tradition. 6. Half-Man (*stagyet*), half-a-man or one side of a man, shown on the pole. It forms part of the same myth, and is accompanied by a dirge song (*lem'oi*). Half-Man, another man in full face, and a third man likewise, still stood in sections under the house of Menæsk, in 1927. They had been part of a large totem pole, beautifully carved (photographs were taken). 7. Bill-of-the-Eagle (*tsataorh-rskyæk*), the head of the Eagle is shown on the pole, although the bill only is mentioned in the name. 8. Black-streaks-crosswise (*warhpedo'dze*), a small person painted black crosswise or across his body. 9. Ghost-of-the-Otter (*palkem-watserh*). The Otter is here represented almost like a person, the face only being different. Some stories on the Nass (and elsewhere) tell how the Otter under the features of a person in the forest lured people away. 10. The Small-Eagles (*hlhlkyihl-rskyæk*), two young Eagles at the top of the pole. 11. The Dog-Salmon (*qa'it*), also spoken of in the Squirrel myth.

Up until 1918, this clan at Gitlarhdamks owned three totem poles, only one of which still stood in 1927. The second, since destroyed, contained the carving of the Squirrel (purchased by the author for the National Museum of Canada). The third, already quite old, was burned at the time when the informant was still young. Several houses together with the pole had been destroyed by fire when the people were away.

This last pole, carved about 80 years ago (by whom?), was quite tall, and had about the same figures as the pole still in existence (the pole of Rhtsiyæ now at Prince Rupert). The second pole, with the Squirrel, stood in memory of Qastu'in; it was erected by the informant soon after he was married, about 60 years ago. It was carved by Kaaderh (Wolf, of Gitlarhdamks) and Neesyawq (of the same clan and place). The pole still preserved was put up in memory of Rtsiyæ; a mark on the back of the pole when erected bears this out. Now over 50 years old, it was carved by Haguhlæn, a Wolf of Gitrhadeen, a very good carver (according to interpreter Barton) who died, when middle-aged, about 1912.

Totem Poles of Menæsk, No. 2, chief of an Eagle clan at Gitlarhdamks, on Nass River.

According to Menæsk himself (Charles Barton acting as interpreter, in 1927), the crests of his clan utilized on the totem poles of his group of Eagles in his village, were (this may be theoretical in so far as these crests may not all have been used on the totem poles of this clan at Gitlarhdamks): 1. The Chief-Eagle (*sem'awigyidem-rhskyæk*), their principal crest; 2. the

Croaking-of-the-Eagle (*hayawahlkum-rhskyæk*), represented on the top and on the front of the house; it was a plain eagle on its perch, with wings closed; 3. the Whale (*hlpin*); 4. the Supernatural-Halibut (*narhnarem-throih*); 5. the Shark (*q'aat*); 6. the Gyaibelk, a mythical bird like an Eagle; 7. the Woodpecker (*kaw'awlkenhllk*), a large bird; 8. Person-of-the-Glacier (*kædem-si'awn*), used at the top of a pole, a part of which was still preserved, in 1927, under the owner's house — the corner figure (illustrated); this carving was taken from Qawq's monument or totem pole; 9. the Gyemeren bird with a long bill, one seen in the sea, not far from the Stikine River, according to the myth; 10. Whole-man (*trhakyawl*), a house-front painting (*qawaq*), the man having his arms outstretched; 11. the Whale-House (*hlpinem-wilp*); the name of their house, the Whale, was also painted on the house front (as a *qawaq*); 12. the Stump-of-the-Tree (*andepkan*) represented in the form of a carving.

The Salmon-Eater Tradition Interpreted

The Gitrhawn (Salmon-Eater) migration from the Aleutian Islands and ultimately from Asia to the north Pacific Coast of America:

The migration of the Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater tribe encompassed, in one consecutive story, the passage of a seafaring tribe from some island off the Siberian coast across the sea ("the Foam" as it is called) to Kodiak Island or another point on the coast adjacent to the Aleutian Islands, then to the Queen Charlotte Islands, then to the Nass River in northern British Columbia, and still farther south, to Gitamat, on the frontier of the Kwakiutl territories. This migration from island to island and along the sea-coast is often recounted with circumstantial details to-day by Haidas and Tsimshians. According to them, it required several generations for their ancestors to accomplish this extraordinary voyage. The immigrants were forced to change their language four or five times on the way, because of encounters and alliances with the local inhabitants, who differed from them and were in the majority. This migration of the Salmon-Eater tribe to America via the Aleutians must be considered here only an example, probably the most recent of many. It can date back hardly more than a few centuries; others like it continued even in historical time under the eyes of the white man, after the discovery of Alaska and the northern Rockies. Shifts of the same type surely had happened previously along the same water route, some of them more or less ancient. They would have gone on happening had it not been for the overwhelming interference of the Europeans.

Close to Portland Canal, on the southern Alaskan border, the outstanding Salmon-Eater clan, in four neighbouring nations of the coast, possesses an *adaorh*, a "true" story that the elders were in the habit of relating on ceremonial occasions and of illustrating in totem poles and carvings. This narrative provides us with evidence of a recent ancestral migration along a route that could have been no other than the Aleutian Islands. This *adaorh* I recorded in several versions in 1927, 1929, and 1947, from a few old chiefs on the Nass and Skeena Rivers, in northern British Columbia. About twenty-five years earlier, Dr. J. R. Swanton of the Smithsonian Institution had obtained somewhat similar records among the Haidas of Massett. My best informant was Mountain or Sagau'wan of Kincolith,

an octogenarian of the Salmon-Eater group, who owned the tallest totem pole known on the northwest coast, a pole illustrating the story of the clan. After Mountain's death, a year later, I purchased the pole from his heirs for the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, where it now stands proudly, 81 feet high, in the rotunda near the entrance. Other carved poles and many small carvings, in tribal villages of the neighbourhood and in various museums, also illustrate episodes of the Salmon-Eater epic. Among the tribesmen of the same blood these episodes were not allowed to fall into oblivion.

A few variants of this *adaorh* (tradition) will be given here in full (pp. 16-35).

It is obvious that the native accounts are coloured with individual interpretation, yet their contents convey a capital story to those who can strip it of its imagery or mysticism. Judged by critical standards, it is as valid as archæological evidence. The details of this narrative were not made out of whole cloth; they could not have come down from generation to generation without reflecting actual experiences somewhere. An ethnologist can check the details, as they form part of geographical environment; and he can measure their occurrence against a scale of fixed historical periods. A tribal experience of this kind does not reach back beyond a very few centuries, for human memory cannot persist indefinitely. Folk movement everywhere in the northwest has been extensive and rapid, from west to east or south; it has tended to disintegrate innate forces of conservatism. Other well known tribal groups, in about six generations, have shifted their habitat from the Yukon down to the neighbourhood of Vancouver Island; some, from the Peace River basin to the Hudson Bay area, or from Hudson Bay to the foothills of the Rockies, close to the United States border.

Exogamous moieties of the type aimed at by the Salmon-Eater and Grizzly-Bear tribes were no novelty on either side of the North Pacific. In a large area of Alaska and adjacent territories, they were already as customary as among the Chukchi, the Koryak, the Giliak, and the Ket.¹ All the northern villages or tribes without exception, on the north Pacific Coast, and not a few in Siberia, were split into halves, opposite each other. These halves were non-totemic; they formerly knew of no tie with patronymic totems or heraldic animals. Only very recently, since the coming of the white man to the north Pacific Coast of Canada and southern Alaska, have clan totems come into existence. They are as recent as the impressive crop of detached totem poles, which do not date back much beyond 1860. Indeed, both speedily developed together, as part of the progress of the coast tribes in the fur and other frontier trades with the white man.²

The boards laid for Dzelarhons across the tops of the two canoes tied together remind us of the double dugouts or skin boats lashed together side by side. These double canoes are unknown on this side of Bering Sea except in the traditions of the northwestern tribes originally from Asia and among

¹ On the Ket see Roman Jakobson: The Paleosiberian Languages, Amer. Anthropologist, Vol. 44 (N.S.) 1942, pp. 602-620.

² See Marius Barbeau: Totemism, A Modern Growth on the North Pacific Coast, Journ. of Amer. Folk-Lore, Vol. 57, 1944, pp. 51-58; the same: Totem Poles: A By-Product of the Fur Trade, Scientific Monthly, Vol. 55, 1942, pp. 507-514.

some Eskimos also from Asia, but they are typical of the South Seas and the coast of China. Salmon-Eater and his tribe, by using a double canoe at their first wedding ceremony in Alaska, begin to unfold for us a story of remote cultural affiliations. Who was Salmon-Eater? A Kurile Islander, or a sea hunter from still farther afield, down the Asiatic coast?

The matting sail that the recluse princess saw emerging from the sea was unique only on this side of the North Pacific; on the far side woven sails were used extensively. Like the double canoe, the sail goes back to balmy Asiatic coasts or adjacent seas. The prehistoric natives of North America may never have used sails of their own invention, and this lone sail may have been made of weeds or sea grass, as such sails are still made across the Pacific.

The mystical frog in the Dzelarhons story is a concept of Chinese origin. The frog itself is nearly unknown on the Pacific Coast of America north of Vancouver Island; and also, says Jochelson, in the same latitudes in Asia, that is north of Manchuria. Knowledge of the frog could not have come to the Aleutians from remote inland parts of America; for the drift of populations has set in the opposite direction. It formed part of the cultural endowment carried by emigrants from eastern Asia.

The Cormorant Cap, treasured as an heirloom, points to a geographical connection, since only two species of cormorant could have inspired this feature in the narrative, the spectacled cormorant and the pelagic cormorant. Two other species, one found on the northwest coast of America as far as Kodiak and the base of the Aleutians, the other on the Siberian coast, could not have provided Salmon-Eater with the head-dress so highly prized by his descendants. One was too small and common at his point of landing, the other too remote from it.

The pelagic cormorant occurs on the Aleutians, on the northeast coast of Asia as far as East Cape and the Arctic Coast, and in Alaska from Norton Sound southward as far as southern Alaska, but apparently not on Nass River. The likelier species, however, is the spectacled cormorant, which combined all the attributes implied in the story. This cormorant was one of George Steller's discoveries, during the fatal winter of Bering's death.

The flightless spectacled cormorant (*Phalacrocorax perspicillatus*), to quote Stejneger in his biography of Steller,¹ was a sensational discovery, "because its wings were too small to carry its gigantic body, but chiefly because — like the sea-cow — it is known only from Bering Island and was exterminated by ruthless hunting." As large as a goose, it weighed from 12 to 14 pounds. "When properly prepared according to the method employed by the Kamtchadals, namely by burying it encased — feathers and all — in a big lump of clay, and baking it in a heated pit, it was a palatable and juicy morsel." So wrote Steller, the only naturalist to see the bird alive. In spite of its being then exceedingly abundant, the species became exterminated about 1850.

A representation of the cormorant, of what species no one can tell, is found on at least one totem pole of the descendants of Salmon-Eater, on lower Nass River; and a number of smaller carvings of the Niskæs

¹ Leonard Stejneger: Georg Wilhelm Steller, The Pioneer of Alaskan Natural History, Cambridge, Mass., 1936, p. 351.

and Tsimshyans showing the cormorant are preserved in our museums. If Salmon-Eater, some time before Bering and Steller, sojourned on Bering Island, he would have been impressed by the great cormorant, so much so that he would have kept it as a token of his passage there. And in time it became an emblem sacred to his posterity, even to his latest descendants on the lower Nass within the Canadian border.

The sea-otter garments of his niece Dzelarhons tell a somewhat similar tale. The sea-otter does not occur in Bering Strait; it is rare on the west side of Bering Sea and cannot live much farther north than Bering Island, because of the lack of its shellfish food in deep waters. On the Alaskan Coast it stops south of the delta of Yukon River. Dzelarhons and her people, by using sea-otter garments, reveal what seems to have been originally an east-Asiatic complex. The Chinese mandarins highly prized the skin of the sea-otter and willingly paid a great deal for it to the Kurile Islanders, their earliest providers. The garments acquired by Salmon-Eater and his clan were to them also a mark of rank. Dzelarhons was so ruled by this partiality that she preferred to be naked rather than don the only robe her uncouth hosts could afford as a substitute — perhaps a bear or a caribou parka.

The labret in her lower lip and the leather garment adorned with valuable tsik shells are articles of finery that belong typically to the Bering Sea culture and extend even beyond, on the Asiatic sea-coast. The labret area of diffusion on the North Pacific extends from the Kurile Islands eastward, through the Aleutians, and far down the North American west coast. But nowhere is the labret as intensely prevalent as among Dzelarhons' people, the Haidas, the Tsimshyans, and the Tlingits. It is absent in the sites of the old Bering Sea culture. In Alaska, Eskimo men, rather than women, in recent times decorated the lower corners of the mouth with two labrets; and labrets were used occasionally by the Aleuts when first known. Dzelarhons' labret seems to have come to her from the Aleutian Islands rather than from the Far North.

Other features of the Dzelarhons story suggest eastern Asia as a background. The tall stone statue of a supernatural woman, out of whose body gushed a river (such rivers are divine in China); the prayers addressed to her with deep reverence (the west-coast natives on the whole were not praying men); the bewitched trout leaping from the pan into the fire, a theme familiar in the "Arabian Nights" and in all Asia; the copper shields forming the hut of the recluse in the hills (shields and armour were a common body protection in east-Asiatic warfare); slavery and ancestor worship; the use of stone pots — all may tell a similar tale of foreign importation over the same water and island route from the Orient. The use of whale blubber points to the ancient craft of whale hunting, the original centre of diffusion of which may prove to be, like that of the poison dart for it, eastern Siberia rather than North America.¹

Dirge songs, always part of funeral rites among the eastern Asiatics, bring us still closer to the original home of the Foam clan of Salmon-Eater.

¹ The Asiatic origins of whale hunting as practiced by the Aleutian Islanders and the people of the north Pacific Coast are indicated by E. P. Hohman in *The American Whaleman* (New York, 1928), in which he says that whale hunting was practiced first by the Siberian Tatars and the Japanese. See also R. F. Heizer: *Aconite Poison Whaling in Asia and America: An Aleutian Transfer to the New World*, *Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bull.* 133, 1943, pp. 415-468.

Many laments of the same type as those chanted by the recluse princess were added at various times to the tribal repertoire, which is quite unlike that of any other North American people. These songs remained sacred commemorations ever after. They are still sung as part of funeral rites of chieftains, which formerly included incineration on a pyre, in the Oriental style.

The dirge of *Hano!* of the Tsimshians, for instance, belongs to a clan of Nass River. Of it, Kiang Kang-hu,¹ a learned Chinese authority on songs and rituals, said: "It sounds very much like a Buddhist chant in a funeral service. This chant comes from Hindu music." The Dirge of Raven Drum of the mid-Skeena River in northern British Columbia the same Chinese scholar considered "like a Buddhist chant for funeral services among the nomads of Mongolia." Its refrain "*Hayu! Hayu! Hayu!*" astonished him. It means. "Alas! Alas! Alas!" in Chinese. Dirge singers often repeat it. It is part of familiar Buddhist liturgical chants. In British Columbia the *Hayu!* refrain occurs only in the mourning songs of the Eagle and Wolf clans of Nass and Skeena Rivers. Most of the Eagle clans are descended from the Salmon-Eater faction of the salt waters; both clans are recent immigrants from the north.

The expansion of Buddhist rituals and funeral rites into northwestern America may seem a surprising development. Yet in the light of materials recently gathered at the National Museum of Canada and the American Museum of Natural History it can hardly be doubted.² Jochelson observed Buddhism among the Paleo-Siberian tribes of northeastern Siberia, close to Alaska. Of the round skin drums that mark the rhythm in the funeral rites of the Koryak tribes — just as in the adjacent North American area — he says³ that they "are used in Siberia only by the Buddhists, . . . their divine services." These Siberian Buddhists form a primitive priesthood better described under the name of shamans or medicine men; their type is also widely familiar on this side of Bering Sea.

The cultural patterns west and east of the North Pacific are closely interrelated, and the diffusion of some of the elements from their native source is at least recent in part. Only in the light of this truth can we approach certain problems of archæology with a chance to solve them. For instance, the Garuda bronze figurine, the babirussa tusks; the ancient Chinese coins and pottery found in Indian graves along the coasts of Alaska and British Columbia, the chain of mysterious cairns on mountaintops and the suspension bridges, cannot be explained otherwise.

Boas records⁴ a Garuda bronze figurine of an odd type dug up on the lower Nass (where the Salmon-Eater clan now has some of its most typical representatives, for instance Chief Mountain, of Kincolith), at a place formerly covered with heavy timber. It must have been buried there

¹ See Marius Barbeau: The Siberian Origin of Our North-Western Indians, Proc. Fifth Pacific Sci. Congr., Canada, 1933. Vol. 4, Toronto, 1934, Pp. 2777-2789, reference on pp. 2781-2782; the same: Asiatic Survivals in Indian Songs, Scientific Monthly. Col. 54, 1942, pp. 303-307, ref. on pp. 304-305.

² Barbeau, The Siberian Origin of Our North-Western Indians, pp. 2785-2787. A monographic study has been initiated in collaboration with Mme. Christine Krotkor, of the Dirge Songs of the Northern Rockies and the funeral rites of the same region, showing the Buddhist character of this cultural feature.

³ Waldemar Jochelson: The Koryak: Religion and Myths (The Jesup North Pacific Expedition, Vol. 6, Part 1), Memoirs Amer. Museum of Nat. Hist. Vol. 10. Part 1, 1905, p. 59.

⁴ Franz Boas: A Bronze Figurine from British Columbia, Bull. Amer. Museum of Natural History, Vol 14, 1901, pp. 51-52.

generations ago, certainly before the coming of the white man. It could not possibly have been brought over more recently than from 1570 to 1770, probably before. Yet the earliest European captain to span the Pacific between the northwest coast of America and China was Cook, in 1778-1779; he did not come into contact with any native of the Portland Canal area, nor was he allowed to land on the Chinese coast.

A pair of babirussa or wild-boar tusks from the South China Sea was unearthed some sixty years ago by James G. Swan of the Smithsonian Institution, in the grave of an Indian "doctor" on the northwest end of Graham Island, Queen Charlotte Islands, in an area occupied by the Dzelarhons clan.¹ How could these tusks from the Celebes and adjacent islands have found their way into the sacred possessions of an Indian shaman who died at an advanced age about 1840? The Garuda bronze may also have been the sacred possession of a shaman, the Alaskan counterpart of a Siberian Buddhist priest.

When they sailed out of the foam and landed on the Alaskan coast, members of the Salmon-Eater clan certainly owned prized articles. Their *adaorh* describes several, and it did not mean to exhaust the list. Other relics of the past no doubt were treasured by the clan in secret medicine bundles of the type still in existence; among them may have been the babirussa tusks.

All the evidence points in one direction: to the same Asiatic source, and to the Aleutian Islands as the shortest route into prehistoric America for such cultural importations at a fairly recent date. Through this same gate, in part — for we must also keep in mind the trade and importation route of Bering Strait — we may find the means of unravelling not a few puzzles of cultural transmission and the explanation of mushroom cultural growths typical of the northwest coast.

The legend of Copper Woman sets forth how metals were brought by Dzelarhons to her people after they had crossed the sea; they were acquainted with the uses of metal but had moved away from their sources of supply.

The Asiatics had passed out of the Stone Age. A rising civilization, unevenly distributed through the Chinese coast and island regions, had spread slowly in every direction. It crossed the North Pacific into America, chiefly through small emigrant bands over Bering Strait and along the Aleutian Islands. The Dzelarhons symbol shows how the northwestern natives themselves, even the tundra folk, believed the Aleutians to have been the way of its passing into their possession.

When the first Europeans discovered their country, the Indians had a small supply of metals and were well acquainted with the craft of cold-smithing — that is, shaping metals into useful forms by hammering and rubbing. Some of them, stimulated by the example of the Russians at Sitka and elsewhere or engaged in their service, soon developed into skilled craftsmen — carvers, engravers, metalworkers, weavers. In no other way could the fine arts of engraving argillite, copper, or silver, carving wood, and weaving Chilkats have come into existence. The gradual evolution of these crafts can be traced back to a dual source: prehistoric aptitudes and

¹ F. W. True: Babirussa Tusks from an Indian Grave in British Columbia; Science, Vol. 4, 1884, p. 34.

manual dexterity due to an Asiatic heredity, and intrusive influences from the activities of the white man.

As soon as the leaders of the Tlingits, northwest of the present Wrangell, beheld the eagle badge of the Russian American Company and the double-headed eagle crest of the Czar, they coveted them, and were bold enough to make them their own, changing them only a little in the process.

The *adaorh* of Salmon-Eater's clan and of closely related clans once stationed at the mouth of Stikine River relates how these people discovered the new eagle crest and straightway assumed the name and symbol of the Eagle clan. The Eagle and Thunderbird crests, according to the Indians' own admission, were the first of their kind in their country. Their initiators were the Salmon-Eater seafolk who recently had crossed the ocean and had encountered the Russians.

The eagerness of these newcomers to acquire coats of arms or totems was purely derivative. So much is revealed in a passage of the Menæsk *adaorh* of the Niskæ:

Still in the presence of the Thunderbird (on a huge house surmounted by a great eagle with outspread wings, which they were beholding for the first time), Menæsk summoned two of his nephews to draw its picture, so as to preserve it in paint. These craftsmen, after several days of effort, produced the likeness of the bird by painting its head, wings, and tail. . . It was the spirit of the deep sea. As soon as they had finished, the chief, exultant, proclaimed, "This shall be my totem." So it has remained ever since.

This account indicates, in the Indians' own words, the beginning of the crests on the north Pacific Coast, also of their social corollary, the clan system, symbolized by painted or carved totems. All this obviously happened under the influence of the Russians, following their arrival on the Aleutian Islands (1741) and on the Alaskan coast (after 1790 or so). Recently discovered materials, now being weighed and published, disclose beyond doubt that the "lost colony of Novgorod in Alaska" dates back to about 1571, thirty-five years before the founding of Jamestown in Virginia.

The power of the white man, chiefly through the Russians, soon become overwhelming; it spread far afield, with the Salmon-Eater clan its chief agent and protagonist.

Among the people of the north Pacific Coast a native element formerly existed by itself, as part of an early occupancy of the country. Then a wave of newcomers forced itself in, bringing with it novelties — the manual arts, a clear-cut social organization, and secret societies.

Among the northern Haidas, the Stastas or Eagle clan claimed to be of foreign extraction (according to J. R. Swanton). "The Raven clan may represent the real Haida, and the Eagles may be later comers . . . Djilaqons herself was brought from the mainland . . . Some of the Eagles, such as Master-Carpenter and The-Singers, are connected with arts for which the Haidas were more or less indebted to the Mainland-People."

The leading exponents of the arts among the Haidas included more than one craftsman of the Salmon-Eater or Eagle clan, foremost among them the two Edensaws, uncle and nephew, the first a coppersmith, the second a famous wood carver. When this clan from the north branched off into the preserves of the Tsimshians and the Kwakiutls on the adjacent coast, it had long since become aware of its superior powers. Its ambitions and war-like activities proved a nightmare for others, up the rivers and down the

coast, almost as far as California. It specialized in the arts and crafts, in canoe building, in coppersmithing, in travelling long distances for its trade in furs, in slaves, and in raids upon less warlike tribes. And its leaders served as middlemen for the white fur traders.

Stone-Cliff (Legyarh), head chief of the Tsimshyans in the 1830's, of the same extraction, was confident enough of his own resourcefulness to invite the Hudson's Bay Company to establish its headquarters in his preserves, at the point later called successively Fort Simpson and Port Simpson. This establishment was meant as a British outpost, facing the Russian territories north of Portland Canal. In order to create firm ties with his allies in the Salmon-Eater style, Stone-Cliff married one of his nieces to Kennedy, the chief trader at the post, and considered himself thereafter the protector of the white traders in his domain. He was feared and respected everywhere, as legendary a figure as his ancestor Salmon-Eater. In the role of patron of the great company Stone-Cliff appropriated its emblem, the Beaver, as his own crest or totem. The Beaver, at first the badge of the North West Company, then of the Hudson's Bay Company after its amalgamation with the North West Company, finally became the totem of Stone-Cliff. And as a work of art it proved the most impressive of the lot — the majestic Sitting-Beaver gnawing a stick, still standing at the edge of the sea at Port Simpson, or the Sitting-Beaver of Wiyæ at Massett, now in the National Museum of Canada.

Like his clansmen in other nations, Stone-Cliff retained the Eagle as a general emblem, but he shared with his compeers, the Edensaws and Wiyæ of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the use of the Prince-of-Beavers as a totem. Sometime before 1800 the Eagle had come to his ancestors from the Russians; the Beaver, from the British, in the 1830's. These were the first totems ever known on the north Pacific Coast. The others followed as derivatives or subordinates or, as in southern British Columbia, meaningless imitations."

When Stone-Cliff was checked in his rapid progress southward by the local chiefs of the Skeena River, who were conspiring against him, he resorted to a device familiar to his sophisticated Oriental ancestors. To bolster up his power, he founded secret societies — the Gitsontk, the Hamatsa, and the Luhlim. These societies were powerful organizations, trained in the manual arts, in warfare, rapine, and sudden raids. The better to impress or startle the common people, they indulged at night in spectacular rites in which spirit voices (in cedar whistles) rent the air and terrified timid souls. Seemingly there was no limit to Stone-Cliff's boldness and daring, and he achieved his purpose, that of subduing other Indians and gaining for himself some of the white man's prestige.

The Gitsontk, a secret society of young "makers" or "inventors" trained in craftsmanship and ingenuity, became the ruling class wherever its subversive activities were at play. For the benefit of the Stone-Cliff junta, in the 1840's, it was about to upset the whole clan system established by the earlier Salmon-Eater immigrants of the same restless Asiatic breed. Masks, totem poles, narhnorhs or spirits, and winter performances in potlatches were, directly or indirectly, Stone-Cliff's own work or that of his imitators and rivals. This last-minute flare-up, in the native annals, happened almost on the white man's doorstep, at the curtain call of prehistory.

¹ Marius Barbeau: *Eagle Strikes, in Alaska Beckons*.

FROG AND VOLCANO WOMAN

A Sinful People Destroyed by a Volcano, myth of the Haida (Skidegate) totem pole now standing at Prince Rupert, British Columbia, next to the City Hall. (Recorded by William Beynon in 1947 from Henry Moody — Neeswærhs, of Skidegate. This myth is a variant of the episode of Dzelarhons in the tradition of Gitrhawn, Salmon-Eater: the tradition of a sinful people destroyed by fire and volcano, only a few being saved.)

In the large village now known as Skidegate, in the section where the Ravens lived opposite the Eagles, people fished and hunted seals together, and always were at peace with one another.

One day, a young Raven prince called upon three of his friends to spear salmon with him up a stream nearby. Having arrived at their destination, and as they were engaged in making camp, a huge frog came up to them. Over the protests of the others, one of the young men took it up and threw it into the fire, where it was destroyed. They soon forgot the incident, and retired to sleep. During the night they heard a voice of a woman, wailing and crying out, "Oh! my child! Give me back my child!" This continued on all night. Next day the young men went farther up the river, where they caught much salmon, but they continually heard the woman's voice crying, "Oh! give me back my child, my only child! What have you done to my child?"

When they had caught all the Salmon they wanted, they made ready to return to their village on the coast, but the voice, threatening now, kept following them: "Give me back my child, my only child! If you don't, your village shall be destroyed."

No one at the village paid any heed to what this wailing woman had predicted. Everyone went on with his ordinary work, though the voice persisted. Everyone except an old woman and her only daughter. The woman felt that some terrible disaster was to befall the village. She warned her uncle, "You should heed the warnings of the wailing woman and escape while you can. Something fearful is about to happen to this village because of a thoughtless action of your young prince and his companions. If you care to survive, make ready." But no one heeded the warnings of the old woman, and she set about her own preparations. She dug a large underground chamber at the rear of their house, and to this shelter she would fly with her daughter every day when they heard the crying woman. The others ridiculed her, but she answered, "Should anything happen, my child and I will be saved. Danger is near, and you should all get ready." Nobody paid any attention to her, while the voice was still wailing behind the village.

Then a few elderly people began to worry. "We should know what this wailing woman means," they said. "Perhaps our young people have broken a taboo." Even this did not worry the tribe; they kept right on with their revelry. As they were feasting one night, they heard distant rumblings. They still ignored this omen, and the warnings of the old woman who was now living in the cave which she had dug for herself and her daughter, and where she had stored much food against the time of disaster.

The early rumblings from the hills were soon followed by the appearance

of smoke. The rumblings grew louder. Finally smoke and fire swept down from the mountain peaks with many great thunder-claps and in a great engulfing torrent. Now the terrified people tried to escape, but the flames had already consumed all the canoes. Every avenue of retreat was cut off, and all perished.

Only the woman who had gone into the hole with her daughter survived. Many days passed. The noise and confusion quieted down. As she was almost without water, she cautiously uncovered the entrance to her retreat. When she went into the open, she saw that the entire village had been wiped out. Not a sign remained of the once mighty village with all its people. She did not understand what had happened until that night, when the voice of the crying woman came to her: "I knew that your uncles would avenge you, my son! Had I only been given your body back all would have been well. As you were destroyed by fire, so your uncles have destroyed your slayers by fire."

When the woman saw no sign of life, not even a sign of the village, she returned to the hiding place of her daughter. Days later she came out again, hoping to find that some had escaped the fire. She went from place to place, calling out, "Has anyone survived the wrath of the great supernatural being?" But there never was any answer.

She was very desolate. With her daughter she started to travel afoot, trying to find places where other people lived, but she could find nobody. "Has anybody escaped?" she kept calling out. Nobody had. The two women were now nearly dead. When they came upon a village that was only partly destroyed, they were encouraged, and even found a small canoe hidden in the brush. Together they took the canoe and, with their few belongings, paddled up into a small stream. When they made camp that night, they heard the voice of a woman crying out: "Your uncles have now been appeased. All the haughty, thoughtless ones have perished. Your uncles sleep; they are appeased."

Next day, while they were paddling up the same stream which the prince and his companions had followed, the woman, looking into the water, saw a huge frog. It seemed half human and was wearing a *lanenræt* (layer hat). As the frog swam away, the woman heard a wailing, "Oh, my child! Oh, my child! Your uncles are now at peace, now that they have destroyed the haughty and proud ones." Thus she learned that the destruction of their people was an act of retaliation.

The woman and her daughter continued in a direction which, they thought, led to an inhabited place. After a long time, and almost dead from starvation, they saw in the distance smoke rising from what must be a village. They knew that they were saved.

As it happened, the spot where they were resting was the recent burial-place of the only daughter of a Haida chief. Every day the chief and his wife would come to mourn over the grave. It was on one of these occasions that they came upon the young woman, when her mother was away hunting food. The girl was sitting alone on a driftlog, near the spot where the chief's daughter was buried. At first the chief and his wife started to weep in their grief, not noticing the young woman at the burial spot. When they saw her,

they cried out, "Is it you, my loved child? Have you taken pity on us and come back to us? Come, my child, your mother, who is now almost dead from grief, will live again." The chief and his wife greatly rejoiced, never doubting that this was their daughter. The resemblance was very close. They led the girl to their canoe, taking her as their own restored daughter. When they landed at the village, the chief immediately beat his wooden invitation drum, summoning all his people to his house. When all were in, he said: "Let us mourn no more for my daughter! She has returned from her sleep; she is here. To-day we will feast. Happiness now returns to my village." What became of the girl's mother who had come from the fire-stricken country has been forgotten. This much the young woman knew: her mother had originally come from the distant land towards the east.

The young woman grew up as the daughter of the great Haida chief, and as such was made a great deal of by her new parents, who never doubted that she was their own child. Many were jealous of her, and there were many secret taunts as to her unknown origin. She was extremely beautiful, and many young princes and chiefs asked her hand in marriage. The old chief and his wife would not consider any of these, but when the young prince who was to be the successor of the old chief came, consent was given, and so the young woman married the chief's nephew.

When the chief and his wife died, and the young woman was the wife of the chief, many people were very jealous. She became the mother of two bright and clever boys who were favourites with their father. He would take them out on all his hunting trips, to the great chagrin of the chief's nephews. These two sons were much cleverer than any of the young people in the village, outdoing all others in games and in fishing and hunting. This bred jealousy, almost hatred.

One day, the brothers were competing with the other young men of their age in rock-throwing. They were the last to come forth, and when the elder threw, he far outdistanced all others. This so provoked the rest that one of them said, "I wonder who these strangers' uncles are, that they are so proud and happy and clever." Because of this taunt, the brothers went to their mother and asked, "Mother, who are our uncles?" She looked at them and answered, "Why do you ask?" They explained what had happened, and what the other boys had said. "I must tell you, my sons. Your own people have all perished. We are the only survivors of a great disaster. But now that these strangers are ridiculing you, I will take you to where your other relations are. You have many in another great village where your grandfather is a great chief. His name is Gitrhawn. Let us go there."

She went aside and wept for a while, refusing all food. Finally her husband came. "Why do you weep?" he asked. She replied, "You knew that I was without origin and have no uncles, yet you chose me as the mother of your sons. To-day they have been taunted by your nephews and your tribe. There is nothing we can do, so I am taking my children to their uncle Gitrhawn. We can no longer stay here. I will ask some of the Eagle clan to help me with a canoe and provisions."

When the Eagle clan knew of her intention, and when they realized whom she was, they were very embarrassed. One of the Gitrhawn princesses should not have been so badly treated. They prepared a canoe for her, filling it with food and provisions, and gave instructions to her husband, who was a

great hunter. He said, "You will travel until you come to a great sandspit. When you reach the end, wait until it blows towards sunrise to set out, just when you have lost sight of the Haida mountains. Then you will see some islands in the far distance, in the direction of sunrise. You will keep on in this direction until you come to a large island which is Kwarhl (Dundas Island). You will find here many villages of the Hlingit (Tlinkit). Beware, for they are not to be trusted. Then travel towards the mainland, following the same direction. Soon you will arrive at the Tsimshyan country. Never stop until you enter the mouth of Skeena River. Ascend this river up to the canyon. This is 'Ondudoon (now Kitsalas). There you will find your uncle. If at any time my sons think of me, let them return. Many people here now know them."

When the young woman and her children had travelled many days, they came to the mouth of a river, but they did not know where they were. So they kept on travelling until they came to a village with many inhabitants. As these were the Nass people, the travellers made themselves and their destination known. They stayed here for a while, under the protection of an Eagle family of the Gitrhawn clan. Then they went on up the river and, after an overland journey, met their uncle on the Skeena.

Here they lived until a great war broke out between the Eagle and the Gitrhawn groups. They were overcome by the Gispewudwade [phratric] group, and went on down the coast from Skeena River. Some of them returned with the woman to the Queen Charlottes, and that is why we have the Gitrhawn group among the Haidas.

Djilaqons, the ever-recurring figure in Haida mythology, according to J. R. Swanton (1; 92).¹

The story of the Eagle side refers back to Djilaqons as that of the Raven side to Foam-Woman. Djilaqons, however, was a quite different person. Whereas Foam-Woman appears only once in Haida story, long enough to give birth to the Raven families, Djilaqons is a conspicuous and ever-recurring figure in their mythology. She was brought from the mainland by He-Whose-Voice-is-Obeyed, either, as one account has it, from Tlalgimi, or, according to another, from Nass River, and placed in the west arm of Cumshewa Inlet, where a stream called Kaoqons flows down, of which she became Creek-Woman. As had been related, she was present when Rhagi arose out of the flood.

From the same Ninstints story which detailed the origin of the Ravens I quote the following particulars about this clan:—

All the Eagles upon this island came in succession out of the womb of Djilaqons. In process of descent they became differentiated [into the various families]. Swiftly-Sliding-Woman, a child of Djilaqons, sat up and wove a blanket. She put two coppers on it. A yellow-cedar blanket was the kind she wove. It was she who taught the people how to do this. She bore a child called Greatest-Mountain. She also bore children in Tikadan. The children who came from her were called Those-Born-at-Saki and Those-Born-in-the-Ninstints-Country. She, however, became a mountain.

Dzelarh'aons according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade head-chief of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimshyans at Port Simpson, in 1915, was a mythical being described in two stories. This Haida word was also the name for Frog.

The Mountain Spirit of the Kiksetti Tribe of the Tlingits, Alaska, as explained in a circular of Hall's Trading Post, at Ketchikan.

¹No. 1 refers to the numbered title in the Bibliography. The second figure, to the page of the book quoted.



The Frog to the right of the cannibal giant Goo-teekhl, of Klukwan, (left)

The top figure on this totem represents the Mountain Spirit. Next is the face of a man; below is the Frog. The story follows: This man shown on the totem climbed a very high mountain which no other had ever climbed before. While on the top of this high mountain he went into a trance and had a vision in which the Frog came to him and told him that Frogs and Man were brothers and that Man should treat the Frogs better than they were. When this man came out of his trance, there was much rejoicing among his tribe. They said, "Let us build a totem in honor of our brother the Frog!" They chose a large log and, after a big feast, the carvers began work on this totem on which they made the Frog the emblem of their tribe. The figure beneath the Frog is of the old Raven, who is shown talking to the young Raven, the creator of man. The lower figure is of the Killisnoo Beaver. The father of this man they built the totem for belonged to the Beaver family, and his mother to the Frog.

Weeping-Woman, the pole of Paræt'nærhl, an Eagle chief of the same clan or household as Hlæq. It was the eighteenth in the row from the uppermost along the Nass river front.

Description. The figures on this pole were: 1. (Forgotten); 2. Weeping Woman (*ksemwiyaitk*) with a labret in her lower lip; the tears on her dark face were painted white; 2. many small human figures the whole length of the pole, called *rhpededo'dze*; 3. the mythical Gyæbelk bird, at the bottom.

Carver, age. It was carved by Hladerh, of a Killer-Whale clan of the Gitrhadeen tribe below, on Nass River, about 60 years ago. This carver

was good-natured, not the proud and angry chief who tried to keep other chiefs from erecting poles taller than his own.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Frogs cast into the Campfire, the Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) myth in a version recorded in Prince Rupert from Peter Calder, a Nass River chief of the Wolf phratry, in 1947; William Beynon acting as interpreter.



Frogs among the Tlingits of southern Alaska

He cast this frog into the fire also. This happened twice more, until four frogs had interfered and been destroyed.

Then a voice descended from far up into the hills, a woman's voice. Among the five fishermen one was wiser than the others. He said, "This is an ill omen for us. We had better leave at once. Let us go!" And they paddled away from there in haste.

A woman appeared at a distance on the shore, wearing a large labret in her lower lip, holding in her hand a cane surmounted by the Frog, and continually crying, "O my child, O my child! What has happened to my child?" As the people in the canoe would give no answer and kept going away from the scene, she cried out to them, "After you have travelled some distance, one of you shall die. After another short distance is covered, another one shall drop dead." So it happened, and this went on as predicted

In springtime, five people, among them a Prince, paddled away in a canoe from the Haida town of Skidegate, and went a short distance to a stream where they intended to fish trout. Once they had reached the spot, they looked for a shaded place where the fish would be plentiful. They saw that the trout abounded, and began to fish. The Prince, while fishing, kept on losing his Cormorant Hat (*gaidem-haots*) in the water over and over again. Much angered, he took the hat and beat it on the water.

After they had caught some trout, they roasted them over a fire, and placed the roasted fish on skunk cabbage leaves. A frog appeared and jumped upon the trout. The Prince, who was sulking, at once caught the frog and threw it into the fire. He reached out for another fish to eat, but another frog spoiled his meal.

until only two in the boat were left alive. These survivors never relented, and they were about to reach the village when the voice of the woman broke the silence once more, causing the collapse of the fourth fisherman. "You who survive," she clamoured a last time, "shall no sooner have told your people what happened than you shall die."

After the last man had perished like the four others, fire broke out at all parts of this village, completely razing it. A young woman who was away from the village at the time and fasting after having reached the age of puberty, was saved, as also was her mother. The fire passed them by. Another woman escaped — only three had survived.

Every day the survivors mourned the fate of their people. While the young woman was crying with her elders, a man appeared before her, and said, "Why do you weep?" "I weep for the loss of my people." The man asked, "What do you wish me to do for you?" "We fear we may die here like our folk. We want to be taken away from here."

This stranger, who was the Eagle, took two of the women and placed them under his wings. The mother was left behind. The Eagle flew with his load until he came in sight of a village, where he landed. Eventually one of the women the Eagle had brought there was married. The other, the young woman, was taken away by the Eagle to Nass River, where she was left at the mouth of Knemas River. As the folk established there in a village could not get oolaken grease, and found themselves too far away from the others, they decided to move up the river and join up with another tribe. This happened at a place called Gunwawq near Angyadæ.

It was here that the new tribe which the young woman had joined, built a totem pole, the pole we still know, showing the Eagle at the top with persons under his wings, and sitting on a nest. These persons were the survivors of the fire that had destroyed their village. The names for the members of the family which they had used among the Haidas were preserved intact among the Niskæs. This still reminds us of their Haida origin. The Eagle's Nest totem pole first erected at Gunwawq was later replanted at Gitiks [this is the tall pole which the author acquired for the Quebec Government, and which now stands at the Zoological Garden at Charlesbourg near Quebec city.]

The Frog in the Fire, the myth explaining what happened when two little boys threw "toads" ("frogs" is meant) into the fire. As recorded in 1947 from a Skidegate Haida by Miss Alice Philip, of Vancouver, British Columbia.

On the edge of the lava (actually there is no lava there) at Cumshewa (the former village of Cumshewa on Moresby Island, on the southern part of the Queen Charlotte Islands), stands a totem pole showing an old person weeping. At the lower end of the large tears dropping from each eye, are two human faces — those of little boys. Here is the legend explaining this carving:

A hunting party camped at this place, made a fire and left two little boys to tend it. The boys amused themselves by catching toads and throwing them in the fire, where they exploded with the heat. They caught a very large one, and when it exploded it put out the fire. The boys were frightened of what would happen to them for letting the fire out.



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! Pole of the Three-Persons-Along, at Gitlarhdamks

Just then the hunting party came back and scolded the boys for not looking after the fire. The boys told them what had happened, and at once the old grandfather was much alarmed. He said, "Come, let us hurry away from here or else evil will come to us for sure, because these boys were cruel to animals for no good reason".

But they were too late. Just then the mountain erupted, and the whole party was destroyed.

The totem was erected to remind all not to be cruel to animals.

The Three-Persons-Along
(*khlugula'wn*) Pole of Ksemrh-san, at Gitlarhdamks.

This pole is of the upper Nass, where not so long ago this river was forced out of its course by the volcano. It stood for many years at Gitlarhdamks, not far from the rock spur called *Ta'awdzep*, which was formerly used by the natives as a fortress against the invaders. This totem pole of the Frog and Lizard is one of the two that were saved at the time of the religious revival in 1918 which brought about the destruction of most poles. Like the others it had been cut down, but not burnt as firewood. It served as a fence on the river front for the owners' potato patch.

Its carvings are among the finest in existence; they are firm and highly individual, yet smoothly rounded out. They combine the two main qualities of Tsimshian art: traditional style and æsthetic realism. The two lower figures are most skilfully handled as a unit; they illustrate a clan emblem and myth. The

two detached upper figures, though treated apart, in spirit form part of the same composition. The carver was Ahrtsip of the Canyon of the Nass, the village of the Lizard tribe. Ahrtsip was a member of the household of Gwanks, which belonged to a Fireweed clan. He is said to have been one of the outstanding carvers of his day, Oyai being the foremost.

This pole was erected about ninety years ago — old Menæsk still remembered — in commemoration of Leelusk (Thief), by his heirs; the leaders of these heirs were the two half-brothers Kamsedephraet and Kamlu'aks. Its usual name is Pole-of-the-Frog (*ptsænem-kana'o*). It is also called Along-Three-Persons (*hlkugwelawn*), or Three-Persons on top of each other. It formerly stood in front of the house of the house of Ksemrhsan, the head of the family. The house was called Person-of-the-Smoke-Hole (*gyædema-n'alæ*), from a family emblem which it represented. Its rafters were not round as elsewhere, but oval in shape, and their name was Roosting-Place-of-Raven (*hakawhlqærh*), another emblem.

The figures on the pole are heraldic in character; they illustrate traditional narratives or myths which are shared by other families of the same clan elsewhere, mostly on the upper Skeena River: Hlengwah and Lælt, of Kitwanga, Wee'alerh, of Kispayaks, and several others. The coats of arms of those families are variants of the same ancestral traditions. The clan in time became ramified, and its branches acquired new emblems, for instance the Lizards.

The emblems illustrated on the pole are — from the top down:

1. Person-of-Lizards, repeated twice, each holding a lizard (*ksihlku*), one by the sides, the other by the tail.
2. The Flying-Frog (*kippaigem-kana'o*), hanging down, with Ribs-of-the-Frog (*leplanhl*), the small figures on its ribs and body.

Person-of-Lizards may not be as old an emblem as the Frog. It belongs exclusively to this Nass River family. In the accounts of origin, it is linked up with the Flying-Frog. Person-of-Lizards is supposed to have appeared at Antegwalæ at the same time. It refers to the volcano eruption on the Nass 150 or 200 years ago. The village at the canyon, after the eruption, was named Gitwinksihlk (Lizard Tribe). The reason for the name was that, before the eruption, there was a lake in this neighbourhood, known for its stench. It was full of lizards, frogs, and fierce animals. The lava from the volcano rolled over the flat country, obliterated the lake, and changed the course of the river, pushing it several miles to the north. (Informants, Giteen, Menæsk, and Peter Neesyawq, of Gitlarhdamks, in 1927.)

The traditional accounts that explain the Flying-Frog emblem are the same as are given by other members of the clan on the Skeena. (The myth of Ksemerhsan, Raven, Gitlarhdamks. Informants, Menæsk and Neesyawq.) Yet the old people of Gitlarhdamks insisted on a distinction which was not clearly explained, that is: this emblem is not the Woman-Frog seen elsewhere; this belongs to other families, for instance, Neestsawl of Gitrhadeen and Kweenu of Kitwinkul. But it is the Flying-Frog.

The myth of 'Neegyamks, the ancestress of the clan, explains both Flying-Frog and Woman-Frog. In brief, it relates that 'Neegyamks was the daughter of Negwa'on, on the Nass. Several chiefs had courted her without



Pole of the Three-Persons-Along, at Gitlarhdams

success. One night, while she slept in the maidens' compartment at the rear of the house, she disappeared; and the frogs were heard, as every day, croaking in the lake above the village of Antegwalæ, where Negwa'on and his family lived. Her relatives thought that one of her suitors had kidnapped her. For two years they could not find her. The people, one day beheld two Frogs in Negwa'on's doorway; one of them carried the other on its back. They were apparently trying to speak, one saying, "Tsewit," and the other "Qakerh." These were later to be their names. And they led the people on to the lake. Negwa'on invited the neighbouring tribes, Gitlarhdamks and Gitwinksihlk, to come and help in draining the lake. When the lake was drained, the people beheld a huge number of small frogs taking to flight; then the Flying-Frogs flew by. A Gitwinkul man, Sedawqt — of the family of Wutarhayæts — caught a Flying-Frog that had wings and looked like a moth. When the lake was nearly dry, a house-front painting was seen floating; and the young woman, 'Neegyamks, sat upon it. One of her brothers speared the house-front, and captured it. The people then saw that 'Neegyamks had frogs all over her body — on her knees, the back of her hands, her breasts, her eyebrows. Many small frogs were painted on the house-front. Since then the Frogs have been the special crest of this clan. 'Neegyamks said, after she had been rescued from the lake, "I am not fit to come among the people again. You had better kill me. Put me away, but keep my children." After they complied with her requests, they saw a huge cane, the Pole-whereon-climb-Frogs (*Randeptæhl-kana'o*) rising from the lake bottom. At its base was a human-like being; a number of small frogs climbed along the shaft; and a large Frog sat at the top. They decided to use the same figures on their own pole. Between the ribs of the large Frog, the Frog-Chief, the heads of people were to be seen. They killed this Frog, and adopted it as their principal crest. After 'Neegyamks had died they heard from the lake bottom a song, which they have since retained as a dirge. This summary will explain the mythical origin of the several Frog crests of Lælt and his clan; the Hanging-Frogs, Ribs-of-the-Frog, Person-of-the-Lake, Frogs-of-the-Doorway (of Frogs-jammed-up), Real-Frog-Chief, and Pole-whereon-climb-Frogs.

The Three-Persons-Along (*khlugulawn*), pole of Ksemrhsan, member of a Raven clan of Gitlarhdamks. It stood fifth from the uppermost pole along the river front.

Description. It stood in front of a house named Person-on-the-Smoke-Hole (*gyædemqan'ala*), from one of its crests. The rafters of this house were of an oval shape (not round like the others), and were described as the Roosting-place-of-the-Raven (*haqawhl-qærh*). The figures on the pole are: 1. Person-holding-a-Frog; 2. Person-holding-a-Lizard; 3. the Frog (*kanao*). It belongs to the *ptsæn* type of totem pole, carved and with a hollow back.

Function. Erected by Leeluks in commemoration of a former Ksemrhsan. When seen and photographed by the author, in 1927, it rested on its side as a fence for a small garden next to the river-bank, and had been cut down in the religious revival craze a decade earlier. It was then purchased and removed to the Royal Ontario Museum, where with three others it now decorates the central stairway.

Carver, age. Carved by Arhtsip, member of a Fireweed clan of Gitlarhdamks. (Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks, upper Nass.)

The Nass-River Volcano. The story of Toq's totem pole in Prince Rupert as given on the label put up on the pole at the time of its erection:

This totem pole formerly belonged to a Nishka chief named Dauk and stood in front of his lodge at Gitlakdamix on upper Nass River.

The carved figures seen on the top of the pole represent the principal actors in legends describing the origin of family crests. The owner of the totem pole belonged to the Wolf crest.

The principal legend is:

One day long ago a great lava eruption took place at Gitwinsilkqu on upper Nass River. The molten mass pushed the waters of the river back across the valley to the mountainside, and formed a great lava plain which extends from the headwaters of the Kshluich at the canyon at Gwisha. The fiery flow overwhelmed villages and fishing hamlets in its path, and the people fled to the surrounding hills. Among these fugitives was a chief named Gumlugidis, the ancestor of the owner of the pole. Gumlugidis fled with his family to the highlands of the Shkamal River, where they camped. Night after night they had no rest, but were disturbed by weird sounds and voices accompanied by the beating of tomtoms. At length the chief and some of his nephews determined to set out and discover where the sounds came from. The legend describes how they found themselves in the abode of luluks, spirits of the dead, where they beheld many strange things. Escaping from these haunted regions, Gumlugidis, overcome by fear, again took up his flight, this time across the Grease Trail to Skeena River, leaving the Nass with its terrors far behind. When the winter snows had melted and the ice had left the river, Gumlugidis and his companions travelled down the Skeena in dugouts made out of cottonwood trees, until they reached the island of Khern, now known as Kaien Island, on which Prince Rupert is situated. Not very long after they had settled at Khern, Gumlugidis' rest was once more disturbed, this time by the mighty howls of wolves, which seemed to be calling Gumlugidis by his name. The old fear overcame him once more, for they thought the spirits of the lava had again found him out. After the howling had continued for two nights, the old chief determined to meet his fate. Dressed in his ceremonial robes with face painted and his long hair tied in a knot, after the manner of the warriors of his tribe, he sat out away from the camp, armed with his chief's tomahawk set with abalone shell. Following the direction from which the sounds proceeded, Gumlugidis came face to face with a large white wolf. Raising his tomahawk, prepared to defend himself, he noticed that the animal was suffering great pain, and was unaware of his approach. It was trying in vain to dislodge a sharp piece of deer bone which had pierced its jaw. Gumlugidis said to the wolf: "Brother, do me no harm, and I will remove the bone before it causes your death." After Gumlugidis had removed the bone the white wolf became very friendly, and each time the chief went out hunting, the wolf killed the deer for him. This supplied him and his family with food.

So now, the legend states, Gumlugidis adopted the white wolf for his ayuks (crest), and in his ceremonial dances he always wore a white wolf skin robe.

After some years of peace, Gumlugidis became homesick and returned to the Nass, for he longed to fish once more in the waters of the Kslich for the haugiwozuch (white salmon spawn).

The Lizards and the Volcano Eruption of the Nass, according to the tradition of Weehawn (Large-Salmon), a chief among the Niskæs, recorded in 1929; William Beynon acting as interpreter.

Tsawltsap was the name of the river, before the volcano eruption. The valley of the river and the village were situated to the north of the Nass River in the neighbourhood of the present canyon; the Nass then had its course farther south, curving down from Gitlarhdamks to the foothills. The original river *Si'aks* (new-waters), running north and south for a distance, was called Kyimwidzeq and formed the bed of the Nass. After the eruption, the New-River was so called because it appeared only after the volcanic eruption. Up against the mountain side there was a village named Place-of-Alders (*larh-kseluiyh*), where the tribe was named People-of-Above (*gitsærh*). They are all extinct now.

The origin of the name People-of-the-Lizards (*Gitwinksihlk*) for the canyon tribe was that, before the eruption, a lake was full of lizards, frogs, and fierce small animals, and emitted a strong stench. This lake was wiped out by the lava. After the eruption, the tribe north of the canyon, which stands immediately north of the vast lava field, was named People-of-the-Lizards. The lizards never were used as a crest, although they appear on at least one totem pole. . .

The cause of the volcano eruption was the ill-treatment of a little hump-back salmon by a young man of the family of Wigyidemrshskyæk (Large-Person-Eagle). He had thrust a sharp sliver of granite rock into its back and thrown it into the river, where it had tried to swim away with this spur. That night, after the people had partaken of food, rumbling and shaking began, and they ran away from their houses into the bush. The flames were coming from hills in the vicinity of the present New-River. Many fugitives went in the direction of the Lake-of-Lizards, which was then on a high plateau.

A young woman of good extraction living at the rear of a house, apart from the others, during her puberty seclusion, was left behind, forgotten in the panic. The whole village was destroyed and burned by the lava, which poured down in huge, swift currents. Long after the eruption when the lava beds seemed to have cooled off, the people went to explore. To discover whether the going was safe, they cast dogs before them, but these sank into the molten rock. It was still too soon to go farther. Even when, long after the flames had subsided, they again tried to approach, the heat had not sufficiently abated. So they were held back in their desire to see what had happened to the girl in seclusion, whose loss they regretted.

Later they reached the place where the village had been, and the former site of the chief's house where the girl had been left. The front and rear still stood, but the sides had collapsed. There they beheld her sitting in the house, with a head covering reaching down to her shoulders. She was quite recognizable, with all the same features, only now she was a small pillar of lava rock. (In 1927, the author saw and took a photograph of this rock, standing two or three miles from the canyon along the trail across a tip of the barren lava field. The guide pointed to a spot nearby where a salmon trap had also been changed to reddish lava.)

The Squirrel, the totem pole of Paræt'nærhl and Quamnæitk, members of the Eagle group at Gitlarhdamks.

1. The Squirrel, a crest of this clan, was shown on this totem pole. So was the Thunderbird Rhskyaimsem. Informant, John Davis, of the Fireweed clan at Gitlarhdamks, had forgotten the other totem figures on the pole.

2. Another pole, older, the figures of which could not be remembered by the informant, had been erected in memory of Nawrhs-kam-næitk. It stood until recently. The carver was Nakadzæih, of a Wolf clan at Gitrihadeen on the lower Nass.

The White-Squirrel ('*mashlsenhlik*) of Hrtsiyæ, member of an Eagle clan at Gitlarhdamks. It was the last or twenty-fourth pole at the lower end of the row of totems on the Nass river front.

Description. A small pole, it contained the only figure of the White Squirrel.

Function. It commemorated Qastu'in of the same household.

Carver, and age. It was carved about 50 years ago, by 'Niesyawq, head of a Wolf group in the same village, who was an old man in 1927. He was assisted in his work by Witiyætk, of a Fireweed clan at Gitsegyukla on the Skeena River.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)



Dzelarkhons totem of the Haidas, at Tanu (to the left)

Coffin House of the Frog. The Frog crest connected with the Bear crest in the "Coffin house of the frog ton", as recorded by James Deans, 36: 55, 56).

This story, although connected with the Chooitza-ton or bear crest, is the only one in existence, as far as I have been able to learn, connected with the Kimquestan-ton or frog crest. I have been told that this was a secret society belonging exclusively to women. This society had their "coffin house of the frog ton," (*sathling-nak-kimquestan*); I have been inside of it. Having seen it, I will give a description of it. When I saw it in the summer



Dzellarhkons pole, at Tanu

of 1883, it was strongly built of cedar planks, enclosing a space twenty feet square. Its roof was nearly flat and covered with cedar boards. Right in

the centre of the house stood a huge wooden frog. Forming a square around this frog and six feet from it on each side were piled, one above the other, fifty or sixty coffins, that is, boxes of all shapes and sizes. In each one were the dried-up remains of a human being. This story is from the Queen Charlotte Island Hidery.

Long ago there were many frogs on these islands. Now there are none, because they have all left. This is the story of their departure: Long ago, a frog was walking and jumping about amongst the wild flowers in the woods, making a meal of every little fly he found on his way. Eventually he came upon a bear's road. This road he followed for some time, until he met a large bear coming along. Seeing such a diminutive object coming along on his pathway, the bear stopped awhile, looking at it, saying, "You ugly little brute, what are you doing on my path?" The frog said not a word, but began to swell up a little. Seeing this the bear picked him up, smelled him, held him up, turned him round and round, then set him down, saying, "You dirty little brute, ugly for me;" so the bear passed on his way. The frog, after such rough usage, was so terribly frightened, that he could do nothing for a long time. The frog, mustering courage enough to move, went straight home, telling every living thing he met what a terrible monster he had seen, how it took him up and put him to its mouth, as if it would devour him, then, after nearly shaking him to pieces, smelled him. Then it had set him down and walked away, calling him an ugly little brute. "Now", said the frog, "what is to be done? We must get him out of the way or we will be all killed, every one of us."



Dzelarkons
pole, at
Kitamat

So they called together a council of all the frogs to meet on a certain day. At the council, the first frog gave a description of the bear in such a manner that many of the frogs nearly died from fright. Before the council broke up, they decided that it was useless trying to kill or drive such a terrible animal out of the country. The best thing for the frogs themselves to do was to leave. To the above decision they all agreed and left the country, one and all of them. Nowadays frogs are neither seen nor heard on these islands.

Dzelarkons at Kitamat, a southern tribe of the Tsimshians at the northernmost frontier of the Kwakiutl nation.

The only photograph available of this pole (the single one standing at Kitamat) is from Mrs. Jean Ness Findlay. It is reproduced here.

Description. A fairly old pole, about 25 or 30 feet high, it contains three figures:

1. The ancestress Dzelarkons wearing a tall conical hat surmounted by three cylinders, at the top;
2. The Halibut, head down;
3. The Frog, also head down.

These emblems, like the episodes illustrated in this account, form part of the outstanding tradition (*adaorh*) of Gitrhawn, reproduced elsewhere.

Myth of origin of the Eagles at Kitkata. (Recorded by William Beynon, in 1947, from Edmund Patalas, 80 years old, belonging to the Kitamat tribe at Hartley Bay.)

The Kitkata originally belonged to two clans, at the time when they migrated southwards from the Nass River to Kitamat. The Wolves (*larhkibu*) were then the leaders in this area. They would stretch a cedar bark rope across Greenville Channel so that no canoe could pass by without their knowledge. After 'Wæmawdonhik had associated with some Kanhadas, a group of Larhskeek of Haida origin arrived in the country. These were the Tselarh'awns group, whose myth is as follows:

These people came originally from the Queen Charlotte Islands. One day, a young prince and two of his companions went trout-fishing some distance from the village, intending to camp out overnight. They considered themselves great hunters. On the way, the young chief shot a cormorant, skinned it, and made a head-dress of it which he called the Cormorant-Hat (*gaidem hauts*). He wore it as he sat in the stern of his canoe.

When they reached the stream where they were going to fish, they anchored the canoe and cast their lines. The prince's two companions were very lucky, but every time he had a bite, the cormorant suddenly came to life, dove into the water, and ate the trout. Then it would return and perch on his head again. This happened so often that the prince became angry. Finally he took the Cormorant-Hat and cast it off. It fell to the bottom of the canoe. After this, he caught a few trout.

When the day drew to a close, the canoe folk paddled to shore and made a fire. The trout were cleaned and toasted, and made ready to eat. But just as the prince's trout was put before him, a large frog jumped onto the fish. The young chief took the frog, threw it up into the bushes, and turned again to his roasted trout. Once more the frog jumped, and again it was tossed into the bushes. When this happened a third time the prince became angry. He took the frog and threw it into the fire, poking it with his spear to make sure it was dead.

When they had finished eating, they prepared to sleep. Their rest was disturbed by the voice of a woman crying, "Oh! my child! Bring it back to me! What have you done to my child?" This lament went on all night, keeping the young men from sleeping. Their foreboding was that something fearful was about to happen, for they suspected that the prince had done something wrong in burning the frog. Now all they wanted was to get away quickly, before harm befell them.

They rose early in the morning and embarked in their canoes. As they started to paddle away to their village, they heard a voice on the shore calling, "My dear men, wait until I speak to you! For what you have done to me you shall all be punished. As soon as you pass the first point, the man in the bow of the canoe shall fall dead. At the next point, the man in the middle shall die. When the canoe lands, and as soon as the last man tells his story, he shall also die. The entire village is doomed to destruction."

The young men looked at one another fearfully; they did not know what to do. An old woman appeared to them in the distance, badly burned,

continually crying out, "Oh! my poor child! My poor child! What have you done to my child?" Still crying, she went up into the woods. The prince and his companions, by this time very much frightened, set off at once for their village. When they passed by the first point, the man in the bow of the canoe fell back dead. The remaining two paddled on vigorously, but when they came to the next point, the man sitting in the middle lost his life. Only the prince remained, and he went on alone. Finally, wearing his Cormorant-Hat, he landed at the village. At first he did not speak, but just pointed to his dead companions in the canoe. He wanted to tell his people all that had happened, but knew that as soon as he had finished he would also die. He just sat on the beach in a daze. The chief, his father, said, "What has happened to you and your companions? Come, speak! What has happened?"

After a long while the young prince spoke: "We went to fish some trout. While we were preparing them for eating, a frog jumped onto my portion. I made two attempts to throw it up into the bushes, but in the end cast it into the fire. Next day a woman came to the beach and cried out, 'Before you get to the first point, the man sitting in the bow shall die. When you pass the next point, the man sitting in the middle shall fall dead. When you get to your village you will also fall dead when you have finished telling of your experiences.' This is what the woman said, and you see for yourselves that these men are dead." No sooner had the prince finished speaking than he too died. The grief in the village was great.

Soon rumblings came from the mountains, and the people saw first smoke and then fire approaching. It seemed as if the village would be engulfed from all directions. First the canoes were burnt. The people could find no safe place in which to hide. There was no escape from the great fires which poured from the mountains. At the rear of the great chief's house was a cave in which all the young women were kept during their first puberty period. At this time a young girl was secluded in the cave with her grandmother, who was caring for her. Her father, the chief, now made her more secure by closing up the entrance with large copper shields. While the child and her grandmother kept in hiding, all the people were destroyed by the great fires from the mountains.

Many days passed, and the old grandmother heard a woman's voice singing a dirge outside. After the voice had faded away, the old woman started to clear away the debris from the mouth of the cave. When she stepped out she saw that of the whole village nothing remained. She took the young girl and they went away.

One day the old woman was so weak from travelling and hunger that she could go no farther. After she had died, her granddaughter, left all alone, wept with fear. It was then that a huge bird came down and alighted beside her. "Why do you cry, my child?" asked the spirit. "I am all alone, and do not know what to do or where to go. My grandmother told me of a very distant land I must try and reach. But she is dead, and now I do not know what is to happen." The great bird-like being was in reality the supernatural Eagle. "I will take you to meet those of whom your grandmother spoke," it said. "You must carry pebbles in your hand. When I tell you to drop some into the water, you must obey. Come, hold tight on my back." So saying, the Eagle took off, carrying away the child.

After flying a long while the bird began to tire. "Drop some of the pebbles you carry," it said to the girl, "and we may rest." At once several islands sprang out of the water, and on one of these they alighted and rested. This was the home of the Nugunaks clan. When they had rested, the Eagle and the girl kept on travelling until they reached a great village. Here the Eagle left her, saying, "The people will be ready to meet you here. You can find your way by waiting near their village." The child was then put down, and the great Eagle flew away. She seated herself on a log which seemed to be a fresh burial place, and watched a canoe approach. In it sat a man and a woman. As soon as they saw the girl, they ran up and embraced her, saying, "My child! My child! You have come back to us. You have pitied our poor humble weeping, and you will come back with us." These people had just buried their only daughter, and had been accustomed to coming over to her grave every day to mourn for her. When they saw the child, they thought it was their own daughter returned to them, for this young girl resembled the dead one very closely. They returned to their village and held a great feast, rejoicing that their daughter had come back to them. Now this was the Kitamat people, and the house into which the young girl was taken was the Sun'arhæt Eagle house. These in turn came to the Kitkata tribe, and are now the royal Eagle house of Kitkata.

THE EAGLE

The Eagle Helper. The totem pole of Chief Skidegate, at Skidegate on the Queen Charlotte Islands, according to James Deans (36: 54, 55).



Inside a house in Skidegate's town, Queen Charlotte Islands, the one occupied in 1880 by the then Chief Skidegate, was a totem post. On it was carved the following: First, the lowest, a brown bear. Then next an old woman with long lip ornament. Above all was an eagle and a bear. The lowest, the bear, was the crest of the chief's wife. The old woman, with lip piece was doubtless the wife herself, the size of the piece showing her rank. The eagle on top with the bear represents the following tale of the totem.

Long ago the bears, just as they are now, were very fond of salmon. They very much preferred live ones, but owing to their having no claws to hold them, were obliged to be content with their meals of dead ones. When they put their paws on living ones, in order to catch

them, the fishes generally wriggled themselves clear, whereas if the bears had claws or something in their stead, they could have held them. How they came to be provided with claws the following legend will show. This legend was told to me by a very intelligent Haida named Amos Russ.

Long ago a bear who had come a long way over the mountains, in order to add a few fresh salmon to his bill of fare, found when he reached the level country, a stream, in which a number of beautiful ones were swimming around. Being early in the season no dead ones were lying on the bed of the stream and the others were still quite lively. Seeing a number of nice ones in a pool he waded in hoping to catch a few and take them ashore for his dinner. He was long in the pool until a nice big one came along. He soon had his paw on its back, from which

it soon wriggled itself clear. Again and again he tried to hold them as they passed along but always with the same result. Tired and hungry, as well as disheartened, he raised his eyes heavenward and made this request: "O thou great and good Ne-kilst-lass; thou who listens to the supplications of all thy creatures, and helpst them in all their troubles" An eagle on a neighbouring tree, who had been listening to his cry for relief, flew down beside him, saying, "I have been listening to your prayer and have come to help you; hold up your paw." So saying he wrenched off one of his own talons and planted it on the bear's upheld fore-paw, saying: "That will hold the salmon for you." This claw not only quickly took root, but at the same time all the other paws were well provided with claws, and afterward every bear that came into the world was well provided with them, and consequently never after was without a plentiful supply of fresh salmon in their season.

The original totem pole from which this story was taken is to-day preserved in the British Columbia Provincial Museum at Victoria. Also a model of this house with this totem pole inside is shown in the miniature village in the Field Columbian Museum, Jackson Park, Chicago. This model house stands in the middle of the village. The totem pole can only be seen by looking down the smoke-hole or in by the door.



Eagle house posts among the Kaigani-Haidas

The Yakdzi myth of a Kwakiutl totem pole at Rivers Inlet, B.C. (This is an edited form of a story written by D. A. Barnard in 1923, for Mr. Fougner, then Indian Agent at Bella Coola. Later it was copied by Harlan I. Smith for the files of the National Museum of Canada.)

A tribe of Indians lived at Quay (now in British Columbia). Among them was a certain family whose first born son, Yakdzi, was notorious for his filth and vermin. In time his parents were unable to bear the shame of having such a son, and decided to abandon the village. The other residents, on hearing this, also decided to move, and made ready to leave. Canoes were lashed together, and roof boards were placed over them, forming a barge. Every useful article was taken. Yakdzi's grandmother begged to be left behind with her grandson, and refused to follow her family, but she was forced to move with the others. Before leaving, she put some live coals in a clam shell, placed the shell in a hole where an upright had stood, and secretly told her grandson about it. Yakdzi had a young brother about ten years of age who wanted to remain. When refused permission, he ran into the woods and hid until the people had left.

These young men were in a bad way, without anything to eat, and without a house. They at once erected a shelter of hemlock branches, teepee-shape; moss was to form their bed and blanket. By evening their fatigue overcame their hunger, and they quickly went off to sleep. Awakened at day-break by the call of an eagle, Yakdzi asked his young brother to look and find out what this meant. The brother was pleased to find a bullhead lying on the beach. They took it up and roasted it by the fire, but Yakdzi did not dare eat any of it, nor let his brother touch it. Instead he went away to the south end of the bay to bathe himself in a woodland pool. He took spruce tips, and with them rubbed his body, returning in the evening to go straight to bed. Next morning the brothers were again awakened by an eagle. This time the young lad was even better rewarded, for a huge flounder was struggling on the beach. Still Yakdzi would not eat, but went again to his bathing pool. By the late afternoon, his body was showing a healthy glow, due to the stiff needles of the spruce. That night they slept together as usual. Next morning the eagle's call was more challenging than before, and a halibut was found on the beach. This time Yakdzi and his brother ate a hearty meal.

When they had finished eating, Yakdzi again went off to his bathing pool. As he washed, he felt almost superhuman. Ripples appeared on the surface of the water. Though he did not see the cause, he felt that good spirits were near. Because of this he went home earlier that day, and straight to bed.

By this time Yakdzi knew that he was about to enter the spirit world, so he kept very quiet. Next morning they were roused by the shaking of their shelter, and by water dripping from above. This was very strange. At once Yakdzi opened his eyes. To his amazement he saw hundreds of sea anemone and other sea animals clinging to the ceiling, which was dripping into the house. Schools of small fish swam in the shallow water. Very soon all this stopped, and the sea animals disappeared. Then the brothers saw a young woman sitting on the seat of honour in the house. When Yakdzi approached her, as she asked him to come closer, she held a vessel of living water. With this she washed his body, and he became half spirit, able to perform magic.

The spirit woman also called Yakdzi's brother, and pulled his limbs until he had grown into a man's size. She named him Kakabisila; this means One-who-capsizes-canoes-in-shallow-water.

Turning then to Yakdzi, she told him that they were married, husband and wife, and that the house was his, along with four charms: the living water, a magic hunting rod, a multiplying box with spirit voices, and some medicine.

At the entrance to the huge house stood a massive pole with various carvings. At the top the Eagle sat, to warn the inmates of any passing or approaching canoe. This was the property of a sea monster called Komukwa, who was pleased to reveal himself by this gift and by causing Yakdzi to be married into the spirit world.

Next morning Yakdzi's wife called Kakabisila and told him to heed the call of the Eagle, as it would be a warning that a large prey had come close. To Kakabisila's surprise, a huge whale was lying on the beach. He at once began to carve the blubber and the meat. While he was working, a sea-gull walked close by, and Kakabisila exclaimed, "I wish you were a human being, so I could send my granny a piece of fat!" To his surprise the sea-gull said, "I am human, quite capable of taking some fat to your grandmother". Kakabisila then cut small strands of fat, fastening them around the sea-gull's neck. It flew away to the grandmother's new village, situated almost opposite Quay.

On arriving, the sea-gull walked close to the old woman who was sitting and lamenting the harsh treatment of her grandchildren. When she saw the bird, she said, "I wish you had human intelligence, so I could ask news of my grandchildren." The bird at once replied that it was on an errand for her grandsons, and gave her the whale fat. She received it very hungrily, and felt relieved when she heard that the young men enjoyed plenty, and that they had received magical gifts. In her house, she sat down with her back to the fire and pretended to mend her blanket. She bent her head forward as if biting a thread or two. But instead she chewed the fat. Soon the other folk in the house became suspicious, and asked her what she was doing. She answered that she was mending her blanket. In disbelief, someone pulled her over on her back, exposing the fat she had on her lap. She then calmly told the others, among whom were Yakdzi's parents, how the lads they had abandoned were feasting every day, and how they had sent her the fat. Yakdzi's father sent off a canoe to find out the truth. Long before the canoe reached Quay, green smoke from the beach fire reached the sky.

On arriving, they saw Kakabisila carving out another whale. The visitors were welcomed, and sent away with their canoe loaded with meat. Only a few days later another canoe arrived; it was also welcomed, and sent away with food of all kinds. In time these visits grew so frequent that Kakabisila became angry, and on one occasion when several canoes had been fairly filled and more was demanded, he tested his name by capsizing all the canoes except one, whose occupants had been satisfied. Among those wrecked was Yakdzi's father, who begged to be received into the great house, but was refused. Few escaped death. After this blow, the tribe did not disturb the young sea hunters any more.

Well pleased, Yakdzi invited the neighbouring tribes to a feast and potlatch. The goods he potlatched were from his multiplying box, which was never empty, however much was taken from it. On all occasions when there were guests in the house, sea anemone and other sea animals reappeared on the ceiling and the walls, while small fishes swam in the shallow water on the floor.

After the fourth feast, the leaders of the guests became so jealous of Yakdzi that they planned to steal his magic weapon and the other three charms. They rushed into Yakdzi's quarters, hoping for the best. But they were deceived. The house and its ornamental pole had vanished.

The Eagle Totem of Skedans, its mythical origin, according to James Deans (36: 34-37).



Haida Eagles, at the deserted village of Yan

The story of the Eagle, as it is shown on the totem pole of the house of the eagles in the miniature village:

The name of the house is coot-nass, Eagles' house. On the totem pole are two divisions; the husband's occupies the lower half, while the wife's is the upper half. The husband was a bear of the Raven phratry, as is shown on the

post. His wife was an Eagle of the Eagle phratry. The figures carved on the column connected with the story are, first (reading up): an object with a head somewhat like a seal. This is Ah-seak mentioned in the story. Above that are the Eagles (including the king) mentioned in the story. The scene of the story is laid in the southern part of Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia, and is in the Skiddance (Skedans) country, of which Captain Skiddance is chief, the country and village being named after its chief. The Hidery, when speaking of a great chief, always call him king instead of chief.

The story. Long ago a king lived in Skiddance's country, who had a sister and her family living with him. Tradition does not give the number of her family, but only mentions one boy, the hero of this story. This boy was displeasing to his uncle, who made the child's life so miserable that he decided to leave the house forever. The uncle intercepted his plan by turning him out of doors. After wandering about a while, he was found by three women, one of them being ahead of the others. One of them, the first to find him, was the daughter of a king, the king of the Eagles. Seeing him so sorrowful and woe-begone, she asked what ailed him. He told her all his troubles. Hearing them, she said, "Come with me to my father's house." She then took him into the timber. They had not gone far until they found a town, up on a tree. This was the eagles' town. A large number of eagles, who lived in this town, were flying about. She took the boy home with her and made him comfortable. After awhile she presented him to her father, the king, saying, "Father, I have found a nice husband." The old man was highly pleased to see such a nice-looking son-in-law. The boy, as I shall still call him, soon gained the old man's favour by doing many little things for him. If he wished for anything, off he went and got it for him, as the following will show.

One day the old king said he would like to get a piece of whale's flesh. As soon as he said so, the boy dressed himself with a suit of the old king's feathers, and flew seaward until he found a number of whales. Off one he cut a piece and returned. This promptness pleased the old king greatly. After this the boy was so thrilled at being able to fly, that he was not contented unless he was always on the wing, and wished to have a suit of feathers for himself. So, in order to obtain his wish, his wife agreed to ask the old man. This they did. When he heard their request, he readily consented and without delay went to a box from which he took feathers enough to make the boy a full-fledged eagle. Some time afterwards, the old king, wishing to get some more whale meat, asked the boy if he would go and get it. Hearing this, the boy dressed himself in his new suit and left, returning in a short time with a whole whale. Whenever he fished he saw so many whales everywhere that he spent the whole of his time flying about among them, leaving early and only returning after nightfall. Seeing his fondness for catching and flying among the whales, the old king told him that if, while flying about, he ever came across Ah-seak, he was not to take hold of it nor even touch it, because it would do him no good.

Some time after, while flying around and not thinking of Ah-seak, he saw a strange looking object floating about. In order to see what it was, he flew down and took hold of it. As he did so, it took hold of his hand and pulled him down under the water and held him so that he was unable to

get up, one arm alone being held above water, and remained so. Next day, seeing he did not return, all the young eagles went to look for him. After flying about over hill and dale without finding him, they thought of Ah-seak. When they reached its place and saw the upheld hand, wondering what it could be, one after the other took hold of it, in order to pull it out. As fast as they did so, they, too, one by one, went under, until not one was left. The arm of the last one was held above the water, all forming a line below. Seeing that neither the boy nor any of her family returned, the old mother eagle, the queen, suspecting something wrong, went to seek them. When she came to the place where Ah-seak lived and saw the upheld arm, she knew at once what was wrong. In her case, Ah-seak had no power. She could take hold with all freedom of the upheld hand, and doing so, she pulled them all out as they went in, the boy last. At the same time, making a few passes over them with her hand, she restored them all. Having made them all well and strong, she said, "What are you all doing here? Go home and never be seen here again." This they all did, a wiser and a happier lot. Ah-seak seems to have been a sort of octopus, or devil-fish.

The Eagle and Cormorant of Skedans, now at the American Museum of Natural History described by J. R. Swanton (97: 128, Fig. 8).

The original of Figure 8 was obtained for the American Museum of Natural History by Dr. Newcombe. Although it was the inside pole of a house at Skedans, it belonged to William and Timothy Tait of Ninstints, who derived the right to it through their mother. The upper figure is an Eagle the lower a Cormorant, — both crests of the Eagle clan, and probably, in this case, of the Ninstints Gitins.



Eagle house post of the Kaigani-Haidas

Legyarh's Eagle, the totem pole of Legyarh, head chief of the "Royal" Eagle clan of the Tsimshians, at Port Simpson. It stood in the section of the Gispahlawts tribe. When it fell it remained lying on the bank for many



Eagle poles of the Haidas, at Skedans and Cumshewa

years until it was probably cut up, not long before 1926.

The only information about it came from Charles Barton (Pahl, chief of a Wolf clan at Angyedæ on Nass River), in 1926, as follows:

This pole was erected about 1866 when the informant was a boy. His father was an important participant in the affair, alongside Kwarhsuh, chief of the Wolves, and Mountain, chief of the Eagles, of Nass River. Niskæ, Haida, and Gitrhahla chiefs were also present. The leading guests brought

three or four slaves with them who were supposed to be sacrificed and buried under the pole when it was erected. One of the slaves, a female, was Narhsalku, who had been captured from the Haidas by Gisparhlawts raiders for Leg-yarh. Her own people had not yet bought her back when the pole was erected. She was bought by Rhsu, a leading sub-chief of the Gisparhlawts tribe, who kept her. He held a knife in hand, pretending to be ready to kill her at the foot of the pole. Another chief, Spawrh (of the Killer-Whales) spoke: "This is enough. She has been killed, she is now dead. Let her go back to her people!" She was taken back to the Nass by Nawrhsaku (Wolf, in the house of Ledzeks) to whom she belonged. In the old days, they actually killed slaves on like occasions. They went through similar motions for the other slaves but called various chiefs and gave them away instead.

The Eagle's-Nest, (*nluhlkem-rhskyæk*), a crest by Wærh, an Eagle chief of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade chief of the Gitsees tribe; J. Ryan, interpreter, in 1915.

The Eagle's-Nest was used as a crest in the house of Wærh. The rafters were round like a nest, and carved so as to represent it. The Eagle sitting on a nest was also painted on his house front. Only Gitrhawn of the Nass was known to have used it as a carved emblem on top of his totem pole.

The Marhlekepeel, crest of the house of Awks, Eagle chief of the Gillodzar tribe of the Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade chief of the Gitsees at Port Simpson; interpreter, J. Ryan, in 1915.

A large Eagle (presumably called *marhlekepeel*) stood on the gable of Awk's house, and several smaller ones decorated the front ends of the heavy roof beams on either side.

Eagle and Bullhead, (*kanem-kayait*) of Ligyidihi (a Kanhade) at Gitrhahla (Coast Tsimcyan tribe), according to informant Peter Denny, of the same tribe, aged 65 in 1915. Interpreter, William Beynon.

Ligyidihi was the head of a household of second-class standing (*lekahkigyet*). On his totem pole figured, from the top down:



Eagle poles of the Haida, at Yan

1. The Hawk (*rhtsowts*);¹
2. Eagle Woman or Person (*gyet*);
3. Two Frogs (*kanaao*), one on each side;
4. Bullhead (*kayait*);
5. Grizzly Bear (*medeek*).

The origin of the Bullhead was related in a myth. The other crests were not connected with it. The Person or Woman and the Hawk belonged to the same clan as Lutkudzamti of Gitrahla; they belonged to an Eagle clan, and were explained in another myth, part of the tradition of the Eagle-Fugitives from the north.

The Myth of the Woman of the Fugitive clan of Gitrahla. A woman of this clan belonging to the Gitrahla tribe married a Haida and lived many years with him. She became lonesome for her own people, whom she wanted to visit. When her father-in-law saw her weeping, he asked her, "What are you crying for?" She replied, "I am longing for my father and mother." As he was a supernatural being (*narhnorh*), he could tell her, "Your village is not very far off. This Hawk will take you back there. But you must not look out while, flying, he is carrying you on his back". The Hawk then placed her under one of his wings, and travelled through the air over the waters. Close to their destination, the Hawk told her, "Hide your face; you must not look on, as we land at your home." But the woman was in doubt as to whether the bird could carry her all the way. She pried the feathers of the wing open and looked out. That is why the bird lost its power, and glided down in spite of itself to the surface of the sea, a little before reaching the seashore, and all it could do was to keep the head of the woman above the water until it reached an island called Larhrhal near Gitrahla. Later the people discovered her there, and she remained for good among her own people. The Hawk was taken for the crest of Lutkudzamti, but never used on totem poles, only in the myth of the household.

The Bullhead crest. The full narrative was not well known to the informant. All he could tell was that, after the Flood, when the water had subsided from the land of the remote ancestors at Ktæi (north of Pitt Island on Granville Channel opposite Kemeolon), a plateau (level at the top) had risen out of the sea. Every morning the people would go up this plateau and gaze at the big mountain in the neighbourhood. On this mountain they once discovered a lake called Wilohlept (Very-Deep), where they beheld the supernatural Bullhead (*kayait*). This monster from the salt sea had been left there by the receding waters of the flood. As it rose out of the lake before their eyes, spirit Frogs swam around it. Moved by this sight, Ligidihl, a Kanhade, said, "Let us take it as a crest!" So he and his family adopted the Bullhead as their own possession. They composed a dirge, and sang it as they proceeded farther up the mountain. At the top, they saw a house called *ptawhl*, the front of which represented the large beak of the Raven (*quarh*) with four human beings sitting on it. The wings of the Raven were spread out and painted on the house front, with three small persons under each wing. Once more the beholders composed a dirge, and appropriated the Raven House (*ptawhl*) as a crest.

¹ This no doubt is meant for the Eagle and simply misinterpreted by the informant, for the Hawk nowhere else is ever used as a crest; and a similar story used elsewhere gives the Eagle as the bird concerned. This bird is none other than the Ruck of mythology.



The pole called Luseskyæq, at Gitlarhdamks

After they had gone back home, they built a similar house for themselves with the Bullhead totem pole in front of the house representing the monster exactly as they had seen it in the lake on the plateau. Once everything was ready, they gave a feast (*yæok*) and invited all the Gitrhahlas of the opposite phratries — the Wolves, the Eagles, and the Gispewudwade, to a great celebration, where everybody became acquainted with these novelties.

The Eagle-on-the-Decayed-Pole called Luseskyæq (In-the-Checkers) of Rhstiyæ, a member of the household of Qawq. It was the twenty-third from the uppermost in the row of totems along the Nass River front at Gitlarhdamks.

Description. The figures are: 1. a pair of small eagles at the top known under the name of Eagle-on-the-Decayed-pole (*rhsyægem-kalpkan*); 2. the head of the Eagle only; 3. the Ghost-of-the Otter (*palkem-watserh*), represented as being the hair of the Eagle below; 4. the Person called Luseskærhsem (In-the-Checkers), a crest of the household; 5. the White-Marten (*'masha't*), also a crest of this household; 6. Half-Black-Bodies (*rhpededo'-dzerh*); several of these half black bodies were represented on the pole; 7. Eagle-Person (*gyædem-rhsyæk*) at the base. The whole pole had a number of human figures between which the checkers pattern was drawn. It was also used on the garments.

Function. It was carved and erected to replace a former pole on the same spot, which was burned by accident. It was not meant as a monument or a commemoration.

Carver, and age. It was carved by Kaguhlæn, of a Wolf clan of Gitrhadeen, about sixty years ago. The author bought this pole for the Canadian National Railways. It stands in the park of this company in Prince Rupert just below the summit of the hill.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks, who was the chief owner of this pole.)

The Eagle of Tsaskoq, the second pole of Tsaskoq with the Eagle. It was the twenty-second in the row from the uppermost along the Nass river front at Gitlarhdamks.

Description. It was a short round pole (*kan*), five double arms in length, with the single figure of the bird sitting at the top.

Function. It stood in memory of 'Arhtiwilp, a member of the household of Menæsk. It was one of the oldest monuments in Gitlarhdamks, somewhat older than the informant.

Carver. Kyærk, a Wolf chief of the same village. (Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Eagle House Post, house post (*glam*) of the Klaoitsis, Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island. Collected by C. F. Newcombe, in 1905, No. 19947. At the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. Seen there in 1915.

The label read: "Of red cedar. Carved to represent an Eagle. It is grooved at the top, to receive one end of the ridge pole."

The Dsoo-kwa-dse of Rivers Inlet, now preserved in Stanley Park, Vancouver, described by the Rev. G. H. Raley (118:10, 11).

Ksoo-Kwa-Dse was erected by Chief Kla-ool-dso-lah at Rivers Inlet in 1894, and is a replica of its prehistoric prototype, "The Magic Pole" of the deserted village of Kway on Fitzhugh Sound. The legend relating to this pole was furnished by Chief Ike-ka-gwe and his friends and tells the story of a young chief named Yahk-dsi.

Yahk-dsi, by the constant neglect of his duties, gave serious offence to the inhabitants of Kway, so they decided to abandon him. One day, while he was absent from the village, the people placed all their movable effects in canoes, set fire to the village and sailed away. When Yahk-dsi returned he saw nothing but the charred ruins of his home. Left alone, destitute, without food or shelter, he was unable to restrain his anguish and cried bitterly. In his distress, the supernatural sea-spirit found him, took pity on him and supplied his needs. He presented him with a magic house, a magic totem pole and a spirit-wife. He warned him to be careful and not neglect his wife, as she belonged to the spirit world. When he had finished speaking to Yahk-dsi, he suddenly disappeared.

The curious thing about the magic totem pole was that the carved animal symbols appeared to be alive. Every morning the friendly eagle, perched upon the top of the pole, would utter a shrill screech, informing the occupants of the house there was a fish, seal or other animal food on the beach; whereupon the octopus, the carved figure at the bottom of the pole, would uncoil his long tentacles and snatch the food into the house. In this way Yank-dsi and his spirit-wife were supplied with food. They lived happily together and several children were born to them.

But it came to pass, that the former inhabitants of Kway, hearing of Yahk-dsi's happiness and prosperity, returned and appeared in their canoes in front of the old village site, seeking his forgiveness. Before they came ashore, Yahk-dsi, standing on the beach, taunted them with forsaking him. His wife, however, noticing their humiliation and sorrow, said to her husband, "It is good for you, Chief, to bring joy to those who have scorned you and forgiveness to those who once hated you." Her words were medicine to Yahk-dsi, the tragedy of the past was forgotten. His heart warmed to his people and after a feast he helped them rebuild their homes.

As time went on, it happened that Yahk-dsi became so taken up with material affairs, that he forgot the warning of the sea-spirit. He neglected his wife, becoming so incompatible to her, that without premonition, she mysteriously faded away, leaving no trace behind. The magic house and the magic pole also vanished. Soon after their disappearance Yank-dsi married a woman of his own people.

The major animal figures on the totem-pole represent the crests of the children of Yahk-dsi's spirit-wife, and the fish or animals held in their mouths indicate food fit for human consumption.



Eagle totem and human figure, at Bella Coola

Eagle Poles of the Kwakiutl, two Eagle poles, at the top of round peeled logs, at Alert Bay. (Informant, Daniel Cranmer, Alert Bay, 1947.)

The Tar-Baby Theme illustrated on some totem poles given in brief by J. R. Swanton (97: 193, 194).

How Something drew a String of Eagles into the Water.

A youth was set adrift by his uncle and landed at an Eagle town. There he married the town chief's daughter, and was supplied with feather clothing. By and by he flew to the end of his uncle's town, and, seizing one of the people by the head, started to fly off with him. Then another grasped this one's legs, and he too was lifted off his feet. They seized each other successively until he had all the people of the town, whom he carried out to sea and drowned. The youth used to go out fishing every day, and one time seized a supernatural clam which pulled him under the water. An eagle seized him just as he was going under, and another the second, until all in the town were pulled under except one old female, who succeeded in dragging them out again.

The Fabulous Roc. The Roc, a fabulous bird of prey of enormous size and marvelous strength, plays a prominent part in Arabian and Persian legend (*Rock, ruc, rukh*) (Funk and Wagnalls, New Standard Dictionary).

The Mouse-Woman theme among the Koriaks of Siberia, according to Waldemar Jochelson (16: 222).

The Mouse-Woman theme is a familiar one among the Dènè-Athapaskans of North America and their Siberian near-neighbours in Siberia, the Koriaks. See the tale of "Yingea-gneut and Mouse Woman," pp. 222, 223.



Eagle on a grave house post, at Bella Coola

THE SHARK

The Fin-of-the-Shark (Port Simpson), the pole called the Fin-of-the-Shark (*næremkæt*), belonging to the household of Legyarh, head-chief in the Gisparhlawts tribe and of the leading Eagle clan of this tribe, at Port Simpson.

Description. The whole pole, a shaft about 30 feet long, squared with the edges rounded, gradually tapering off from about four feet from the ground to about 18 inches at the top, represented the Fin-of-the-Shark. At the top sat the Eagle carved out of wood, and meant to represent the Fugitive (*gwenhuut*) Eagle. The remains of this Eagle are still preserved at Port Simpson.

Function, age. It was erected by the members of the Gisparhlawts tribe and those assisting them about 90 years ago, according to Herbert Wallace; in 1837, or a few years after the Hudson's Bay Company's post was established at Port Simpson, according to John Tait. By 1926, it had fallen down, and was lying close to the shoreline.

The circumstances of its erection, in the middle 1830's, were recorded by William Beynon, in 1947, from John Tait (*Sæleben*), of Port Simpson, as follows:

The Gisparhlawts' chief Legyarh was the paternal origin of a former Tsibesæ, chief of the Gitrhahla; that is, a sister of a former Tsibesæ had married Legyarh, and both were deceased. The son of the Gitrhahla woman became the new Tsibesæ, but still acknowledged his paternal origin to the new Legyarh who was a nephew of the deceased father of this new Tsibesæ. He called upon the Legyarh group to perform paternal duties from time to time, and on each of these occasions they tried to outdo one another.

It was to one of these occasions that the Gitrhahla had invited the Gisparhlawts from Larh-kwaw-ralamps (Port Simpson). The fort of the Hudson's Bay Company had just been established, but as yet there was no missionary among the people. At Gitrhahla, seaweed was the staple food of the people, the best quality coming from their region. An insulting reference was made to their food. The Gitrhahla, resenting the taunt, gave their slanderers seaweed of an inferior quality, with the remark, "Since the Gisparhlawts are now white people, and a new generation, they will not know the difference between good and bad seaweed." The Gisparhlawts heard of this, and recognized the poor brand of seaweed given them, but they ate without showing any displeasure.

It so happened at this time that the new Legyarh of Gisparhlawts was going to have his *hrmæs* feast. It would be the final event in taking his deceased uncle's position as Legyarh. His *hrmæs* would end all signs of mourning, and he would take his seat among his fellow chiefs. From the time his uncle had died his hair had been cropped, and his face streaked with black ochre. He slept in ashes and was in seclusion, since it was taboo for him to associate with anyone outside his own household. It was the anniversary of his uncle's death and of his assuming the function of Leg-

varh. The principal guests to the *hrmæs* feast were the Gitrhahla, as well as all the other tribes of the Tsimshyans. Legyarh now was going to erect the pole Fin-of-the-Shark (*næremkæt*), at Port Simpson.

All the guests were gathered. The Gisparhlawts came into the Legyarh house with their contributions, and placed them in a pile. Calling each head man in turn, with the leading house first, Legyarh said: "Give me Kao'welæ (Larhskeek-Eagle)! What are you going to do now that these chiefs have come to visit me?" "Here I am, chief, here I am!" each of those summoned would say, advancing to the middle of the house with their contribution and placing it along with those of their chief. Then Legyarh started to call on his nephews and nieces, and as each name was called the individual came forward and placed a contribution on the pile. In this way everyone knew the names of the *lekahgyet* of another tribe at the chief's feast. For when the *lekarhkiyet* (middle-class) gave a feast, they confined it, in former days, to their own rank. Only when their royal chief gave a feast, all the tribes being invited, did the names of the *lekarhkiyet* become known. Each one of them became thus known as he offered his own gifts. Then each of the *lekarhkiyet* would call on the members of his household, and as each was called, he came forward with his contribution. This business often took many days. In a *hrmæs* feast, each headman was dressed to represent his own individual *narhnorh*, and his subdivision heads also had the privilege of showing different *narhnorh* names. Thus in gao'welæ he had also Hrup and Nees'awælp and Hæhlkæp as subdivision heads. These in turn had their nephews as successors who had names of dignitaries in the clan, and had also *narhnorhs*. These *narhnorhs* would be shown and dramatized. The procedure was termed *tselem'wæl* (the gathering of wealth).

When this was completed, a select group of the headmen of the Gisparhlawts was assigned the task of counting and apportioning the contributions. This procedure involved counting the guests. Each Gisparhlawts headman was assigned the care of so many chiefs. Counting sticks were employed. Each guest to receive gifts was assigned a stick, and the name of the chief and the stick was given to a *lekahget*. The name of this was *'wæmkan* (name stick); that is, each stick represented a name, and each Gisparhlawts *lekahget* was responsible for seeing that this guest was not overlooked, or given too small a gift. When all the sticks had been given, and the guests counted to correspond to the number of sticks, all the contributions were apportioned. Added to these contributions to the feast would be those of all outsiders of the same tribe who had paternal relatives in the Gisparhlawts, and those who had married into their tribe. The former was termed *welkse-watk* (*wel*: where; *kse*: out; *'watk*: origin) meaning paternal origin; the latter, *rhæ'næ'arh* (*rh*: taking of; *hæ'næ'arh*: woman) — having married into the tribe. These gifts were returnable at some future time according to the donor's indications. It was considered more as a loan or an assistance. The last to bring their contributions were the family of the wife or wives of Legyarh. All the maternal relatives of the wife would contribute; this was termed *sa'wæse* (*sa*: to make; *'wæse*: blanket), to cover with blanket. This was also a returnable gift, but it was an obligation on the maternal relatives of the chief's wife; otherwise her maternal group would be considered as poor and would be subject to ridicule. "What is the matter with so-and-so's family; they must be very poor," people would say.



Dog-Fish or Shark pole of the Tlingits, at Wrangell

So in this instance the head man started in to allot the contributions from all sources. When everything had been properly allotted, carefully checked and re-checked, the ceremony of distribution began. First the people were taken outside, and Legyarh called on each guest who was a chief, together with his tribesmen, to erect his totem pole. First, before touching it, Legyarh, together with his singers, sang the dirge of the Fin-of-the-Shark (*næremkæt*). At this particular time, a group of Eagles from the Nass, that of Trhalarhætk, happened to arrive to trade at the post. Of the same ancestral origin as Legyarh, these Nass people came forward with a copper shield, and threw it into the hole as a foundation. So did Guhl rhærh and Skagwait of the Git'andaw, thus acknowledging their common origin. When they had finished, all the tribes together lifted the long pole. When it was erected, the spokesman for Legyarh announced: "Let all the chiefs go back into the house. There Legyarh will see them, and we will be happy together. It matters not if it takes many days. We are now happy again that Legyarh assumes his position among his equals."

The chiefs and their headmen entered Legyarh's house and, as they came in, they sang a nursery song belonging to the Eagle clan of Legyarh. When all were seated, Legyarh addressed them, beginning with the name of each of his distinguished guests: "Chief Tsibesæ, Chief Weesaiks . . . [a large number of them were named]. I greet you! To-day I have ended my deep mourning. Because of your influence, I have been able to overcome

my grief. Again I am associating with you in social activities. This will bring happiness to us all. The symbol (*sin'enlæideks*)¹ which you have just erected is the Fin-of-the-Shark (*næremkæt*), the Giant Shark that followed in the wake of our ancestors when they escaped from the country of the North Wind. As you all know, they separated at the mouth of Nass River. Some went up this river, and to-day you saw one of them come to my assistance, adding more value and prestige to this Fin-of-the-Shark.

"The Eagle which sits on top is in commemoration of the stone eagles which were lost while our ancestors were fugitives. When they took to flight, and were pursued by the Kanhadas who at the time out-numbered them, while they lived at the village of Larhsail, there had been a prolonged quarrel between Nees'wæmak, the Eagle chief who was our ancestor, and Hænatsu, the Kanhada chief, as to the location of their salmon weirs (*luulp*). The quarrel had been going on for a long time when it happened that one of our young chiefs of the Eagle had been carrying on an illicit love affair with a Kanhada princess. She was married to a son of the Kanhada chief at Larhsail, who was caught and killed. His death angered some of our thoughtless young men who at once went across to the Kanhada side of the village and killed a Kanhada. As we were greatly out-numbered, Nees'wæmak decided to flee the village at night. Gathering together all of the Eagle clansmen with their wives, they set off, going away towards the direction of the Southeast Wind (*hæi'wes*). They came to a place where they decided to anchor. Not having anything with which to anchor their canoes, they took their many copper shields and used them as anchors. Just before the break of day, they saw canoes approaching and, still afraid of the Kanhada people, they cut their anchors and again paddled off. When night came they anchored again, this time using as anchors the stone eagles which designated their clan, and which they had carried with them. Next morning, just at dawn, canoes were again seen coming upon them. Unable to haul up the stone eagles in time, they once more cut the anchor line and escaped. They now had lost their most valued possessions, the copper shields and the stone eagles. The long fin of a giant shark with an eagle sitting on it followed them continuously, so *Neeswæ'mak* decided to use the Fin as his exclusive crest.

"These Eagle clan people now arrived at the mouth of Nass River, where they separated. Some went where they knew former relatives had gone. These form now the Trhalarhætk, Læ'i, and Menæ'sk groups, and recognize the Fin to this day. In case the Legyarh house were without heirs, they would get one from any of the above groups, as all have the same crests and traditions, names, dirges, and nursery songs. Neeswæ'mak came to Marhlekrhahla, and then the Eagle clan went to the Gisparhlawts. Others went further south and joined the Kitamats, establishing a branch of the same clan there. The rest went to other tribes with the exception of Neeswæ'mak and Skagwait, who stayed among the Tsimsyans. Thus we grew into what we are now, among the Gisparhlawts, and elsewhere. In erecting this Fin-of-the-Shark, I am showing you what belongs to my own clan."

Turning to his own people, he said, "What have you to give to my guests, these chiefs? Have you opened my box? Bring it out, and distribute

¹ Here totem pole is meant.



Haida poles of the Shark, at Skidegate

it to the chiefs". Rhup and Kao'welæ then came forward and, addressing the Gisparhlawts, said, "Come, my fellow tribesmen! We will distribute the wealth of our master, Legyarh". Then they started to bring out from each pile which had already been apportioned, gifts of copper shields, moose skins (*hliyawn*), robes of fur, and as guns had now come into the hands of the people, they were included. This took a long while. When it was finished, and the guests had all been called, each of the spokesmen distributed gifts to each of the guest chiefs. Then Legyarh danced in front of each chief, as did all the lesser chiefs of his household. Food was distributed to all the guests. Thus ended a *rhmaes* feast.

On the next day was the *la'arh*. This was held in the following manner. The huge pile of gifts which had been set aside for this purpose was placed on the beach below Legyarh's house. All the lekarkiget and others who had not been guests at the *rhmaes* feast would take part in this. They stood some distance away from the pile and as soon as the Gispahlawts called out "*wæ*", there was a wild scramble for the pile of goods, each helping himself to as much as he could. Then the chief Legyarh brought the guest chiefs into his house to give them the final food feast. For this he had made special canoes in which two naked men sat. A quantity of water was put in, then soapberries were added. The men in the canoes began stirring this with their hands and feet, working hard until the soapberries had foamed up. This was brought to the guest chiefs where they sat, the men still in the canoes, stirring the soapberries. The guests could not resent it. Many knew that this was a taunt aimed at the Gitrhahla who had served seaweed of poor quality to their guests when Tsibesæ had given his *rhmaes* feast. Legyarh had planned this retaliation. The only form of retaliation then allowed (by the white traders) was a *rhmaes* feast in which one would outdo the other who was guilty of offence. The Gitrhahla knew that this *rhmaes* had been aimed at them.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926. The long traditional account was recorded by William Beynon from John Tait — Sæleben — of Port Simpson, 1947. This pole had been recorded by the author at Port Simpson, in 1915.)

The Fin-of-the-Shark (Skeena River), the pole of the Fin-of-the-Shark (*næremkæt*), at the Gispahlawts village near Shames on the lower Skeena.

Description. This pole was almost similar to the long Fin-of-the-Shark at Port Simpson. At the Gispahlawts village, it stood among many other poles on an island where the main village stood. But the village and the poles were washed away by floods before the informant was born.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace, chief of the Ravens in the Gitsees tribe. Interpreter, William Beynon, 1926.)

The Fin-of-the-Shark (Nass River), the totem pole called Fin-of-the-Shark (*naremkæt*), of Tsenshut, a chief of an Eagle clan, at Gitwinksihlk, on the canyon of Nass River.

Information. This short pole stood, at one time, in the part of Gitwinksihlk known under the name of Gitsæq, where the Larh-tsemælih (On-the-Beaver) lived. As was his right, Tsenshut was getting ready to erect a tall Fin-of-the-Shark, a memorial column with one of his clan crests. But the ambitious Hladerh, Wolf chief at Gitrhadeen, lower on the river, objected to its length. He would not stand anybody but himself to raise such a long pole, which denoted high rank, and ordered Tsenshut to cut it down. This was done, but Hladerh was not yet satisfied. They had to reduce its length a second time.

This happened about 1870, during a period of intense rivalries on lower Nass River. This pole has since disappeared.

(Informant, Charles Barton, a Wolf chief of Gitrhadeen, in 1927.)



Haida house and house-front pole, at Skidegate

The Dog-fish Pole of Lukawt at Skidegate (Haida), described by J. R. Swanton (97: 123, and Plate I, Fig. 2).

The pole represented in Plate I, Fig. 2, belonged to Lukawt, chief of the Seaward-Squohladas, and stood at Skidegate. His wife was of the Rotten-House-People. The Dog-fish at the top, with its tail standing up straight and its head brought out forward, as well as the Raven immediately beneath it, belonged to her; while the Killer-Whale at the bottom, which has its tail folded up below, was her husband's crest.

THE BEAVER

TSIMSYAN

Origin of the Beaver Crest (Gitsalas), at the canyon of Skeena River, according to the informant Walter Wright (Neeshaiwærhs, Gispewudwade of Gitsalas). Recorded by William Beynon, in 1926.

Long after the Gitrhawn (Salmon-Eater) clan in the Eagle phratry established itself and took the lead at Gitsalas, it happened, one morning, that Gwærnk did not get up as usual. As it seemed strange to his household, someone went to his couch and pulled off his blanket. He was dead, and they saw an arrow stuck in his body. They took it out and examined it. It had a bone point, and was carved wonderfully.

The nephews of the murdered man gave a feast that day in order to examine everybody and see who was the murderer. The arrow was passed around and examined, but no one could recognize it. Two strangers, big men, were seen at the feast. They sat at the door. When the arrow came to them, one said, "Oh! Here it is! It belongs to Pelemgwæ." Everyone looked in surprise while the strangers went out, taking the arrow with them. The people followed, giving chase to these men. As they neared the lake, they thought that they surely would overtake them. The fugitives jumped into the lake. When they emerged, the pursuers saw two huge beavers, one with an arrow in its mouth. Then they dove into the waters and disappeared. The people now knew that it was the Beaver who had killed their chief.

After the body of the murdered chief was disposed of and a successor put in his place, the people planned to break the huge beaver dam and destroy the beavers. They prepared hemlock poles with which to dig away the mud, and drove stakes into the large dam. They worked many days and finally, when they had driven in all their stakes and they had almost burst the dam, the men appointed to finish the job fasted and prepared for it. As they went to strike away the pegs, Neeshaiwærhs, Gitrhawn, and Qawm stood to spear the monster Beaver when he came up. Opposite the broken beaver dam on the other shore were Neestarhoq and Sædzan. They were to watch for the Beaver. All prepared, the dam was broken. As the beavers came out, the people slaughtered them. The large Beaver with human heads on its back was first speared by the Kanhade Sædzan; then by the Eagle men of Gitrhawn. After struggling a long time, the Raven harpoon came out, and the Eagles were then acknowledged the owners of the Beaver. They took it to their side of the creek. Another big beaver, the wife of the monster Beaver, escaped and took refuge in a great whirlpool afterwards known as Kwidawren (two miles above the present Hannel station).

The people there were afraid to live in their village. Those who stayed over on the other side of the river, went up farther to the edge of what was then a lake, and they were known as People-on-edge-of-Lake (Gitlarh-tsæhlta). This was abbreviated to Gitktsærhl. They were Gwærnk (Eagle), Neestarhoq of the house of Neeshaiwærhs (Gispewudwade), and Sædzan (Raven-Kanhade). The other three, on the opposite shore, built a village on a high hill known as Larh-galwælp (right above first tunnel). These three were Neeshaiwærhs (Gispewudwade), Qawm (Raven), and Gitrhawn (Eagle).



Tsimshian totem pole of the Standing-Beaver, at Port Simpson

After this the people were unable to get salmon at the canyon, so the two villages moved farther down the river to a place called Andudoon, their village. Here there were many houses and people. When they moved here, the Beaver people followed them and burrowed under the village until there was only a thin crust of earth under them. When the people went out at night they would fall through this crust. The next morning many of the Gitsalaserh people were missing.

Again they moved away. The three who had made the village of Gitksærhl moved on farther up the river to Ktsem'nahusk. Neeshaiwærhs, Gitrhawn, and Qawm came to a place above the canyon which was known as People-of-the-Falling-Leaves (Gitwelmærh). Here they caught the salmon and made their home. Some time after, they decided to move back to the canyon, as it afforded greater protection in event of war. So the people on one side moved to the canyon on what is known as Beaver-Foothill (*tsawlem-tawdzep*). They were known as People-on-Edge-of-Precipice (Gitlarhdzaw),* and the people on the opposite side moved to where they had originally built their village. They became known as Gitlartsehl. Gitrhawn was afterwards the head of all the Gitselasuh houses.

The Beaver Crest (Gillodzar), origin of the Beaver as a crest of the Eagle clan in the Gillodzar tribe of the Tsimshians. (Recorded by William Beynon from informant John Tait — Sælæben, of an Eagle clan in the Gisparhlawts tribe, in 1948.)

A great famine came upon the people while they were living at the Skeena River. There were no salmon in the streams, and the snow was falling. To escape this, some hunters went to their individual hunting grounds where they managed to gather enough to keep alive. Among these was a Gitsalas man, Hlekyaws, and his wife Winluhlks (Large-Eagle's-Nest). He was an Eagle, and she a Raven. All the Gitsalas had their own hunting grounds except this man. He possessed none to go to, and was now feeling weak from lack of food. He said to his wife, "Come, I know of a valley farther up the river. The people will not hunt there, as they fear it as an abode of a supernatural being called Ksekan'ul (Water-of-the-Bear-Trap). I do not know whether there is any food there, but we have nothing to do but try this place." They set out.

When they reached the mouth of a stream the man became so weak that he could go no farther. His wife made a hut of branches, and they rested by a fire. He was too ill the next day, to move from the hut, so the woman went to the creek and caught a couple of trout. As she knew that trout were plentiful, she gathered roots and made a small wicker trap (*mawhl*) with which she caught larger trout. Next day it snowed heavily, and they were unable to go further. She gathered fire wood and made a stronger shelter.

Gradually the man regained his strength. Soon he was able to assist his wife in trout fishing, and later they went on until they came to the mouth of another river, the Ksemkawt. They stayed here a while. On finding salmon bones on the shore, the woman made a larger wicker trap with which to get spring salmon. They both had fully recovered from the

* The location of the village at the edge of a steep precipice to the foot of which they would throw their victims in time of war; hence they represented the people as being leaves of a tree, and falling into the canyon.

effects of the famine. The snow melted, and the freshets came. The hunter and his wife went farther up the valley.

One day they saw some chopped wood chips floating in the stream. "There must be people living here, as these are not the chips of a gnawing beaver," the man said. They mounted a high hill to view the surrounding country. In the distance was a lake from which smoke was coming. "Let us travel in that direction, and see who these people are," the man said to his wife. A few days later, they came to the lake, and saw a large village on each side of a small creek running from the lake. They camped nearby in order to see who lived here, and approached the village at night to listen. When they heard their own tongue, they knew that these were the Gillodzar people who lived at Klarhkyæls lake. Next day they made themselves known, and became members of this village; the woman, a member of this tribe and of the house of Neeskyimæs, and the man, who was an Eagle, a member of the Eagle group of Neeshlil.

Klarhkyæls river was then only a small stream; the Skeena itself was not very big either and, in those days, it flowed into the Kitamat country (not as it does now, to the West), because giant beavers had made their dams in such a way as to block the river's course, and make a lake. Only that which ran over the dam, at the Klarhkyæls, was what flowed down Klarhkyæls river. The same with Skeena River. The giant beaver had constructed a dam at what is now the canyon, thereby diverting the river to the Kitamat country. The people at Klarhkyæls feared the giant beaver who, with his large tail, caused storms to break over the lake. So the new Eagle man and all the Gillodzar planned to destroy the giant beaver.

They armed themselves with large spears and went to the huge dam. When they had dug a channel through it, and the water had run out, the great beaver came in search of the break to repair it. The hunters had hidden themselves near the break, and as the beaver was making repairs, the watchers came out of hiding. The Eagle and the Gispewudwade spearsmen attacked the beaver at the same time, and it struggled. In the struggle the spear of the Gispewudwade broke, and the Eagle man thrust another spear into the beaver. Eventually they killed it, and all beings that were on its body; they died at the same time. In each paw and on the large tail were human faces. While the beaver was alive, the eyes of these faces opened and closed, but now that it was dead they were shut. Since the Eagles had actually killed this giant beaver, they claimed it as their own exclusive property, to be used as their crest. Had the spear of the Gispewudwade people not broken, they too would have had the privilege of using this crest. As it was, it became the exclusive property of the Eagles, and was first used by the Gillodzar Eagle.

The people were now free to catch the salmon which abounded in the lake and the stream flowing into the Kitamat country, and which had been denied them before the killing of the great Beaver. Also now that the beaver dam was broken, the waters of the lake flowed into the Klarhkyæls and the Skeena Rivers. The Gillodzar people moved down to the mouth of the newly-widened river; they made their village at the mouth. On one side was the village of the Gispewudwade people of this tribe, and on the other, that of the Kanhade clan. Here too the Eagle group lived, each having its own fishing stations where they used their *mawhl* traps.

When they had stayed here for a considerable time, the Eagle man Tigyai'on went hunting into the Large-('weetin) Valley. This was a place where everyone was afraid to go, as it was the abode of the giant Beaver. Tales were told of strange beings that had been seen in this unclaimed region. As the Eagle man had no hunting territory of his own, he went up into this valley. For a long while his wife and one of her own phratric cousins, a Gispewudwade named Sunæts, had taken every opportunity for meeting secretly. Sunæts had been cautioned by his own uncle Neeshlkumeeek the Gillodzar chief, but the young man disregarded warnings and kept right on in his illicit love affair. When the Eagle went to his hunting territory, he saw that the valley was abundant in game. In spite of this, all his snares remained empty.

One day he heard a groundhog whistling right behind him. The Eagle now suspected that his wife was unfaithful. He had told them at his house that he would be gone many days, but he now decided to return unexpectedly at night. Next day he said to his nephews who were with him, "We will return to-morrow. There is something wrong which causes our bad luck." Early next day they set out on their return journey, and neared the village just before night. "We will wait here till dark," the Eagle man said to his nephews. "When everyone is asleep, I will go to my wife and see for myself whether all is as it should be." When everything was quiet, he entered his house and went directly to where his wife was sleeping. A man slept with her whom he recognized as one of his own clan relations. He crept close up, killed the man, and, taking the head, placed it over the doorway inside of the house. The woman escaped and hid in the woods. After the Eagle man had killed Sunæts, he rejoined his nephews, and they returned to his hunting ground. The woman, who had seen her husband go away again, returned to the house. She buried the remains of her lover under their sleeping place, and then went about as if nothing had happened. A few days later, the Eagle man returned and behaved as usual.

In the meantime, Neeshlkumeeek, the Gillodzar chief, had missed his nephew Sunæts. While he suspected that he had been killed, there was nothing he could say until he was sure. So one day he sent his slave woman over to the Eagle house to bring back live fire. The slave woman entered and said, "My master's fire has gone out. He has sent me to get live coals to start it again." So saying, she took her pitch-wood torches, put them in the fire, and looked about the house for anything suspicious. Taking her pitch torch she went to the door, just as she was about to step out, a drop of blood fell on her hand. Without emotion she went out, stumbled, and extinguished her fire torch. She returned at once, saying, "I fell as I went down the bank and my *tu'elk* (torch) went out. She warmed herself by the fire before re-lighting her torch, and cautiously looked towards the door. There was a human head on the drying sticks. As she went out with her lighted torch she recognized the head of her master Sunæts. The Eagle man knew that she had found out, and he told all in the house to prepare for battle. The chief's house would certainly seek revenge, and the Eagles were out-numbered.

As soon as the slave woman returned to Neeshlkumeeek's house, she said, "They have killed my master. His head hangs over the door of the Thoughtless-One's house." She started to weep, and so did everyone in the

house. The young men rose, thinking of immediate revenge, but Neeshlkumeeek spoke: "Do not be hasty. Remember that Sunæts was having an illicit affair with his own clan relation. This in itself is a disgraceful thing among our people, and will bring great embarrassment to me and my house. We will be dubbed as *kæts'* (endogamic) people, who sleep with their own clan relations. As we are in difficulties, avoid bringing ridicule upon us." Even though the chief was dissuading them from retaliating, some of the young hot-heads went over and saw that the Eagle group wanted to fight. They returned and made their own preparations.

The Eagle group knew the Gillodzar would come back in greater numbers, so during the night they fled down the Skeena River. Some went to the Gitandaw, some to the Gisparhlawts. Those who went to the Gisparhlawts joined their clan relations Kæ'welrh; those of the Gitandaw joined the Neershlaw group. With them they took their giant Beaver crest. It was thus that these other Eagle houses were able to use it. In turn, the Eagle crest in another form, that of "Gnawing Beaver," became the emblem of the royal Eagle houses. This was the last of the Eagles in the Gillodzar tribe. No way could be found by which the Gillodzar could ask for *kseesk* (compensation) for the death of their relative without exposing themselves to ridicule. While it was common knowledge among all the people, nothing could be done, for then the house of Neeshlkumeeek would be called a *kæts'* house.

The Beaver Poles of Neeskawdeks, two totem poles of the Beaver, belonging to Neeskawdeks, of the Eagle clan of Gitrhawn, at the canyon of the Skeena.

Myth of the Beaver crest on the totem pole belonging to Neeskawdeks related by S. W. Gaum, Raven chief of the Gilarhdzoks, in 1926.

(Interpreter, William Beynon.)

This narrative explains the reason why the people once left Git'aus for the Fortress (*ta'awdzep*) at the canyon.

A little above the place where the people lived, in the vicinity of Git'aus, there was a lake in which many beavers had built a dam. The beaver hunters had a trail leading from Git'aus to the lake.

One night, after the villagers had retired, one of the chiefs called Kwanqat, belonging to the Eagle household of Neesnagwulk, died by an arrow. The family found this out next morning; his body was covered up with a mat, and the arrow was still sticking up in his body. Nobody knew how it had happened, or for what reason. Usually the people could recognize who had made an arrow, but this one was of a strange make.

After Kwanqat had been cremated and the funeral had taken place, the villagers played gambling games and held competitions. While a game was on, an unknown man arrived, wearing a beaver garment in the style familiar at the canyon. Before they had finished their game, the arrow that had killed the chief was once more passed around for inspection. As usual, nobody could identify the maker. When the arrow passed to the hands of the stranger, he said, "This is the arrow point of my brother Pelhemgwa'." And at once he pulled his beaver garment over his head and walked out of the house



Tsimshian Beaver pole and house post of the Gitsalas Canyon



taking the arrow with him. Some men followed him and watched him, to find out in what direction he was going. He disappeared up the trail leading to the beaver lake. They spied him as he stood at the edge of the lake, and saw him jump in. He reappeared as a beaver on the far side. So it was obvious that the stranger who had come to their house was a Beaver man.

When the men tracking the stranger returned home, they said, "A beaver has killed the chief." For this reason, the people decided to wreck the beaver dam. While they were lowering the waters of the lake to destroy the dam, beavers began to come out. They were slaughtered, all of them. In the midst of the lake, a huge beaver slowly emerged from the water. This they recognized as the Chief Beaver, the one who had killed Kwanqat. He was at once attacked by two young Eagle clansmen of the middle class (*lekarh-kiget*), Larhayaurh and Haksumksk. They killed the Beaver.

The household of Neeskilawp received this Beaver as a crest, and it was represented thereafter on their totem pole at the Fortress (*ta'awdzep*). It is the tallest of the poles still standing at the Gitsalas canyon, with a large Beaver at the bottom. It had fallen, but the people recently put it up against a wild crabapple tree. Formerly the house to which it belonged stood near it, but it collapsed many years ago.

According to the tradition, the Beaver found in the lake had human faces or figures all around it, in the hands, on the head, and on its tail.

I. THE OLDER BEAVER POLE:

Age, particulars. This Beaver totem pole was erected before the informant, old chief Gaum, was born; but he remembers having seen the aged Neeskawdeks who had it erected. The name of the carver had been forgotten.

We are told that after the villagers had drained the lake and killed the



Beaver's Gnawing-Stick of Gitsalas

beavers, they left their houses and moved from Git'aus to the Fortress at the canyon, because it was more convenient for fishing. Other people who at that time resided at Gitrhtsærh, also moved down to the canyon. At one time they had lived at the edge of the Beaver Lake. The two groups established themselves on both sides of the canyon. The name of Gitrhtsærh is a (*gyanemrh*) term for Gitlarhtsærhl-tax (People-at-the-edge-of-the-lake).

The other half of the tribe was called Gitlarhdzawrh (People-on-ravine), which was the name of the hollow behind the Fortress.

II. THE NEWER BEAVER POLE:

This pole, on the island at the canyon, shows the whole Beaver (or two Beavers) in flat form. This is called Squatting-Beaver (*haitkem stsawl*). It was erected about 1886. Its carver was Neeslaranows (Wolf chief of the Gitlæn tribe), whose work counts with the best among the Tsimsyans proper (Beynon stated that some of his work is found at Gitrhahla on Porcher Island.)

This pole was re-erected in 1929 under the joint auspices of the Federal Government and the Canadian National Railways.



Beaver pole of Luleq, at Port Simpson

The Pelemgwa Pole, totem pole of the Beaver (*pelemgwa'*) belonging to the house of Neeskawdeks, member of an Eagle clan, on the Fortress (*ta'awdzep*) in the Gitsalas canyon of the mid-Skeena River. Fallen down, it was re-erected in 1928, under the auspices of the Dominion Government and the Canadian National Railways.

(Informant, Rosa Herring, Port Essington, of the household of Qawm, Gitsalas canyon, 1926.)

The Beaver Pole of Gitsalas (Tsimsyans), at the canyon of the Skeena River, according to Mrs. Agnes Hudson, of Vanarsdol (in 1926).



Gnawing-of-the-Stick house posts, Gitiks (top). Haida Beavers (below)

The pole of the Beaver belongs to Neesharh of the house of Neeshag-walk. It was erected when she was small, during the plague.

The Remnants-of-Gnawing of Gwunahaw, the totem pole of Remnants-of-Gnawing (*kamnakæ'ike*) at the Gwunahaw deserted village site, on the south side of the canyon of Nass River.

Description, age. This pole, showing the Sitting-Beaver gnawing a stick, bears the name above, and was the property of Gitsæ'en, an Eagle (*larhskeek*) of the group of Na'us, independent of that of the local head-chief Gwirhmaaurh, also an Eagle, of the canyon of the Nass. Gitsæ'en's family is now extinct. This pole was erected about the same time as the few others at Gwunahaw, that is, from 1890 to 1910.

(Informant, Peter Neesyawq, an old Wolf chief of Gitlarhdamks; William Beynon, interpreter, 1929.)

The Beaver House of Tralarhætk, with its symbol the Gnawing-of-the-Stick (*kamanqaaigai'*), belonged to chief Tralahæth of the Gitrhawn clan at Gitiks. It had not yet entirely disappeared in 1927. At that time, two of its uprights were still standing, supporting a heavy frontal beam. These three main posts and beam bear the representations of the incisor marks of the Beaver (as shown on the photograph). Old Tralarhæt (Bolton or Gitiks), the last owner of this house, had stayed on with his three wives at Gitiks many years after the other villagers had become converts and moved down to Kincolith, on Portland Canal. According to Lazarus Moody, of Gitrhadeen, it was built about 50 years ago.

The Standing-Beaver of Sqagwait, the pole of the Standing-Beaver (*hæitkem-rhstsawl*), also called Remnants-of-Chewing (*kam-nakækesk* or *nakam-kæike-rhstsawl*: stick gnawed by beaver) of the Beaver, belonging under this form exclusively to Skagwait among the Tsimsyans, the Eagle head-chief of the Ginarhangyeek tribe of the Tsimsyans proper at Port Simpson.

Description. This pole consisted formerly of the Standing-Beaver, about 15 feet high, surmounted by many disks (*lanemreit*), more than 17. According to an informant, this pole bore many marks of the gnawing by the beaver. In 1947, it still stood, but without the disks, which were cut down some time before 1915. A photograph, reproduced on page 106, shows the whole pole as it formerly stood in front of the old house with a painted front with the same Beaver crest, and a round front opening. This painting in the old style represented the Eagle, the main crest of the phratry associated with the Beaver.

Function. It stands in memory of a former Skagwait.

Carver, age. Carved by Kamayæm, a member of a Gispewudwade clan of the Git'andaw tribe of the Tsimsyans proper, it was one of the earliest poles erected in Port Simpson, before the pole of Kansuh, at the time when informant Herbert Wallace was still young. (He was 72 years old in 1926.)

The Gnawing-Beaver, the Gnawing-Beaver of Chief Skagwait, of the Gitandaw tribe of the Tsimsyans at Port Simpson, according to Mrs. Viola E. Garfield (50: 211).

Another commemorative pole is that of Chief Skagwait of the Gitandaw tribe, called the Gnawing Beaver. A fifteen-foot wooden pole, on which is carved the Beaver figure with a five-ringed hat, marks the burial place of Paul Skagwait, who died in 1887. The wooden

pole faces the water. Behind it, facing the street, is a marble representation of the same crest, erected in memory of the predecessor of the present chief. He died in 1914 or 1915.

The Beaver-House Front of 'Neesrhlaw, chief of an Eagle household and part of the Skagwait clan in the Gitandaw tribe, at Port Simpson; and the same Beaver crest carved on the totem pole of Gistæku, at the same place.

Description. The Spirit-Beaver (*narhnarem-rhtsawl*), its head turned down, to distinguish it from the Sitting-Beaver, the emblem of the highest Eagle clan, had no chewing stick in its mouth, but was characterized by a checkered tail in which a human face was carved.

It was carved on the totem pole of Gistæku, and also represented on the four corner posts of Gistæku's house. Here a chewed (with rings) stick protruded from the back of the Beaver. The name for the stick here was Old-Remnants-of-the-Chewing-Stick (*kamnagyæikask*). Another chewed stick protruded over the roof of the house at the four corners; it had about three sections like a ceremonial hat (*lanemræt*).

(Informant McKay and wife, of Skagwait's house; interpreter, William Beynon. Port Simpson, 1915.)

The Eagle and Beaver Pole of Luleq (Corpse or Ghost), chief of an Eagle clan in the Gitandaw tribe at Port Simpson, on the island (near McKay's house facing the inlet).

Description. The Eagle (*rhskyæk*) sat at the top of the pole, and the Erect-Beaver, at the bottom, with another figure between them.

Function, carver, and age. In memory of a former Luleq, it was carved by Kamayæm (of a Gispewudwade clan in the Gitandaw tribe), when informant Herbert Wallace (aged 72, in 1926) was a young boy. Still standing in 1926, it was photographed.

(Interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

The Beaver-House Posts of Gilæskemerén, member of an Eagle clan in the Gitandaw tribe on the lower Skeena. Probably no longer in existence in 1915, but recently seen.

Description. The crest of this household was the Spirit-Beaver (*narhnarem-rhtsawl*), represented on the four corner posts of the house, inside, and without the chewing stick or rings on its head. This emblem had been adopted in a feast by the chief of the house, this without an explanation or a mythical account.

(Informant McKay and wife; interpreter, William Beynon, Port Simpson, in 1915.)

The Beaver and Eagle Pole of Qagwæis, an Eagle chief of Gitrhahla, a coast Tsimshyan tribe. This chief was of Gitlaw'p (Stone-People) extraction; his close relative at Gitlaw'p, a southern coast Tsimshyan tribe, was Qallamil; and he claimed other relatives at Kitamat. These Eagles were not of Fugitive Tlingit stock.

Description. On the pole the only figures carved were:

1. The Sitting-Beaver gnawing a stick, at the base;
2. The long round shaft, upon which the Eagle sat at the top.

Age. It no longer exists, having fallen down before the informant was born.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, an old Gitrhahla chief; William Beynon, interpreter, 1939.)

THE BEAVER

HAIDA

Weeæ's House and Totem Poles at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands. The information given here on the house and four poles of Weeæ's, the head-chief of the Graham Island (northern) Haidas after the 1870's, is derived from two sources, plus the author's own interpretation of the crests as seen on the photograph.

First. An old photograph (presumably taken in the early 1880's) found in the files of McGill University, Montreal. Written in pencil at the verso we read: "McCord Museum, now McGill University, A. 20.11./5178./ Chief Weah's House/ Massett/ Belonged to Kitelsewas/ Pole sent to Oxford University England/ Judge J. G. Swan of Port Townsend always stopped here"/ [Added much later in ink: the photo] "Property of McGill University Museums, Montreal."

Second. Verbal information recorded by the author in 1939 from Alfred Adams, of Massett (Adams died about 1946), as follows:

Old Massett's Haida name was Had'aiwas, "the Hanging Light," which presumably was given to the village at the time, soon after 1880, when Collison, the missionary, established his school and church there, with a light at times hanging outside over the door. The new village was built on the site of an ancient village under the leadership of Chief Skidahlko.

At the time of Collison's arrival, the leadership of the tribe had changed from Skidahlko to Weeæ, chief of the Eagles in the middle of Massett, who belonged to the Gitrhun (or Gitrhawn), Salmon-Eater clan. The other local chiefs in the same Eagle clan were: Sanheegens, Githegwa, and Steelte (the totem-pole carver). At Skidegate to the south the following were his relatives: Gitrhun and his people, or Captain Khlu, John Cross, Paul Jones.

The special crests of the Weeæ households (of the Gyt'ens phratry) at Massett were: 1. the Fairy Skyil, a small supernatural woman with a young child described in stories and personal names; 2. Qingk, a mythical being looking down into the sea described in the clan tradition and shown on the carved poles; and 3. the Eagle Oot, a general emblem of the whole clan at Massett and elsewhere.

The Fairy Skyil belongs to a group of households whose name is People-of-the-Kelp or People-anchored-by-kelp-fast-on-the-bottom (*sadzugahllanes*). Their foremost chief once in the past began to fast and to drink the medicine called *helawk*, the bitter herb, while staying in a mountain behind Yan River. He stayed there in seclusion for many days waiting for a vision. Finally the Fairy appeared to him with her baby, and he gazed at her. He took hold of her baby, and returned it to her only after she had promised him that he would become a great chief. Several of the traditional names of the family allude to details in this supernatural vision, for instance, Skyilqihlas (he-Gazed-at-the-Fairy), Skyihlhegen (News-of-the-Fairy-goes-round or makes a noise, is famous), Skyilqalkwun (Hunting-for-the-Fairy), Skyilkyiwat (He-lays-across-the-Fairy-trail or Fairy's-trail), Skyildugehl (Going-out to-get-the Fairy, that is, going out to the woods), Skyilqadzo (Waiting-for-Fairies).

The Qingk supernatural being of the sea is presumably the same as the Trhakawl of other Gitrhawn families on the Nass and the Skeena, among the Tsimshians. It was shown as a crest on the main totem pole in front of the house that Adams saw, when young. The tradition relates how, at one time long ago, the head-chief, who was the father of the Raven, summoned the chiefs to a big feast. At the time the Raven was still white. After the guests had come in, one of the chiefs caused the Flood: the tide came in and never stopped. The host erected a tall pole and made it grow for the chiefs, his guests, to climb and escape drowning. The White Raven meanwhile sat at the top. Actually the Raven, son of Qingk, was the power producing the magic that made the pole grow. This, in very brief, is the tradition of Weeæ's family and clan, now illustrated on their totem poles.

The house of Weeæ' according to Alfred Adams, was called Big-House (*niyu'wans*). Inside, it had two deep steps down, each of three feet.

Third. The crests on the four totem poles in front of Weeæ's house, for lack of definite information, may be interpreted as follows. The main totem pole, about 50 feet high, was carved from one half of a very large red cedar tree, and presumably was hollowed out at the back. The figures from the top down, are:

1. The Eagle Oot, small, sitting between
2. Two "watchmen" facing in opposite directions, sideways, and wearing conical hats with three *skills* or cylinders each;
3. Qingk, the large supernatural human-like being looking into the sea;
4. Three of the chiefs, wearing conical hats with cylinders, climbing the pole sectioned in the form of eight cylinders, to save themselves from waters of the Flood (according to the clan tradition);
5. Presumably the White Raven, the large figure at the bottom, back to house front; the Raven, who, with his father Qingk, was connected with the Flood, here carries a small animal whose body is in his mouth, its head outwards; this may be his escort, the Butterfly, in his early cosmic activities; the other, held head down against his body, may be the Mink.

The two corner posts, about half the length of the tall frontal pole, both elaborate beautifully some episodes of the Bear-Mother myth (developed elsewhere in this book). Two or three Grizzly Bears are shown on each pole, together with the twin cubs or with the woman ravished by the Grizzly. These corner posts must have displayed the crests of Weeæ's wife, as they belong to the phratry opposite to that of the owner.

The next pole to the right, presumably erected at a later date, shows:

1. Eight cylinders once more illustrating the episode of the Flood;
2. The man at the top may be another representation of Qingk with a conical hat;
3. The bird with a long bill is the Raven with his Son between his folded wings (in an episode of his career given elsewhere); and at the bottom,
4. The Beaver with his twin incisors; this crest was derived from the fur-trade connections, after 1830, with the Hudson's Bay Company, particularly with Legyarh of Port Simpson, who belonged to the same Eagle clan.



Sitting-Beaver of Weeæ at Massett (right).
southern Haida Beaver pole (left)

The Sitting-Beaver of Weeæ, Eagle head-chief of Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, now at the National Museum of Canada (No. VII B.17).

The catalogue record is: "Pole No. 1 from Massett. Beaver pole from inside Chief George's house represents a Beaver crest . . . Collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe in 1900."

Actually this stately post, about 18 feet high, in an old photograph from the American Museum of Natural History, is seen standing, one of a pair, some distance in front of the large ceremonial house of the head-chief of the Massett Haidas. Chief George is meant for George Weeæ, head of the Eagle clan under his leadership, close relative of Legyarh of Port Simpson, to whom he was said to owe his ascent to the head-chieftainship. His name in Tsimshyan (*weerhæ*) means Big-Slave. Still in use among the Tsimshyans, it is intended to convey the opposite meaning, a boast familiar not only on the north Pacific Coast, but also in Asia.

The Beaver emblem on this post, one of the finest of its type, is more elaborately carved, although not more impressive, than Skagwait's Beaver pole at Port Simpson, one of the last still to stand there. It displays its essential stylistic features, the large incisors, the chewing stick across its mouth, and the checkered tail. A large face is engraved on the body, and human faces in high relief decorate the tail and the two paws of the Beaver.

The Eagle and Beaver House Post of Skedans No. 1 (Haida) belonging to the wife of the owner, collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe for the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, where it stood for a time. (It bore the Museum number 79716.)

102656



Haida Beaver pole of Skidegate

Description. From 10 to 12 feet high, with hollow back, it is a very fine carving of the figures (from top to bottom) of: 1. the Eagle with folded wings; 2. a human face with short feathers erect round the head; 3. the Sitting-Beaver with long incisors, checker tail turned upwards and decorated with a human face (but without a chewing stick); 4. an unidentified human face with hands in front of its body. Dr. Newcombe stated that the smaller figures are merely ornamental.

Function, age. It stood first at the rear end of the Grizzly-Bear house at Kona or Skedans, and represents the crests of a woman belonging to the family of "Those-born-at-Kona" (Kona-kehawai), of the Eagle phratry. The owner of the house belonged to the Ravens, and displayed his own crests on the high totem pole outside.

It may have been erected at Skedans about 1875.

The Eagle and Beaver House Post of Skedans No. 2 (Haida), Queen Charlotte Islands, collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe for the American Museum of Natural History, New York (No. 79716). The photo was found in the files of the National Museum of Canada. It formerly stood at the rear of the Grizzly-Bear house at Kona or Skedans. The owner of the house was a member of the Raven clan who displayed his crests on the totem pole outside his house (in front). The crests on this house post belonged to his wife, a member of the family of Those-born-at-Kona (*kona-kehawai*) in the Eagle clan. Her main crests on this inside post are the Eagle above and the Sitting-Beaver below. The three smaller human faces, the topmost with three *skil* (cylinders), were not interpreted; they may be merely ornamental. Or the one in front of the Beaver, with its sharp nose, may allude to the Raven transformed (in the creation myth) into a little boy for the purpose of stealing the salmon from the beaver traps. The long incisors of the Beaver, and the checkered tail, are not accompanied here by the usual chewing stick.

The Eagle and Beaver Pole of Skedans (Haida), Queen Charlotte Islands, now standing in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto (R. O. M. A. 1724).

Unpainted and standing 52 feet, 9 inches high, it is one of the tallest and finest Haida poles, still quite new when collected some time before the Royal Ontario Museum was built (no data seem to be available). It no doubt belonged to the Eagle clan of Skedans or Kona, and possibly to the household of Those-born-at-Kona (*kona-kehawai*). This clan was connected with the leading Eagle chief Gitrhun or Gitrhawn (Salmon-Eater) whose relatives abroad — at Massett, on the Nass, and on the Skeena — own the same emblems. Their myth of southward migrations down the sea-coast from the North is given in the Salmon-Eater chapter above.

The pole is surmounted by:

1. The Eagle perched on the central *skil* (cylinder) on the head of
2. One of the three "watchmen," a familiar group of figures chiefly in the southern villages of the Haida;
3. The large bird below is the Eagle (without its beak) with folded wings;
4. A small human figure holding the Frog, presumably an allusion to



Haida Beaver post, at Skedans



Eagle and Beaver of Skedans



Eagle and Beaver of Skedans, Royal Ontario Museum



The Beaver, at Skedans

Volcano or Frog Woman, who, according to the Gitrhawn myth, appeared after the volcano eruption;

5. The Thunderbird with its bill bent down and its wings folded;
6. The Whale with a spouthole in its forehead; it is here associated as usual with the Thunderbird who has captured it in the sea;
7. The Sitting-Beaver displaying its long incisors, its checkered tail with a human face, and its gnawing stick.

Because of its close resemblance to "The Eagle and Beaver house post of Skedans" collected by Dr. Newcombe for the American Museum of Natural History, New York, it seems to have been from the hands of the same carver, and to have belonged to the same household. The small human face on the Beaver's head is also surmounted by four *skil* cylinders. Other similarities all tell the same story.

The Eagle and Beaver of Gitrhun, of Skedans (Haida), now in the municipal park of Prince Rupert. Information from William Beynon and Alfred Adams, in 1939.



Beaver totem poles of Skedans

The ancestor Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater is also claimed by Gitrhun of Skedans, whose name in Tsimshyan is the same. It was carved about 60 years ago, possibly by a Skidegate carver. Its present gaudy coat of paint is not authentic. Its crests, from top to bottom, are:

1. The Eagle, whose head is surmounted by two cylinders (*skils*); the small figure below was not identified — it probably belongs to the figure below;
2. Presumably the Raven with its long beak bent down and cut out of a log; the small being, with pointed ears on its head, may be the Butterfly or the Mink, Raven's companions at one time;
3. The Beaver crest, with its large stylized incisors and checkered tail;
4. The Grizzly Bear carrying in his mouth the woman he was kidnapping.

This pole obviously brought out mixed crests, until then customary only among the Haidas, of the husband and the wife; he belonged to the leading Eagle clan of the coast, she to the Raven phratry.

The Eagle and Beaver at Ninstints, recorded by J. R. Swanton (97: 122. Pl. I, Fig. 1).

Plate I, Figure 1, shows the model of a pole which formerly stood in front of the house of one of those-born-at-Saki at the town of Ninstints. At the top is an eagle, and at the bottom a beaver, both of which belonged to the husband's family; while the wolf carved between them belonged to his wife, a woman of the Rhagi-Town-People, the most important Raven family in the same town.

Origin of the Beaver Crest among the Haidas, indicated by J. R. Swanton (97: 109).

The beaver was brought back from the Tsimshian country by the children of Property-making-a-Noise.

A woman of the Widja-Gitans was carried off to Port Simpson as a slave, and a chief's son there married her. Some of her children returned to their own country; and when they did so, they brought back the beaver and humming-bird crests with them.

[M. B. This is due to the Beaver as a coat of arms having been introduced by the fur trade through the North West Company, whose emblem the Beaver was: Beaver Hall was its headquarters in Montreal since about 1800. After the amalgamation of the North West Company and the older Hudson's Bay Company, the new concern, under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company, maintained the use of the Beaver as a trade emblem. Fort St. James in the Northern Rockies was established in 1808 by the North West Company; the Nass River post was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1831, and transferred to Fort Simpson (later Port Simpson) in 1833. Fort Victoria as a centre was established in 1843. The use of the Beaver as a privilege to native middlemen in the fur trade business was adopted soon after. These middlemen belonged to the very Eagle clan that had assumed the same function farther north with the earlier Russian fur traders.



Short Haida pole, at University of British Columbia

The Eagle and Beaver were, therefore, the main crests of two branches of the same clan. Both were derived from the white man's use of the Eagle and Beaver emblems.]



Beaver pole of an old Haida house, at Tanu

THE BEAVER

TLINGIT

The Beaver Pole of Kasaiks, the Qatakaite or Beaver totem pole of Chief Kasaiks, Tlingit leader of an Eagle clan, formerly of Cape Fox, now of Saxman (near Ketchikan), Alaska. According to information received from Chief Kasaiks (C. T. Johnson), in 1939.

Description. From the top down: 1. the Beaver (*cyikaite*); 2. the Eagle (*ts'ake*); 3. the Halibut (*tcathl*). The name of the totem pole — Qatakaite — is obviously derived from that of the Beaver.

Function. It was erected in memory of Jos. Thomas, a brother of the informant, about 50 years ago when at Cape Fox, at the southernmost point of Alaska close to the Tsimshyan country when the informant was about 30 years old. It was erected at Saxman, after the Cape Fox tribe had moved to the new mission at Saxman.

Carvers. It was carved by Johnny and George Kayan, Benny Johnson, Jos. Thomas (different from the one above), and Henry Denny, all working



Killisnoo Beavers of the Tlingits

at it together. The night after the pole was erected the craftsmen were paid off, each of them getting \$50. Then a dance was held, with a good time for all. Jos. Thomas, carver at Wrangell, is now the only brother of the informant Kasaiks Johnson.

A marble monument standing close to the totem pole commemorates the older Kasaiks (the informant's maternal grand-uncle), who died at Saxman some time before the totem pole was erected. It was carved by a white man. The totems on it are: 1. the Eagle's-Nest (*khutch*); 2. the Beaver.

This family belongs to the clan of Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) the ramifications of which extend from the Tlingits to the Tsimshians and the Haidas, probably also to northern Kwakiutls. The crests and myths are identical.

The End-of-the-Beaver-Trail House at Angoon (Tlingit), South-eastern Alaska, according to Mrs. E. Garfield (113a: 439-440).

The Dog-Salmon and Beaver crests, associated together within the same tribes at Angyadæ on Nass River (Niskæ), and particularly at the Gitsalas Canyon on Skeena River (Tsimshian), have been described below by Mrs. Garfield for the southern tribes of the Tlingits. The Tsimshian tribes involved migrated southward from Alaska in the recent past, and the crests, recently adopted, having been obtained by the Tlingits from their Tsimshian kinsmen. Both are genetically inseparable (M.B.).

(Mrs. Garfield:) The *Daicitan* are descendants of the builders of *Daicuhit*, "End-of-the-(Beaver)-Trail House." The name goes back to the discovery or recognition of Angoon as a desirable townsite. Informants believed that the name of Dog-Salmon People was dropped after the house was built and that other *Thlænaidi* in the area gradually became absorbed as part of the *Daicitan*, losing their former name. Previous to building the new house the people were living on Kootznahoo Inlet.

One day men from one of the camps were hunting beaver. They saw one swimming across the inlet and followed it. It swam ashore and disappeared across the narrow neck of land where Angoon is located. The men found that it followed a well-defined trail.

Later when houses were built on the site, those who followed the beaver built at the end of the village and the townspeople honored them by naming it End-of-the-[Beaver]-Trail House."

The *Daicitan* have five named houses in Angoon besides *Daicuhit*.

The painted room partition bearing a design of two beavers, reproduced by Dr. Swanton,¹ was in *Goonhit*. *Toogkwahit*, "Front, High House," descriptive of its location, is the fifth-named dwelling. The above houses excepting *Yaihl'agehit* are in a row near the center of the modern town.

A separate group of the *Daicitan* is descended from the settlement at Basket Bay. This bay together with Basket and Kook Lakes comprised their only ancient holdings.

The Basket Bay people claim the beaver as their special crest, though the story explaining it is completely different from the swimming beaver of the other *Daicitan*.²

"The people had a beaver for a pet. Every day the beaver disappeared but the people could hear him singing in the woods: 'Never before has such a thing happened to a village. As a legend, I have crumbled a village. As a legend a village I have carried away.'

"No one paid any attention to the beaver who was fashioning a new kind of spear point and a powerful bow and arrow. He planned to kill the house chief.

"One day the spear and bow and arrows were discovered where beaver had hidden them in the woods, and were brought to the chief. While the people were examining them and speculating over who had made them, beaver came in and asked to see the weapons. He drew the powerful bow and sent an arrow through the chief's heart. Beaver then slapped his tail on the ground and disappeared. The whole town turned upside down, and most of the people were killed. Those who survived adopted the new type weapons and took the beaver as their crest to pay for their dead relatives."

In 1902 there were two occupied houses at Basket Bay presided over by a house head known as Basket Bay Chief, who exacted a toll of a dollar each from hunters and fishermen entering his area. When he died the occupants moved to Killisnoo and Angoon. Four carved beaver corner posts supported the roof of one of the houses. When they were set up a woman slave was ordered to get down into each post hole in turn. At the subsequent potlatch she was given her freedom.

¹ J. R. Swanton, (119: Fig. 106. p. 420). Informants denies that it was in a house in Killisnoo.

² See also Swanton, 1909. p. 227. Here called the Beaver of Killisnoo.

Two house-posts, each a standing beaver in human form, are now in the totem park at Saxman. One beaver holds a spear, the other a bow and arrow. These were carved for a Tongass Tlingit house but are said to belong to a Haida house group, which acquired them through marriage of one of their ancestors to a Basket Bay woman. According to the Angoon members of the clan, the Tongass Tlingit have no right to the Basket Bay Beaver.



Tlingit totem poles of Beaver and Eagle, at Saxman

The Killisnoo Beaver with a Bow, of the Decitan clan of the Tlingit Ravens, explained by Edward L. Keithahn, (62: 156, 157).

The use of the Beaver as a crest of the Decitan clan of the Tlingit Ravens is traced to an experience with a supernatural beaver. A chief of the Decitan, who are principally from the

vicinity of Angoon, once kept a small beaver which he had captured, as a pet. He was fascinated by its cunning ways and its clean habits and came to giving it more attention than he accorded the members of his own household. On account of this, jealousy arose, and some of the clansmen began abusing the beaver out of spite.

The beaver not only appealed to the chief for protection but demanded that his tormentors be punished. Unsuccessful in thus securing the aid of his master, the beaver prepared to take action himself. Secretly it began composing songs by which it invoked the aid of certain spirits. Then it dived into its pond, whereupon it became a giant beaver in which form it dug great tunnels under all the houses of the whole village. Nobody knew what the beaver was up to, for it always resumed the form of a common beaver whenever it was among the people.



Beaver and Eagle poles, now at Saxman

One day it went into the forest and fashioned a beautiful spear with its teeth. When it was finished the beaver hid the spear in a hollow tree and went back to the village. But a passing hunter, noticing the fresh chips, investigated and found the weapons. He brought it at once to the village and showed it to the chief. Everybody gathered around to see the remarkable craftsmanship, for it was the finest spear they had ever seen.

The chief questioned each man, trying to find who had made it, but each denied having ever seen such a spear. Finally, the beaver spoke up saying, "That is my make!" It sounded

so ridiculous that even the Chief laughed derisively with the rest, whereupon the beaver was enraged.

"You are lying when you say you made that spear," said the chief. At that the beaver grasped the weapon from him, saying, "I will show you that I am strong enough to use it," whereupon it thrust the chief through the heart. Then it slapped its tail against the earth with tremendous power. The village shook as if in a terrific earthquake, then fell apart and disappeared into the beaver's excavations. Not a house in the whole village was saved.

Those who escaped with their lives, knowing the cause of the disaster, took the beaver as their crest. They made a Beaver Hat and since then people who can trace their ancestry to the Decitan clan may have the Beaver insignia on their blankets and carve it on their totem poles. It may always be recognized because of its prominent teeth, its cross-hatched tail, and the magic spear which it holds.

THUNDERBIRD AMONG THE TSIMSYANS

The Origin of the Thunderbird Crest as used by the Gitrhawn clan of the Haidas and the Tsimsyans, and their clansmen among the Tsimsyans of the Skeena and Nass Rivers, in particular Legyarh, and Nees-wa'mak. As recorded by William Beynon, in 1947, from Mrs. Ethel Musgrave (*Deeks*), aged 70, an adopted Eagle among the Gispahlawts tribe, in the household of Kapligidæhl, who had heard it as told many years ago by her uncle Nees'wamak of the Legyarh household.

The chief of a great village on the Skeena River was becoming aged. His nephew was to be his successor, and would inherit not only all his wealth but also his house and wives. This young man mingled freely among all in the house. None could refuse him this privilege as he was to be the next chief. His social duties were many. He had to accompany his uncle to all feasts and gatherings, at which he sat either in front of him or behind, depending on the nature of the feast. If it was a *narhnorh* (spirit) feast, where a *narhnorh* would be dramatized, then he would sit behind the uncle. If it was a *yæuk*, then he sat in front.

The favourite among this chief's wives was a very young woman, and she quickly became very intimate with her husband's nephew. One day the chief came upon them as they were sleeping together. He was grieved and ashamed when he saw how his own nephew was so ridiculing him. He went away to think out a plan how best to punish him. He made a plank the width and length of his nephew, and put a thick coat of gum and pitch on it. This he placed beside his wife, he himself hiding close by.

His wife was asleep and did not know what her husband had done. When the nephew thought that all were asleep in the house, he came quietly from his own sleeping-place, and went to where his uncle's wife lay, stretching out flat on his back on the board that his uncle had prepared for him. In this way his uncle came upon him and, with his own close relatives, picked up the plank with his nephew upon it, and took him down to a canoe at the water's edge. They placed the board in the bottom of a canoe, while the chief said, "Let us push the canoe off, and let him who would bring shame upon my house go! He shall never return." With that the canoe was pushed off. It drifted down the river.

For many days the young man was carried by the current, and eventually the canoe began to roll and pitch as if in rough water. Glued as he was to the plank he was unable to raise himself and could not see where he had drifted. Soon the canoe scraped on a beach, and shortly after he could not hear the water any more. When the sun rose, it became very hot, and the rays beat down upon him. The intense heat began to melt the pitch, permitting him to move a little, and after much manœuvring he finally was able to sit up.

The canoe was beached high and dry on a small island; no other land was in sight anywhere. As he recovered his strength he stood up, and found that a very little food had been left in the canoe. This he ate, for he had been many days without food, and was very weak, barely able to drag himself up to the shelter of the island's only tree. There was little hope for him, and



Thunderbird and the Whale, at Tuxican

soon he would perish. He had found an old cedar bark mat in the canoe, and this he brought with him to use as a shelter, wrapping it around himself. He began to fall asleep as he was very weak. As he slept the tide came up and washed the canoe away, leaving him no way of escape. Now he must surely die.

He did not know where he was or from what direction he had come, but as he was dozing he felt something pinch his thigh and heard a whisper: "My uncle calls you!" He awoke, and looking about saw no one. Supposing that he had been dreaming, he again fell asleep. The same thing happened. Although he sat up and looked at once, he could see nothing. But he heard a rustling in the grass beside him. He decided to watch while pretending to sleep. A small mouse ran up and pinched him, saying, "My uncle invites you." Then it ran away into a crevice behind him. The young man now knew that this island must be a *spenarhnorh* (*spe*: abode of, *narhnorh*: spirit). He rose and went in the direction the small mouse had gone, and behold! There was an opening that led into the inside of the little island, an entrance to a large house. He went in and heard a loud voice calling from the rear of the house: "Bring my nephew here, and let him sit by me." The house seemed full of people moving about very swiftly. One of them came forward saying, "Here, come with me!" and led the young man to the rear where the great chief sat. His wife was also a very large person, hardly moving, and keeping her eyes closed all the time. Beside them sat a very beautiful young woman. "Spread a mat so that my nephew can sit by his cousin! She will be his wife," the chief called out, and a slave came forward with a mat. When the mat was spread in front of the chief, the young man seated himself, and the young woman sat beside him.

Then the young man heard a small squeaky voice — the voice of Mouse Woman: "Have you any wool or fat?" The people always wore woollen ear ornaments, and carried mountain goat kidney fat for use as a facial cosmetic. Remembering this, the young man took off his ear ornaments and gave them to Mouse Woman along with the piece of fat he had. She went away and returned with a huge quantity of fat and wool, which she placed in front of the great chief, saying, "Your nephew has brought you these presents, chief." It was then that the chief's wife opened her eyes for the first time; in her eyes were small human faces. After looking at the gifts she closed them again. Mouse Woman came to the young man, and said, "This is the Eagles' home, and this is the chief of all the Eagles. It was he who directed your canoe here. He saw it drifting on the sea. You will marry his daughter. You were saved because you have brought fat and wool offerings."

When the chief saw the great offerings which his nephew had brought, he was very pleased. "Bring food! My nephew hungers, as he has travelled a long distance to visit me," he called to his slaves. Food was brought, and they ate. That night when they retired to sleep, the young man went down to the beach. He found a round stone, the size of the male organ, and he secreted it. Then he retired with the princess to their sleeping place. *Illa nocte, cum abierant omnes quo somnum caperent, juvenis ad littora descendit. Ubi, petram nactus rotundam quæ, mensura, mentulæ similis erat, illam abscondite secum tulit. Postea, cum muliere, in cubiculum secessit. Cum ab illa peteret ut coirent, petram quam absconderat in vaginam mulieris introduxit; cujus vaginæ subito petram includentis, dentes contriti sunt, eorumque exitica vis destructa fuit. Dentibus omnibus contritis, pro explorato tunc*

habuit juvenis sanam et innocuam idoneamque ad coitum factam esse mulierem quæ, antea, multos, dentibus illis, ceciderat amatores. Now very much in love, she gave a warning to her husband: "Be careful when my father bids you do anything. He will endeavor to destroy you, but I will do everything to protect you." Next day, all were surprised to see the young man alive, and he was henceforth on his guard.

The chief of the Eagles said to his daughter, the next day. "Give my son-in-law a garment that he can use when he travels long distances. We must find out how skilful he is as a hunter." She went to the chief's box, took out an Eagle garment, brought it to her husband and placed it on him. At once he became a different being. He could fly far up into the sky now, and he began practising for the severe trials which he knew his father-in-law would give him. Each day he would go out to sea and capture salmon swimming close to the surface, and every time he came back with something. One day when he saw a seal in the water he swooped down and drove his talons into its neck. After a long struggle he was able to kill it and return with it to the island. This had been the first time that a lone eagle had ever done this. Again, once, the young man saw a sea-lion. He pounced down in the same way as he had done with the seal, and overcame it.

While he was away on these hunting trips his wife would turn herself into an eagle and sit on the top of the only tree on the island, waiting for him. Afraid that he would meet with disaster, she continually warned him: "Be careful! My father is setting traps for you. Do not grasp at all things too recklessly." But her husband replied, "My supernatural powers are just as great as his. I will compete with him." He was not aware that the source of his power was his wife. One morning when he looked out, he saw many eagles, all struggling with something away out to sea. When he flew out he found the Eagles trying to capture a whale. They were just about overcome when he came upon them. He grasped the whale along with the others, and so strong was he that he lifted it from the sea, allowing them to fly to shore with it.

The great chief gave a feast. To it he invited all his fellow supernatural beings. As they entered, the young man heard who they were: some came from their abode on the Queen Charlotte Islands, some from Ligimiyu (Millbank Sound), Welhælmilk (Queen Charlotte Sound): Weekyinu (Rivers Islet), and many other places. Each of the guests looked ferocious. None spoke but the great Eagle chief who, when all had gathered together, said: "Brothers, I have brought you to see my son-in-law, and to taste the fruit of his hunt." Turning to his slaves: "Bring forth my son's gift, and let my guests partake of it." Then the fat and the wool were brought out and shared with the guests. The quantity never diminished, no matter how much was eaten, all this because of Mouse Woman's supernatural powers. When all had feasted, the Eagle chief said in parting, "You all know my son-in law now. When you see him in your parts, safeguard him!" As they went out, great storms arose, the earth shook, and even in the feast house it became foggy, according to the special power of each supernatural being. When they had gone, the young woman beseeched her husband: "Be careful! My father is about to try his powers on you again. Should you see anything unusual, be very careful."

One morning, the young man saw, away out to sea, a huge octopus emerging from the waters. At once he went in for his garments, meeting his wife on the way. "Do not go out! It is a trap my father has set up. That is a monster Devil-Fish (*hrpi*: half; *hadzælt*: octopus). It may overcome you." The great chief had seen it, and declared tauntingly, "There is nobody brave enough to go out and bring in that Devil-Fish". "I will go at once to fetch it," said the young man, and he donned his Eagle garments. His wife flew up into the tree where she always sat to watch her husband when he was away. As soon as he reached the giant octopus, he swiftly flew down and pounced upon it. They struggled for a long time. Gradually the young man was being taken down into the water by the monster, and was about to be overcome. Then his wife, who was watching, flew out, and at the same time sent out her call to all the spirit Eagles. All flew to where the young man was sinking, and grasped the giant octopus. But they in turn were being pulled down. It was then the great chief's wife moved and waved her hand upwards; on hearing the voice of her daughter. As soon as she waved her hand, the giant octopus became weak, and the Eagles were able to fly to shore with it. The great Eagle chief now was overcome. His nephew had become great among the Eagles.

One day, he suddenly felt lonesome for his home village. He even refused food, and went to his sleeping-place, not speaking to anybody. Finally his wife came to him, asking, "What is the matter with you? Why are you so sad?" "I have been thinking to-day about my own people. I am lonesome for them," he replied. She said no more, but went to her father. "Why is my son-in-law sad?" the chief asked, "What has happened to him?" "He is lonesome for his own people," she answered. The chief did not speak for a long while, and then said, "Tell my son-in-law that he will get his wish. Ask him to come here. Soon he will be able to go back". The young woman went to her husband. "Cheer your heart!" she said. "You will have your wish. But my father says there are still some things you must learn and see, before you will go back".

Inside of this great chief's house were many things, among which was the Narhnarem-Trho (Supernatural-Halibut). (Wm. Beynon wonders whether the informant means the Hlkuwælksegem-Trho, Prince of Halibut, for he does not remember ever hearing of a Narhnarem-Trho). This was a huge halibut which stood at the rear of the house, alive to all appearances, with human faces all along its back, and one on its tail. On top of the house was the figure of the Whale with human faces all along its back. This was known as Hlkuwælksegem-Hlpoon (Prince of Whales). The Narhnarem-Trho and the Hlkuwælksegem-Hlpoon were two crests of this great chief. He said to his nephew: "You will take these with you on your return to your village, and you will use the Hrpi-hadzælt (monster Devil Fish) which you overcame as your own crest. Your wife will accompany you, and when you set out, many of my people will lead you to your village". Then the chief called his daughter: "Tell my son-in-law that to-morrow he will make ready to go back to his home. Let him wear the Eagle garment which you gave him!" When they were ready to start, the chief said, "Carry some pebbles with you. When you tire, drop one in the water. It will become an island. Then you may land and rest".

They started off in their Eagle cloaks, each carrying pebbles and a small package which the chief had given them with the words: "Before you enter



Thunderbird and Whale house front, at Skidegate

your uncle's house, undo these packets and leave them outside. Then walk in. If they receive you well, send out slaves to bring in what you have placed outside as gifts to your uncle. Should he not welcome you, then return here".

After flying a long while, the young man's Eagle wife said, "Let us rest!" She dropped a pebble. An island appeared under them and they rested. They resumed their journey, and at nightfall the man said, "Let us rest again, and sleep here for the night!" So he let go his pebble, and they rested. Next morning, very early, they set out again and soon the young man saw what appeared to be high mountains ahead. They were familiar peaks. "We will arrive at my uncle's village before night," he said. Just before dark, they reached his village on the bank of the river.

When they had removed their Eagle raiment, they entered the village. Many recognized the young man who had been mourned as dead. Some were afraid that this was a ghost, and ran away at his approach. He and his wife went to the chief's house and, as the great Eagle chief had instructed, left the parcels outside. Together they entered the house. As they went in, the household recognized the young man. But, as they regarded him as dead, they ran away from him. The chief felt like them. He could not believe that his nephew was alive — and feared some sort of vengeance. "So you have come back, my dear man!" he said hesitantly. "Come, sit here in front of me as you used to do. Where have you come from?" "Yes, it is I," his nephew replied, "I did not perish, but have brought you many gifts. Send your slaves out to fetch in what my father-in-law has sent you." "Come, bring your wife here, that I may see my daughter-in-law," and turning to his head men: "Do as my nephew says. Have the slaves bring in the gifts my brother has sent me." The slaves went out, and behold! There was a huge quantity of food, garments, sea-otter robes, and many other valuable things. There was also a wooden Eagle with outspread wings. All this was brought to the chief, and put before him.

The young man then related his experiences, and described how the Eagle was to be his crest as well as the Hikuwælksegem-Hlpoon (the Prince of Whales). He told of his battle with the Rhpi-Hadzælt (Devil Fish), now his own crest.

The young man took his place in his uncle's household. Every day he would take his Eagle garment and go away to distant places, returning with fur and food. Soon his uncle's house was filled to capacity with wealth, for his trade with other tribes. His father-in-law would always send in his Eagle people to bring more supplies for his daughter. In the course of time the young man acquired great wealth, which he shared with his people. He gave a great *yæuk*, where he adopted the Eagle as a crest, and his people became known as Larhskeek (Eagles). He also adopted for his own use the Half Devil Fish, and thus established the Eagle clan among his people.

The Eagle woman was very happy with her husband. Every day they went into the hills, flying with their Eagle garments. When they came back, he would take the water bucket, and she would dip a head feather into it before drinking it. Her husband did not know why she did this, and when he asked, she would reply, "It is to keep my supernatural powers strong". He always went for the water. On these occasions the wife of his uncle, his former paramour, would lie in wait for him, for she was still in love with him.

But he was able to resist her advances, for he loved his Eagle wife, and would have nothing to do with other women. Every day the chief's wife awaited for him, and he became frightened in the end. The woman was so insistent. No matter where he went she followed him about, and seemed to have no fear of her own husband, who was now very aged.

One day, when the Eagle woman had sent her husband for fresh water, the chief's wife was already at the water-hole. She came to him and said, "Come and rest with me! Come, no one shall know!" As she spoke she started to take off her clothes. As she was still young and beautiful, the young man could not resist her. Afterwards, he filled his bucket at the water hole and went back. When he entered he at once noticed a change in his wife's manner. She took the water bucket and dipped the feather in it. The water immediately became slimy and dirty. She arose, and said, "You only pretend to love me, as you associate with other women. I am now to go back to my own country, where all are faithful to one another." So saying, she took her Eagle garment, and walked out of the house. Her husband followed her, explaining, "I have made a mistake. Will you forgive me? For a long while I have tried to resist this temptation. Please, come back!" The Eagle woman kept on talking as she went, and without looking at him: "Turn back! Go to the one who has won your favours." The young man went on pleading, "Come back, come back, I want you!" But the Eagle woman donned her garment and flew away. Still her husband followed her, repeating, "Come back, come back, I have made a mistake, come back!" The young woman only answered, "Return to your own woman before I look back and make you fall into the sea, where you would perish." The woman kept on begging her husband to desist, but he would not listen. She then looked back and even as she did, he collapsed into the water, and perished. Saddened, the woman flew on until she reached her island home. Day after day, she lay in her sleeping-place, refusing all food and listening to nobody. As she was gradually dying, her father said to her, "Do not be so sad! I know what has happened and I will endeavour to bring back your husband." He went to the rear of his house and lifted a trap door. Looking down he could see the bottom of the sea. He took a large dip net and lowered it down into the water. After it had been there a long while, he brought it up, with human bones. These he placed on the floor of his house, and continued to lower his net until he had recovered all the bones. When he had finished, he jumped over them three times, and covered them up with a mat. Next day, the body of his son-in-law lay there as if asleep. Again he jumped over the body, and soon his son-in-law sat up. The man looked about, and recognized his wife lying in their sleeping place. He rose as if he had only been dozing and, going to his wife, embraced her. She said, "You have been away so long. At long last you have come back!" He replied, "Yes, I have come to fetch you. My uncle has died, and my people wish us to live with them." She rose from her couch, and they flew back to his tribe. When they reached the village the people were happy.

This is the myth that belonged to the Gitrhawn clan of the Eagles (Larhskeek).

The Gyaibelk of Menæsk, chief of an Eagle clan of Gitlarhdamks. It was the fifteenth in the row from the uppermost along the Nass river front.

Description. Its only carved figure, at the top of a round log, about

12 feet tall, was the mythical Gyaibelk bird that belongs to the tradition of the clan.

Function. In memory of a former Menæsk.

Carver, age. Carved about 60 or 70 years ago by a former Sqateen, of Gitlarhdamks. It no longer exists.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Split-Eagle and Whale. The pole of the Sperm Whale (*ptsænem-rhlpin*) of Menæsk, head of an Eagle clan of Gitlarhdamks. It was the fourteenth in the row from the uppermost along the Nass river front.

Description. It stood in front of the house of this chief; the house bore the names of either By-itself-stands-the-House (*kalihlkem-wilp*) or Nest-House (*anluhlkem-wilp*) or Whale-House (*hlpinem-wilp*). The whole length of this long round pole (*kan*) was carved to represent a whale. At the top sat the Split-Eagle (*pahlkuhl-rhskyæk*). By the tail of the Whale was the Otter (*watserh*), which held a cockle (*gaborh*) in its mouth. At the bottom, a Person with a bear-claw crown.

Function. It was erected in memory of a former Menæsk by a woman who had assumed this name after him and his rank.

Carver, length. It was carved by Oyai of Gitwinksihlk, the canyon of the Nass, at the time when the present Menæsk (an old man in 1927) was young—he could still remember this event. A controversy broke out at the village of Gitrhadeen, below on the same river, between Hladerh, head of a Killer-Whale clan, and the others. Hladerh wanted to own the tallest pole on the river. Upon hearing of the erection, by the Eagle of Gitlarhdamks, of a pole taller than his, he sent word to cut it down. When later he heard that the pole was erected as first planned, he uttered a threat, and wanted his command carried out, but in vain. The “real” people whose privilege it was to plant the tallest pole were the Eagles (*larhskyek-næremræt*).

Its length was 13 arms (double). It no longer exists.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Broken-Tree Pole (*andepkan*) of Tsaskoq, a member of the same clan as Menæsk. It was the twenty-first pole from the uppermost in the row along the river front at Gitlarhdamks on the Nass River.

Description. The whole pole was carved to represent the Sperm Whale (*rhlpin*), and the Eagle, known under the name of Andepkan (broken tree), sat at the top. One of the later poles, it was erected fifty or sixty years ago.

Function. It was erected in memory of Tsasqowq.

Carver. Niskyin-wæth (George Eli).

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Rhskyaimsem, the Totem Poles of Hlæq, of the Eagle clan at Gitlarhdamks.

Description. 1. One of the two poles contained the Whale (*hlpin*), the Beaver (*tsemælih*), and the Thunderbird Rhskyaimsem. The whole totem

pole was the Whale head down; the Beaver appeared on the neck of the Whale; the Thunderbird stood at the top of the pole. It was a pole so tall that it took two days to cut it down and break it up, about 1918.

Function. It had been erected in memory of Hlæq by one of his oldest sons belonging to a Wolf clan, who succeeded him by adoption into his clan instead of his nephew, who was too young. But as soon as the nephew was grown up, he assumed his function and replaced the adopted son.

Carver, age. It was carved by Hladerh, the Wolf chief of Gitrhadeen and Angyadæ, about seventy years ago. It was destroyed.

2. The other pole is almost forgotten. The informant, when young, saw it still standing; its carvings were getting spoiled, and there was little but the shaft left. Some parts that were falling off were nailed on.

(Informant, John Davis, of the Fireweed clan of Gistransnat at Gitlarhdams.)

The Thunderbird among the Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade chief of the Gitsees tribe; J. Ryan acting as interpreter (1915).

A mythical bird of the mountains under the form of the eagle, but with a black tail, its beak bent farther back than the eagle's.¹ It was a crest of the Gispewudwade phratry. It was used by Lepkudziust (in the Ginarhangyik tribe) on his totem pole; by Sarhsarht and Lais (Gitwilgyawts); and also by Larhæ, of the same tribe.

Thunder-of-the-Air called Kalepleebem-Larhæ (Thunderbird-of-the-air) of Neeswærhs, Gispewudwade chief of the Gitrhahla tribe of the Sea-coast Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, head-chief of the Gitsees tribe; William Beynon acting as interpreter, in 1915.

Thunderbird-of-the-Air was a large mythical bird and a mechanical device used both as a crest and as a *narhnorh* (spirit). As a *narhnorh* for ceremonial occasions, the bird rested on the back of a performer of the Neeswærhs household, its wings rolled up at first, then stretched out by means of hidden strings controlled from within.²

The same mythical bird was a more or less general crest of the higher clans of the Gispewudwade phratry of the Tsimsyans. As such it was painted on the front or the rear wall of the house, the beak of this special Thunderbird being represented differently from that of the *Skaimsem*, another Thunderbird. The beak of Thunderbird-of-the-Air was long and the tip curved back under. The *Skaimsem* also had this same feature, and the roar of its voice was even greater. Painted black and red all over, its beak at the base was circled with a greenish band.

The head-chief of the Gitsees tribe, Neesyaranæt, also claimed the right to show Thunder-of-the-Air, but with rolled up wings only; and when he used it as a head-dress, only the head of the bird was shown. Actually chief Neeswærhs of the Gitrhahla tribe, first introduced it in this form.

¹ Here the informant states that the Hawk (*rhsu'tsh*) is never used as a crest.

² After the introduction of gunpowder in later years, gunshots accompanied the opening of the wings to imitate the flash and noise of thunder.

Where-the-Thunderbird-Sits (*wilidærhskyaimsem*) belonging to Lepkudzeeus, chief of a Gispewudwade clan of the Ginarhangyeek tribe at Port Simpson.

Description. A Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea (*medeegem-dzawey'aks*) stood above another on the pole, and the Thunderbird (*rhskyaimsem*) sat at the top.

Function, carver, and age. Erected in memory of a former Lepkudzeeus, it had been carved by Lararhnitz of a Gispewudwade clan in the Gisparhlawts tribe at Port Simpson, about 70 years ago, when the informant was a young man.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

Thunderbird, Whale, and Beaver, totem pole of Gamrhnarh, of the Fireweed clan of Gitlarhdamks.

1. The Beaver (*tsemælih*) was used on the totem pole of this family, without an explanation as to its origin.

2. The carved Head-of-the-Whale (*hlpin*) jutted out at the top of the house front, the house bearing the name of Whale-House (*hlpinen-wilp*), and it was built to represent a whale; the tail stuck out at the back of the house, as the head and the tail formed the two ends of the large ridge beam. The other beams under the roof were also heavy.

3. The Thunderbird (*Rhskyaimsem*), like the mountain eagles feeding on groundhogs.

(Informant, John Davis, of the Fireweed clan of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Asewælgyet Red-Garment, the Thunderbird of Hlerem, a chief of a Raven clan in the Gitsees tribe at Port Simpson. This pole was also called Red-Garment (*guswamase*: garment-of-red).

Description. It was a tall round pole; with perhaps a carving of the Thunderbird at the base. The other name of this totem was due to the lower half of the pole having been painted red with ochre. According to our informant: "If the house of Hlerem were to erect a totem pole, the Asewælgyet would be at the base or foundation. This would be painted red, of the same colour as the house itself. The colour formed the dress (*'ayæoks*) of the house — every house had a dress. The Asewælgyet, as well as the Raven and the Bullhead fish, were used as totems by this household. They could be carved outside on the pole. The Asewælgyet particularly would have been the proper house-front painting."

Function. Erected by a new Hlerem in memory of his predecessor of the same name.

Carver, age. It was carved by Larahnitz, a Gispewudwade of the same tribe, and cut down at the time the school was built — other poles were destroyed at the same time. The pole of Hlerem was sold to Mr. Morrison of Metlakatla (this white man sold at least one Tsimshyan pole to the Field Museum of Chicago).

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

The Asewælgyet Grizzly of the families of Hlerem and Weesaiks houses of the Gitsees and Ginarhangeek tribes of the Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, head-chief of the Gitsees tribe; William Beynon acting as interpreter, in 1915.

As explained in the clan myth of Hlerem (a Kanhade chief), a monster bird whose body resembled that of the Grizzly Bear (*medeek*), had large wings, which caused a noise like thunder. The ancestors of this family, according to their tradition, once had seen it at Warks Canal to the north, where it originated.

Chief Weesaiks, head of the Ginarhangeek tribe, once displayed the same crest on the bow of his large war canoe, which bore the name of Asewælgyet.

The Asewælgyet of Sarhsarht, head of the Gitwilgyawts tribe of the Tsimsyans, according to informant Edmund Patalas, a southern Tsimcyan chief; recorded by William Beynon, in 1947.

The Thunderbird belonged to the Gitwilgyawts people. It was seen by one of the Gitwilgyawt's hunters, whose name was Gæ'yæ, belonging to the house of Sarhsarht. This man was a great hunter and used to go to Dundas Island for seals and sea-lions. These were much sought after as the best materials for waterproof moccasins.

One day the hunter was near Kwærhl (Beaver-Tail — because the island resembles a beaver tail), when he saw a huge bird sitting on a nearby rock. Beside this huge bird were several forms resembling men; they appeared to be seated there. Then the bird flew away to the vicinity of Dundas and waited there. Soon a canoe came from the island and made for Dundas Island but as it passed this island its occupants saw what they thought were human beings. They went to make sure about it. When they landed they heard loud shrieks and a noise like thunder with flashes of lightning. They saw a huge bird-like figure flying towards them, which immediately took the men that were in the canoe.

Gæ'yæ, who had been watching this very closely, saw that it was a real Thunderbird, and that it was using the human figures on the island for bait. When it shrieked it called out "‘ihi ‘ihi," so they now call this island Larh'ihî (Green Island). When Gæ'yæ got back he narrated all that he had seen and took it as the exclusive crest of the Sarhsarht group. He called it 'Asewælgyet', and when using it as a crest, always showed it as a giant Eagle shooting lightning from its eyes, and with wings that made a thunderous noise when they moved.

The Lightning of Nadzi'awelks, a Kanhade of the Gitrhahla tribe of the coast Tsimsyans. It is said to be still standing. The relatives of this family were of Gidestsu, to the south.

Description. 1. The Horse-Fly (*kyegem-gerh*) at the top;

2. The Lightning or Flashes (*tsetsamte*), a human figure at the base of the pole. This mythical being emitted flashes from under its wings. It was also used as a *narhnorh* in dramatic performances.

Carver. It was carved, about 1900, by 'Weethwaw, member of a Wolf

clan, who was engaged only because of his ability, not as belonging to the paternal side of the owner.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, an old chief of the Gitrhahla; interpreter, William Beynon, 1939.)

THUNDERBIRD AMONG THE TLINGITS

The Thunderbird in Alaska, according to the Descriptive Booklet, Alaska Historical Museum (p. 8).

There was once a brother and a sister. The brother was Echo. The sister ascended Mount Edgecomb and disappeared within. The brother shakes his immense wings and produces thunder. . . .

The Thunders according to a Tlingit tale recorded in English at Wrangell, Alaska, by J. R. Swanton (119:175).

The four brothers now left their own village, because they said that their sister had disgraced them, and they became the Thunders. When they move their wings, you hear the thunder, and, when they wink, you see the lightning.

At the time when these brothers first went away, the people at their father's village were starving, so they flew out over the ocean, caught a whale and brought it to the town, that it might be found next morning. So nowadays people claim that the Thunder is powerful and can get anything, because they know that it was powerful at that time. After the famine was over, they left the world below, went to the sky to live, and have never been seen since.

The Taqaisteena claim the Thunder, because those brothers belonged to that family.

THUNDERBIRD AMONG THE HAIDAS

Belief in the Thunderbird (Swan) (96:7).

The belief in the Thunderbird is common with all the tribes of the northwest coast, and is pictured by each tribe according to their fancy. I have traced this allegory from the Chenooks, at the mouth of the Columbia, through all the coast tribes to Sitka. The general idea is the same throughout; it is belief in a supernatural being of gigantic stature, who resides in the mountains, and has a human form. When he wishes for food he covers himself with wings and feathers as one would put on a cloak. Thus accoutred, he sails forth in search of prey. His body is of such enormous size that it darkens the heavens, and the rustling of his wings causes thunder.

The lightning is produced by a fish, like the Hypocampus, which he gets from the ocean and hides among his feathers. When he sees a whale he darts down on one of these animals with great velocity, and the lightning comes from the creature's tongue, which is supposed to be like that of the serpent. This is the general idea of the mythological legend, slightly altered in the narrative by different tribes and differently depicted by various painters.

The Thunder-and-Lightning House, the Haida house of Skidegate with Six Heads hanging down from the roof-beams, according to the description given by James Deans (36:15, 16).

Many years ago a rich Hidery, named Ellzu-wuss, was building himself a second house on which was placed an image of himself. Looking over it when finished, he was so pleased with it that he exclaimed, "I have the best house in town, a regular thunder and lightning one." So there and then it was named *noo-gah-deelans* — thunder and lightning house. The two images had on long hats or taden skeels, representing high social standing. In the miniature village in Chicago (World's Fair) is a house which has on the ends of its six roof-beams six heads all hanging down; in the original house at Skidegat, each head had hair fixed on it, which waved in the wind. On that account it got the name of six heads house,



Grave on posts, in a southern Haida village (to left)

cadzo-clou-oonal-nass. The owner of this house and his forebears have taken that name but shortened to *clads-ah-coon*. The family bearing this name was *ellzu-cathlans-coon-hidery*, or chief of the Point of the Waves people.

While this chief and his people were building on the point he was unable to settle on the plan of his new house. In this dilemma, he one night dreamed of or saw in a vision, a plan of a complete house with totem post and all, with this difference; he saw on the ends of the six roofbeams the same number of human heads placed upside down, their long hair waving in the wind. He was told in the dream to go and build his new house like it. This he did, and ever after, both at the Point of the Waves and later at Skidegat, his descendants have used the six heads for the same purpose. This was so until a few years ago, when the house was pulled down, in order to be reproduced after the white people's style. The model of this house, which I got for the great Fair, was made by a descendant of the chief who first made the six heads.

Thunderbirds of Skidegate, at the Columbian Exhibition, Chicago (1893), as described by James Deans (36:93,94).

It is a Haida post worthy of the Haidas. This post has for its figures, first and lowest, a scamsum [Skyaimsem-Thunderbird] or sparrow-hawk, the doorway to the house being



Thunderbird and Whale (Haidas), at Tanu (to left). Coast Salish (right)

in the belly of the bird. The next is a frog; the next a being with a bear's head and a human body, holding on to the dragon fly; the next a crane; on the top is the taden skeel of three men, showing the chief's successors. This one, as well as No. 3, is exhibited by Mr. E. D. Ayer, of Chicago, Illinois, to whom, I believe, it belongs. The description given of this post is rather imperfect, and a stranger could glean but little information from it. The large bird on the bottom can hardly be called the sparrow-hawk. It should be called the mosquito-hawk.

The Haida legend of its origin is as follows: long ago the land was mostly covered with water, and when the water left it was very swampy. Then the sun was very hot, far hotter than it is nowadays. This swampy ground bred mosquitoes of an enormous size; they were as large as bats. These bats are well known to most people from their habit of flying about by night. These insects were so large, and their bite so deadly that many people died from them. The country was depopulated from this cause. The people complained until the god Ne-kilst-lass heard their cry, and sent the butterfly to investigate. On its return, it gave a woeful account of the people's condition. Hearing this, Ne-kilst-lass sent the mosquito-hawk to live on them and drive them away, which it did. Now that the sun is less hot, and scamsums plentiful, the people can live.

One legend is that the scamsum was an enormous bird, which still lives in the mountains from which it flies over the sea, in order to destroy the killer-whales, or, as the Haidas call them, the scannah. Its body is the thunderbird, the clapping of its wings the noise, the lightning a fiery dart sent out of its mouth in order to kill these whales. The next figure is

evidently a frog, showing that the party who had this house was allied to that crest or gens, or they might have been connected with Skidegat's family. The next is rather difficult to decipher, owing to the head, which is evidently a bear's, being upside down. It has the *tan gue* (bear's ears) on it plain enough, showing it was connected with the bears. From its mouth to the mouth of the figure above is a band, which is held by the under figure. This shows a connection between the two. In the third post it shows friendship existed between the two figures — that it, the bear and the frog. In this case the animals shown are different. The lower figure I consider to be a bear, and the upper I believe to be either a butterfly or a mosquito, and doubtless symbolizes the old story of the butterfly sent out by the ancient god Ne-kilst-lass. The figure above seems to be intended for the dragon fly, which also is an enemy to these pests; although I consider this portion of the carvings to be neither more nor less than a rendering of the above legend.

A number of years ago I saw in the old village Yukh, Queen Charlotte Islands, a rendering on a very old totem post of the same myth. The figure with the long beak is a crane, or heron, and doubtless was the crest of the wife of the man who built this house. The three figures on top belong to the family of Skidegat. The first chief of that name adopted it in order to have it on top of his column. It is a mythological tale of the west coast, and is as follows: long ago the god Ne-kilst-lass, for a frolic, turned himself into a beautiful woman, and three men fell in love with her and, some say, married her, although this totem post shows it belonged to one of Skidegat's family.

A Beaver and Thunderbird Totem of the Haidas, persumably at Skidegate, as described by James Deans (33:343).

One pole has three different figures on it. The one at its base is a beaver (*Tsing*). It is carved in a sitting posture, with the entrance, or oval hole, in the lower part of his belly. This symbolizes an ancient legend of the Haidas. Next above, and sitting on the head of the beaver is the Thunderbird (*El-anga*), which also has an ancient story. The next and last on the column is an old woman carved as sitting on the bird's head. She is represented as having an enormous labret placed on her lower lip, which is stretched until it disfigures her face, and is highly characteristic of old women amongst these people. This may be said to represent the typical woman of the Haidas, as her name Ilt-tads-dah or perhaps more correctly, Iltuh Inotoch (Typical Woman), would imply, which, in reality, she is shown to be on the carving. First, her large lip piece shows her to hold the highest rank possible to obtain among the ancient Haidas. Again her Tadn Skeel of four degrees above her head shows her to be a chieftainess of as many degrees as there are bands or circles on her long hat. These she seems to have had in her own right. Again she is carved as holding another Tadn Skeel of six degrees, one end of which is resting between her feet on the head of El-angu, while the other end is held by her hand under her chin. This Tadn Skeel, I think, would give her a claim to six degrees of nobility, obtained by inheritance. This column must, I think, have been erected to the memory of a woman who ranked high amongst the nobles of Haida Land.

The Thunderbird and Mountain-Goat of Skedans, now in Stanley Park, Vancouver, described by the Rev. G. H. Raley (118:21).

This post was erected originally at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, to the memory of Chief Ske-dans, by his sister, about seventy years ago. It is called by the Haidas "The Grave of Ske-dans." Only the body or ashes of chiefs or members of their families found a resting place in such posts. The frontal board at the top covers a cavity in the post five feet deep and three feet in diameter, which is the grave.

The use of the moon as a crest amongst his own people was the exclusive right of Ske-dans. The other crests could be used by all people of the Raven clan. The crests on this post are heraldic and not legendary.

A unique feature is engraved on the back of the pole, a hieroglyphic record of the cost of carving and erection. This is indicated by twenty-three parallel horizontal lines and two shields, each line representing ten blankets, the larger shield forty blankets, and the smaller shield twenty blankets. (The smaller shield is partly hidden by a support.) When this pole was erected blankets were currency. According to our modern method of reckoning, the account reads 290 blankets at \$2.00, \$580.00. This amount in blankets was paid the men who procured the cedar tree, did the carving, and erected the pole.

This pole was obtained from the present Chief Ske-dans (Henry Moody), of Skidegate, as a Golden Jubilee project.

The Eagle and the Whales. How the old Eagle saved the others who had caught a whale, as recorded by Mr. Jean Ness Findlay, in 1947, from "Captain" Andrew Brown, of Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands.

This story explains how the Eagle chief once was taken into Eagle town (all birds and animals have spirits).

In the course of time he married one of the Eagles. He was there for a long time and every day saw eagles going down to sea for whales. He wanted very much to go out and catch whales but his father warned him — 'if you go, be sure not to catch whales with two spouts'. But when he went after the two-spout whales and took hold of one too big and strong to pull out, another eagle came to help, then another and another; the whole town came to help. One old eagle watching was preparing for the time when he would have to go to help. He was sharpening his claws and was the last to help. He was the one to pull the others. Through him all were saved, just wings spread on water and head showing. The Frog, although small, is terrifying to grizzly and brown bears.

THUNDERBIRD AMONG THE KWAKIUTLS

The Kwakiutl Thunderbird (Dawson) (31:24,25).

The belief in the "Thunderbird" being the most prevalent and unchanging myth of the west coast tribes, is naturally not wanting among the Kwakwaka'wakw. Lightning is caused by the twinkling of its eye, and thunder by the flapping of its wings. Mr. Hall informs me that, under the name of Kwunusula, it is regarded as the special protector of the Nimkish. "It is said to have made its appearance when the first house was being built at the village on the river. A large stone in front of the village is named after it, 'the place where Kwunusula alighted.' 'What are you doing?' he said. The chief of the Gigilkum was trying to raise the log which supports the roof of all their houses. He saw they were unable to lift it, and said in answer to their appeal for help: 'This is why I have come from above.' He then seized the immense log with his claws and placed it on the two posts. Before he left them, he said, 'You will always have a friend in me to watch over you; when any of you die, I shall weep with you.' This bird is represented as carrying a whale in its claws. Whales' bones are said to have been found on the tops of the mountains, the remains of Kwunusula's repasts."

The Nimkish Thunderbird, of the clan to which Daniel Cranmer belongs in the Nimkish tribe of the Kwakiutl, at Alert Bay (recorded in 1947).

In the beginning, there was a man named Gyd'ee going round the country shaping things as they should be. Starting from the north near Nawitsee, he journeyed down to the other side of the bay where he found another man by the name of Gwawnalalis. Gyd'ee asked Gwawnalalis: "What would you rather be? Would you like to be a big mountain?" Gwawnalalis answered, "No, I don't wish to be a mountain. I might break apart." "Would you like to be a big solid rock?" "No, that would not be much better than the mountain. I might not last very long." "Would you like to be a river? Every kind of fish would swim up stream, and you would flow down forever." Gwawnalalis liked the idea and answered, "All right, let me be a river! I want to flow forever; there will be no end of me." Gyd'ee then bade him to lie down: "Ee a river forever!" So Gwawnalalis became a river, and his name was changed to Gwawni, the name of a river to-day.

A salmon then swam up the river, went ashore for a rest on dry land, and became a human being, at a spot up the river called Odzawles. But his sojourn there did not last very long. Came the flood. The best he could do was to don his fish skin and change back to a salmon. He went up behind a mountain to keep away from a strong current and to find shelter.



Two house frontals. Thunderbird and the Sun



Thunderbird on a grave house, at Bella Coola

When the flood subsided, the salmon came down the mountain stream, looked for the same river as before, went ashore for a rest on dry land, and once more was changed into a human being. He found a stone on the bank of the river which he shaped into an adze. Then he began to build a house of hewn timber for himself, the name of which was Rhwarhwakesee. First he erected the posts, and then hewed the big timbers which he meant for the roof beams. But he did not know how to raise them up into place, as he was all by himself.

While still working he heard a rumbling noise, turned his head, and beheld a huge bird. It had alighted on a big rock. Its name was Thunderbird — Kwinkwinkulegi. "I wish you were a human being," he said. "You might then help me in my work." The bird pushed up his large beak, and showed his face, and said, "I am a human being too, and I have come to help you in your work." Then he put back his beak into his face, flew up, planted his strong talons into the heavy timber, rose into the air, and rested it on top of the base posts already standing. Then he alighted at the same place, stepped out of his feathers, and became a man.

Gyd'ee put the coat of feathers and the beak on him and said, "You are Kwinkwinkulegi, and you shall thunder only when one of my descendants dies." Meanwhile the bird changed into a man named Kwenusaile, and together they built other houses for the people that were still to come.

(The informant added in a humorous comment: I used to ask the older people telling this story where these two men found their wives, since the tribe increased so rapidly. Nobody could give an answer.) The Thunderbird is the legend of the Nimkish, our people. In rank it is (as are those using it for the emblem) always the first to receive gifts in a potlatch, because this mighty bird comes from above.



Thunderbird carving at Campbell River."(Emily Carr)

The Horhoq, totem pole of the Crane-like Thunderbird Horhoq among the Kwakiutls, according to Dr. Franz Boas (21: 336-337).



Thunderbird as a house post, among the Kwakiutls. (Walter J. Phillips)

A good example is the following tradition of the clan Larhsai of the Qomoyue or Kuerha, I give here a translation:

The first Kuerha lived at Tsarhoyo. Their chief went bear hunting up the river. After he had been away four days, he saw the Horhoq (a fabulous bird, supposed to be similar to the crane), and heard its cry. It was larger than a man. Then he hid. The Horhoq tried to find him, and finally discovered the place where the chief was in hiding at one side of a cedar tree. It tried to peck him with its beak, but missed him. He merely jumped to the other side of the tree, and the Horhoq could not kill him. He came home at night. Then he carved the crane out of yellow cedar, and now it is the carving of his clan. He invited all the tribes, and gave away cedar bark blankets, all kinds of skins, canoes, and slaves. Then he placed the image of the Horhoq on top of a pole outside of his house. Later on, a chief of the Querhso-tenorh wanted to have the carved Horhoq. He tried to find out how to obtain it, and learned that he had to marry the daughter of the owner in order to obtain it. Then he engaged himself to marry that chief's daughter. The chief agreed, and they were married. Still later, a chief of the Kukwakum of the Guetela obtained the Horhoq by marriage.

The Qolus, two carved poles including a portal, of Q'wadee (Charlie Knowles) of Fort Rupert.

These were purchased, in 1947, for the University of British Columbia, and removed. They were lying on the ground near the large roof beam of

the community house in front of which they stood. (Only one of these, the shortest — the portal, could be photographed.)

Here is the information then given by Charlie Knowles, the owner. His emblem is Thunderbird whose name is Q'olus — a smaller form of Thunderbird, the larger being Kwinkwinkulegi. He formerly owned a large community house — the largest ever erected at Fort Rupert — the main beam of which was 16 fathoms long, and the width of the house front, 48 feet. It was built when he was married. The two poles stood in front of it; one of them a portal through which was the ceremonial entrance. (Knowles was 77 years old in 1947.) He lived in it for thirty years, but left it when the law against the potlatch was enforced. There were carved totem and house posts. Both poles were portals "to walk into the house." The larger one is 33 feet tall.

These poles were carved by George Hunt (well-known for his prolonged collaboration with Dr. Franz Boas) for the people at Fort Rupert who had come from Deer Island. The figures on the poles bear no significance. They were selected by the carver Hunt, who alone knew them. They presumably "belonged to the story of his mother's people up north, at Tongas" (in the southern Tlingit area). The same as in the taller pole of the Hunt family, it was made flat instead of round. Informant Knowles stated that, long ago, he had worked for Dr. C. F. Newcombe, and obtained totem poles and specimens for him.

The Sea-Lion and Thunderbird House (*liqawskem* — Sea-Lion or *liharheuku* — Sea-Lion-House) of Fort Rupert, formerly belonging to Mellas, partly of the Nawitsee (*yarhlen*) tribe of Hope Island, and partly of Fort Rupert. The complete structure, consisting of the posts, the transverse beam and the ridge beams, was purchased for the University of British Columbia, and removed in 1947.

Description. The two posts at the front represent the Sea-Lion, and at the back, the Thunderbird (*kwunkunekuliki*). The roof beam at the back is Way-Down-Under (*leeqen*) — a sea-lion. The upper beams are called *kyatewi*. The owner, Mellas, married the daughter of the Nawitsee chief named Hurhaitsemgwe, who at her death gave the house (it was her dowry from her family) to Spruce Martin, because he had married her daughter. The house was purchased from them.

Builder, age. It was built and carved forty or forty-five years ago. The carver was Rhirhaniyuhl, from Tenarhtauh at Knight's Inlet.

(Informant, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, Fort Rupert, 1947.)

Two Thunderbird House Posts inside the house of L'arhotlas, the head chief of the Nimkish tribe (Alert Bay). They now stand as gate posts in front of the Government School.

Carver, age. These house posts stood as supports of beams in a house that was never finished, as the chief died before the roof and the walls were put on. Jos. Harris, the oldest chief still living, may have been responsible for the construction, may even have carved the posts, as he succeeded the first owner. The informant, Daniel Cranmer, born in 1885, was a child when this happened.





Thunderbirds and Bear Mother, at Alert Bay

The Thunderbirds of Alert Bay, according to the Rev. Mr. Corker, to H. P. Corser (28:73).

Another totem quite famous is one showing a bird with a hooked nose at the top, and at the bottom a bear with what appears to be a mummy of a man in a coffin. There are two of these just alike.

The Thunderbird gave a man strength to build houses, and afterwards stayed with him to help him. This gave the family a right to use the Thunderbird totem.

The founder of the Alert Bay tribe was Numpkish. He was shown how to get water, and so he filled bladders with it and made the Nimkish River, where salmon could spawn.

THUNDERBIRD AMONG THE NOOTKAS

Suayuk of Tetacus (1792), Thunderbird among the Nootkas of Vancouver Island, as described in 1792 in the "Voyage of the Sutil and Mexicana" (108:242, 243).



Thunderbird and Bear Mother, at Alert Bay

Thunderbird and Whale carved on a house post of the Clayoquot Nootkas, collected in 1905 by Dr. C. F. Newcombe for the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago (No. 87327).

The label, copied by the author in 1915, read: "The Eagle stands for the Eagle mask work by an ancestor (Wikananish I). Four hundred men hauled up onto the beach an immense whale he had just killed and was about to distribute to guests. He himself is represented by the Killer-Whale below."

Suayuk, the bird like an eagle which Tetacus drew . . .

We noticed that the canoe had a great carved young eagle at the prow, the like of which we had also seen in other war canoes. These Indians, it seems, connect a certain idea of fear or veneration with the image of this bird, just as the natives of California are particularly grateful to it for having . . . drawn an Indian from a well. Tetacus having taken a pencil, which lay on the table, drew for us admirably an eagle in flight, among other sketches he made on a sheet of paper. It had a very large head with horns on it. He represented it as carrying a whale in its claws, and assured us that he had himself seen a bird of that kind descend rapidly from the sky to the sea close to his hut, seize a whale and, rise up again. Valdes told him that he must have been asleep when he thought he saw such a strange thing, but he asseverated that he was then as wide awake as when he related it.

The Thunderbird among the Nootkas, according to Camille de Roquefeuille, about 1816 (38:101).

They are extremely afraid of Mattoch, a fantastic being, dwelling in the mountains, whom they believed to be a hideous and ferocious monster covered with black hair, having a human head, with an enormous mouth, furnished with teeth longer and more formidable than those of the bear, and both his hands and feet armed like that animal. The thunder of his voice throws down who hear it, and he tears in pieces all who have the misfortune to fall in his power.

Thunderbird and Snake among the Nootkas as recorded by Edward Sapir, for the National Museum of Canada, in 1910, at Alberni, B.C.

One "menstrual board" [or partition board at the rear of the house] used as a screen for girls [reaching the age of puberty] had two Thunderbirds and two Snakes (*he'itlik*) in the corners. A whale was held in the talons of each Thunderbird. The Disk with a man inside, under the birds and in the contour represented the Sun (*hopahl*.)

Thunderbird Crests introduced among the Nootkas, according to field notes made by Dr. Edward Sapir at Alberni, in 1910.

The earliest chief, Tapuchau'a, had no emblem. Later on after the Flood, the head chief, Tsakwasiqhmik, saw the Thunderbird. He did not paint the bird on his house front, but only on his *aitsaqso'ihlim* (a board inside?). On it he painted one Thunderbird, and a Snake (*he'itlik*) at both the upper corners. The Thunderbird carried the whale, just as had been seen.

Tsakwasiqhmik, when out hunting whales, saw, after spearing one, the Thunderbird come down and catch it. This whale was "Hole-through-its-*tsakwasi*," a variety rarely seen. The bird had lifted it a little out of the water, then had dropped it. The Snake was coiled on the surface of the sea, and hail was falling as big as eggs. Only the chief had had this vision, because, afraid of the thunder, the people had bent down in fright. This is why Chief Tapuchau'a owned the Thunderbird as his own heirloom (*topatih*).



Thunderbird, at Provincial Museum, Victoria



Thunderbird and Whale of the Kwakiutls

Thunderbird and Snakes at Alberni. Crests on the house of the head-chief's family among the Nootkas of Alberni, recorded by Dr. Edward Sapir, in 1910.

The head-chief's house had, on the side of the house facing the beach: round holes cut through boards (*narh-as*) representing Moons; two Thunderbirds facing each other; two snakes (*he'itlik*) also facing each other on top of the Thunderbirds. Over the round hole serving as entrance doorway, at the upper sides, were two large Cod-fish (*tuckasitlik*) with heads toward each other.

Thunderbird and He'itlik, according to the Rev. Chas. Moser (72:86, 87).

The Indians maintain that it is an immense bird — the Thunderbird. One of the young men told me that Koninah, the third chief, was in possession of one of its wing-feathers. So I sent for the feather, but the young fellow came back disappointed, the chief having stated that he had not nor ever had such a feather. The noise of the thunder is explained by the fact that the Thunderbird takes hold of a whale, and in a struggle with the monster of the deep causes all the thundering reports.

The lightning is a reflection of the bird's eyes which it opens and closes in rapid succession. Others have it that the neck of the bird is surrounded by a being (*he'itlik*) of the shape of a snake which breaks loose and inflames, and goes about scattering what we call the lightning. Others again say that the light comes from under the wings of the bird which becomes visible as it flaps its wings.



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Thunderbird and Whale of the Kwakiutls, at Memorial Hall, Victoria

The Grave Monument of Maquinna, according to the Rev. Chas. Moser (72:159).

The wood carving of a large bird with wings spread, over a whale, is shown in an illustration. It is described as a "Grave Monument of Chief Makwinna, Friendly Cove, Nootka. Died 1902".

THUNDERBIRD AMONG THE SALISH

Thunderbird at Prospect Point in Stanley Park, Vancouver, described by the Rev. G. H. Raley (118:8, 9).



Nootka Thunderbird, in Thunderbird Park, Victoria

This pole, erected on Prospect Point, the highest eminence in Stanley Park, is commemorative of the meeting of the Squamish people with Captain Vancouver in Burrard Inlet, off Capilano River, on June 12th, 1792.

Its carved and painted symbols tell the story of the mythical creation by the supernatural Thunderbird family.

The carver, Chief Matthias Joe Capilano, gives the following interpretation of the symbols:

The topmost figure is Swi-ve-lus, whose highly ornamented body depicts many things. For instance, on his chest is the creator of the world, the wide open eye signifying daylight and work, — the sightless eye, night, moon, stars, rest and sleep. The wing feathers symbolize rain, snow, hail and wind, while fire is seen under the great beak.

The right leg shows the eye of the sea monster, who is both father and mother of all the sea people, or fish, while the eye on the left is that leg of the land monster, who produces human beings, animals and birds.

The left side of the tail shows the water marks of the high and low tides, while the right side symbolizes the flow and drip of mountain water which makes lakes and rivers.

The second figure, Kah-mi, controls the storms of rain, snow, sleet, hail and wind.

The third figure, Tsa-itch, concerns herself especially with the season's growth of grass, herbs and trees.

The fourth, Great Thunderbird, hiding in the clouds, blinks his eye and shoots forth lightning; a gentle shaking of his feathers produces little disturbance, but when he flaps his wings there is violent thunder and forked lightning. When he is angry with the people of the earth he makes the lightning and sets fire to the forests, and at times warns his own crest people of approaching death.

The fifth figure on the pole is somewhat shrouded in mystery. He is called the great dragon or the giant lizard, Tchain-koo. This amphibian is supposed to be the principal food of the Thunderbird. He is of a bright color and his fins and scales are of gold. The scales are worn as a charm by anybody who has the good fortune to find them when they are shed.

THUNDERBIRD AT LARGE AMONG THE CHUKCHEES OF SIBERIA According to Waldemar Bogoras (113:322, 328.)

Thunder is said to be produced by the passing of the Thunderbird.

A "giant Thunderbird" is sometimes regarded as the same as the supernatural Raven; but more frequently it is a kind of "giant eagle" of supernatural strength. In one tale a female "giant eagle" appears as mistress of good and bad weather. When visited in her own world by two mortals, she undertakes, at their request, to clear the sky, and begins to scrape it with a large brass scraper. Noticing that one of the visitors looks at her naked legs, she grows angry, and hurls them both back into our world. Even now the eagle is protected by a taboo, and the killing of one is supposed to bring on bad weather and famine.

The Asiatic Eskimo also say that the Thunderbird is a "giant eagle".

IN AMERICA AND ASIA

The Thunderbird is perhaps the most widely diffused of all folklore themes, and is familiar under different forms in every part of North America. W. J. Wintenberg: *Representations of the Thunderbird in Indian Art* (121:3-15).

It was a common feature in the beliefs of the natives on the north Pacific Coast, in the northern Rockies, and also of the totem poles. The following instances emphasize its local characteristics, which do not deviate much from their Asiatic prototypes. Quotations from *Thunder* (Vol. IV. Chapter XIV, pp. 439-444: *The Mythology of All Races — Finno, Ugric, Siberian*. By Uno Holmberg).

Like most of the North American Indian tribes, the peoples in the farthest north of Siberia imagine thunder to be something resembling a large and mighty bird. The Forest Tungus speak of it as such and explain that the rustle of this mighty bird's wings is heard on the earth, when it flies, as the terrific rumbling of thunder.

A similar conception of the nature of thunder is found among the Chukchee and all the primitive peoples of the District of Turukhansk. The Eastern Samoyeds liken the Thunderbird to a duck, (like of Horhoq of the Kwakiutl), whose sneezing is the cause of rain.

The Mongol tribes, many Altai peoples, and some Eastern Tungus tribes, such as the Goldes, believe that the phenomenon of thunder is caused by a large flying dragon [the Double-Headed Snake of the north Pacific Coast]. The Mongols say that this dragon has wings and a body covered with fish scales. At times it lives in the water, at time flies in the air. When it moves in the sky the rumbling of thunder follows. In some places the rumbling is explained to the dragon's voice and every movement of its tail to be a flash of lightning. It never comes sufficiently near to the earth for people to see it, and in the winter it hides in lofty mountains.

This conception, in which the creator of thunder is introduced in an exceedingly mythological shape, is not an original Altaic one, but, as its geographical area already denotes, comes from China. As we know, the Chinese and, following their example, the Japanese, imagined the Thunder god to have the shape of a peculiar dragon, which is represented in their art in many different ways.

Could this be the Vrtra or Ahi ("snake") of the Veda, from whose power the Thunder god Indra releases the waters?

THE SALMON TOTEMS

The Salmon of Meelas, a young native of Skidegate, on the Queen Charlotte Islands, as recorded by James Deans. (36: 80).

Sometime in the early seventies there was raised in the grave-yard at Skidegat, a mortuary column to the memory of Meelas, a young Hidery, a native of Skidegat town. This tomb is twenty-five feet in height, and still stands — 1897. The carving is as follows: First, a salmon, and close above it a boy's head. Further up, a fishing net is shown. Perched on top of this column is an eagle. This eagle shows his connection with the eagle crest and phratry. As this eagle has no bearing on my story, I shall say no more about it — only of the net, the boy, and the salmon. This young man Meelas made the acquaintance of a young Indian of his own age, who was a native of a village on a river named Skeena. This Indian (I never knew his name) invited Meelas to live with him on the Skeena. This he did; and three years passed before he returned to his native Queen Charlotte Island. While living on the Skeena his friend, who belonged to the secret society of the Salmon, had Meelas initiated into his society. His initiation entitled Meelas to have a mortuary column with the above mentioned carvings, and the following story:

Long ago an Indian family lived in a village on the banks of the Skeena. How many in the family there were, tradition has not preserved. Only a boy, the hero of our story, is mentioned. One time his father made him a present of a copper collar to wear around his neck. After wearing it several years, he suddenly disappeared. His parents, joined by all the neighbours, searched for him everywhere without success. Tired and disheartened they all gave up the search, expecting never again to see him alive. Even his father, although unwilling to give up the search, had to do like the others. When any one spoke of him, it was of the boy who went away and never returned. His parents still fondly hoped to find him, believing him still to be alive. Winter, like other winters before, had come and gone. Summer once more had returned, bringing along with it leaves and flowers, the salmon to the rivers. The old man one day took a fish net and placed it in the river. After awhile he hauled it in and found a good-sized salmon, which he took home to his wife. She commenced to cut off its head. To her surprise, she found, while cutting around its neck, a copper collar. This discovery led to the restoration of their long lost son, who by the enchantment of some evil genii had been turned into a salmon and placed in the river. To resuscitate him the old man went into the timber, where he gathered a few sprigs of a potent herb. These he dried before the fire and rubbed into a powder between his hands. This he blew over the fish. It broke the spell and liberated the boy, thus restoring him to his parents as good as new.

The Qanis Pole of Gitsalas (A Tsimshyan village), totem pole and house ridge pole of the Eagle household of Kakaotsken of the Gitrhtsærh tribe, at the canyon of Gitsalas on the Skeena River. This old deserted village used to stand on the river-bank opposite the Fortress (*ta'awdzep*).

Description. The fairly tall and splendid pole of the Dog Salmon (*qanis*), still standing in the bush in 1947, was erected in circumstances that have been forgotten. It consists of a tall salmon with four dorsal fins, with human faces on the pole at the base of the fins, and stands head down. It occupies the whole length of the pole. At the base near the ground is the Eagle, rather small, with wings folded. Near the tail of the fish and embodied in it is a man squatting. One side of the tail of the fish runs forward and upward, from the nose of the man to the uncarved top of the pole.

The long ridge pole of the communal house nearby (to one side) represents the same fish resting horizontally on props or house posts. It still stood in 1929.

Myth of the Dog Salmon, as related by informant Walter Wright, Neestarhawq, chief of a Killer-Whale clan at the canyon of the Skeena.

In the Spring, when salmon was very scarce among the people, and there was much ice on the river, a young man was very hungry. He went to his



Dog Salmon, at Gitsalas Canyon

mother's salmon box and broke off a piece of a spring salmon. The piece he broke off was from its private organs. His mother was angry because he had stolen the food, and the young man was incensed at his mother's rebuke. He went away up the river and sat beside the running waters at Gitaos. While he was sitting there, he heard strange noises, as if canoe folk were handling many poles in a canoe, pushing their way upstream. Then he thought he heard some one say. "This is the one! This is the one!" and the canoe hit the shore below the spot where he was sitting. The canoemen called to him, "Come, my son, come on down with us!"

The young man followed them and stepped into this canoe — it was a large dug-out. They proceeded up the river. After a while, he saw a huge house. It had a wonderful front on which was painted the Dog Salmon (*qanis*). Then they passed on to another house. Here on the house front was painted the Steelhead-Salmon. Soon they arrived at a large house, that of the Spring-Salmon, with a front painting representing this salmon.

When the young man entered the house, a young woman took him aside and said, "Burn the wool you have stuffed in your ears!" As soon as he had done this, she enquired, "Do you know where you are!" "No," was the reply. "The salmon have taken you to their house. This is what has happened: when you pulled the salmon from your mother's food box and straightened it out, you cured the crooked leg of the salmon chief. That is why he has sent for you. He wants to give you compensation," the girl explained. This was Mouse Woman in disguise. "Do not eat what they place before you," she added, "It is not salmon, but the belly of dead people. When they place before you what looks like berries, do not eat them, for they will be the eyes of dead people". So the young man fasted. The young woman said, "Tomorrow when you go out, you will see a lot of children playing. Take one of them, beat him, and eat him. Then take his bones and burn them all".

The young man did this, and when he beat the child, it turned to a salmon. He ate it, burned the bones, and came back into the house. While he was sitting there, the children ran in. One of them ran in crying. He had lost an eye. Mouse Woman appeared again and said, "You have forgotten to burn one eye of the fish you ate". So the young man went out, and when he had found the eye, he burned it. The child consoled, went out again.

After the young man had stayed there some time, the chief of the house said to one of his nephews, one day, "Go to the Skeena and find out how the salmon is, whether it is ready for us to eat or not." The chief meant that he should see whether the leaves were beginning to change since some of the seeds from the trees were used as food. So the nephew did as he was bid. Later he returned and said, "No, the old salmon is still in the river," indicating that last year's leaves were still there. So they stayed on in their village. After a time, the chief sent one of his nephews on the same errand. His nephew went far up the river, and when he returned said, "Everything is right now. The food has ripened." So the chief declared, "Tomorrow we move once more."

The people then made ready for a long journey, and were all overjoyed about it. The young man was taken along with them in a canoe and given a garment of salmon. He dove into the water, following the salmon tribe upstream. When they came to the junction of the Ksan (Skeena) and the Kalem rivers, they stopped swimming, and divided into two companies. One said, "We're going up here (the Ksan)," and the others, "We are swimming up to Gitsalaser." The salmon going up to Kalem shouted out, "Go, go where they throw you around like wood!" This meant that the Gitsalas tribe threw the first catch onto the sand, after packing it on their shoulders like so much wood. The band of salmon people going to the Ksan (or Ksyæn) River called out to the others going to the Kalem river, saying, "Yes, and you are going to the place where you will get maggots in your



Dog Salmon, at Gitsalas Canyon

mouth." With these parting words they separated. By this, they meant that the Kalem River was so swift in the canyon that the mouths of the spring salmon are torn to shreds, giving them the appearance of maggots. This gives them their name.

The early fishing season was now on, and chief Kakaotsken was fishing at the canyon of the Skeena. While he fished here, he caught a monster spring salmon, and was barely able to land it with his dipnet (*bane*). After landing it, he realized that it was an unusual salmon, a huge *qanis*. The

women took it to the house, and when they cut it open a child came out of the belly of the salmon. This is why the Dog Salmon (*qanis*) was adopted as a crest. It was shown thereafter as the ridge pole of Salmon in the house of Kakaotsken, and on his totem pole beside it. Both are still standing in the bush.

The Salmon Myth (Asaralyæn), chief of a Wolf clan in the Gitsees tribe of the coast Tsimisyans. This narrative is claimed as its property by the Wolf clan of Asaralyæn.

Variant No. 1 was given to William Beynon by Mrs. Emma Wright, whose native name is Hlaik, member of an Eagle clan.

While the Gitsees were living at Hraïtsek (geographical name: Kayeks), a group of young men set out one day to gather salmon-berries. Among them was the only nephew of the chief of the Gitsees. They had not gone far when the canoe upset, and the only one to drown was this young man. The chief and his wife were very sad. Every day the mother would come to the river's edge and weep.

A long time went by, and it was the salmon season again. Among the people catching salmon was the chief's slave. He caught a very large spring salmon with a swollen belly, and took it to the chief. His wife cleaned it, and as she cut it open, behold! there was a male child in it. The chief and his wife knew that this was their son returned to them.

They were very happy, and every day the chief would take the child and stretch his limbs, making the boy grow rapidly. Soon he was a young man, and then the chief selected four sons of his tribesmen to be his son's companions. Very clever and industrious, the young man went every day down the river to a sandbar where he had made a small hut, here to snare eagles. He caught these birds for their down, which was hard to get, and was therefore very valuable. When he had gathered a great quantity of eagle down, his father would trade it to other tribes. In this way they became quite wealthy.

The young man had his companions hide outside the hut, and when he snared an eagle, one of them would come and take it. He had instructed them not to look into the hut while he was there, since that would be the cause of his death. His companions carefully observed this behest, but soon one of them became curious. He wanted to see how the young chief caught the eagles. So this day when his leader had gone into his hut and a big eagle flew down, this companion looked into the hut and behold! there was a live salmon, with the eagle trying to grasp it by the throat. Even as he looked, the salmon changed into the young chief who had died as he had warned.

The old chief and his wife were again grief-stricken. They took the body of their son to Metlakatla. Here a burial pole was erected, and a box containing the body was placed on its top. His four companions took it upon themselves to watch the burial box and guard it so that no *haldaoget* (sorcerer) would interfere with it. Every night they kept guard. Then one of the companions gave up watching, then another, and another, until only one companion was left. He kept on. One night he heard voices coming towards



Dog Salmon totem pole, at Kitwanga

him. He saw a beautiful canoe with many people in it, and though they went by where he sat, they paid no attention to him. They kept saying, "He lies here. It was here they placed him." When they went to the burial pole, the dead prince arose, and came down the pole. It was then that the one still guarding him tried to stop them, but they paid no attention.

Before he had died, the young man had given each of his companions a pebble, telling them that, whenever they wanted him to think of them, they should put it in their mouth, and he would be with them. The young guard thought of this stone and put it in his mouth. The prince came to him

and said, "What are you doing here?" "I am watching your sleeping-box," the young man replied. "Come with me, for I am now going to my own country," the prince said.

They went off in the strange and beautiful canoe. Just as if it were alive, it travelled swiftly, with little effort on the part of the people in it. They were heading north, and had travelled for a long while when they arrived at a large river. Whenever the young man put the pebble in his mouth during the journey, his young chief would speak to him. They passed by a fine village, and all the people came running down to the shore, calling out to them as they went by, "Did you get what you were seeking?" "Yes, he is here with us," replied the steersman of the canoe. They continued their journey until they went by another village which was even more beautiful than the first. When the young man put the pebble in his mouth, his leader said, "That is the village of the dog salmon people." The inhabitants, whose house-front paintings were of many colours, wore rich garments. They, too, ran to the shore as the canoe passed, and shouted, "Did you find what you were seeking?" "Yes, he is with us in the canoe," the steersman answered. They journeyed upstream, passing other villages, the village of the coho salmon people, and that of the sockeye salmon. Each was more beautiful than the last, and at every one the people ran down the shore asking, "Did you get what you were seeking?" "Yes, he is with us here in the canoe."

Soon they reached a very large village. As they approached, the people came running down and shouting, "Have you brought what you were seeking?" "Yes, he is here with us. Make ready to receive him." As they landed, the young man noticed that the people were wearing bright silvery cloaks. Many children ran around. Houses were numerous, and in the middle of the village was a very large one with beautiful house-front paintings. Very real, these represented the rainbow and stars. The young man went to the large house, his friend following him. They entered and beheld a great chief sitting at the rear. With him were his wife and their beautiful daughter. The prince went to the chief and sat by him.

His companion, meanwhile, walked about, and became very hungry. Since no one paid any attention to him, he put the pebble in his mouth, and his young chief said, "This is the village of the spring salmon. Stay with me!" Whenever hungry, you must take your club and knock over one of the children you see running about. It will change into a salmon for you to prepare. When you have finished eating, gather up the remnants and burn them, bones and all." So he went out, and seeing some children playing, caught one, and clubbed it. It turned into a salmon, and he roasted it by the fire. When he had finished eating, he gathered up all the bones and scraps, and burned them. Soon a cry came from the children. One of them was in agony. His back was bent in pain, and he was limping. The prince came and said to his companion, "You are the cause of his agony. Go back and find out whether you dropped any remnants of fish where you were eating." The companion returned to the place where he had eaten, and there was a piece of backbone on the ground. He picked it up, together with other pieces, and burned them. The child was well again.

This went on day after day. The people did not seem to be doing any work, though all were getting ready to go somewhere. The young visitor

took his escort aside and said to him, "When you wish to talk to my father, you must go to him and hold on to his neck ornament. Grasp it firmly, and then speak with him."

The young man had fallen in love with the chief's daughter, and wanted her as his wife. When he was on the point of speaking to the chief one day, a little old woman appeared to him and said, "Give me your ear ornaments and any mountain-goat fat you have. I am Mouse Woman, and may help you." The young man had a little mountain-goat fat which he used as a cosmetic. He gave it to Mouse Woman, as well as his wool earrings. When Mouse Woman took these presents, she said, "You want to marry Woman-of-the-Sea, whose name is Ksemgiyæks. She is a great *spenarhnorh* (supernatural being) who lives away out to sea. Ksemgiyæks in matrimonium ducere tibi licet, sed concubinos occidit omnes. Etenim, vagina ejus est armata dentibus qui copulanti mortem inferunt. Priusquam nupseris, ei politam introduces petram quae letalis vaginae dentes conterat. Ex quo, indemnitas cum ea conjunges".

The young man went to the great chief and, taking a firm hold on his neck ornament, squeezed it hard, and said, "Chief, I want to marry your daughter." The chief did not reply at once. The young man squeezed the neck ornament so hard that he almost strangled the chief. "Agreed," he said at last, "she will take you to her own abode out to sea. Come, my daughter, sit by your husband." The woman, who seemed very pleased with her new suitor, sat by him. Illa nocte, sic egit ut admonitus fuerat; et dentes esse contritos expertus, tunc illæsus cum Ksemgiyæks conjunxit. She said, "We will move to my own home". They set off in a canoe to her home in the sea.

Since the canoe was supernatural it travelled quickly, and in a short time they reached a small island, just big enough to hold a large house. On entering, the young man saw a pile of logs which turned out to be seals. He and his wife built a fire, and his wife opened a trap door in the floor. Looking down, the young man saw the bottom of the sea. She put a dipnet down and pulled it up full of halibut and other fish. She gathered all the food they needed, and they were very happy.

Then one day the young man remained very quiet. He stayed on his bed and would not eat. Finally his wife went to him, saying, "Why are you so quiet? What is wrong?" "I am lonely for my own tribe." "I know!" his wife said, "Let us go to your people! I will accompany you, but be faithful to me". Next day they set out in their canoe, and quickly reached the outskirts of a village which the young man recognized as his uncle's. The canoe was loaded with a huge quantity of food and other things. All of these were brought into the house of Asaralyæn. Here the man and his supernatural wife were very happy. The woman, through her great supernatural powers, was able to gather great quantities of food for the people at a time of near-starvation.

One thing the woman made her husband do each and every evening. He had to draw water for her from the water-hole, and when he brought it in, she took a feather from her head and dipped it in the water before using it. Many beautiful women were jealous of the young stranger's wife. Some of them had drawn his attention before he went away, and now they planned

to attract him again. They waited near the water-hole. Finally, one more daring than the others led him into the bushes. When he returned to the house with his water bucket, his wife dipped the feather into the water. Behold! it turned to slime and muck. At once she knew that her husband had been unfaithful. She stood up angrily and left the house. He followed her, right out into the water, where she hastened out of sight. He sank into the sea and perished. A number of the Gitsees people, of the Wolf house of Asaralyæn, also disappeared at the same time.

Variant No. 2 as told by informant Mrs. Eliza Marsden, 75 years old, of the Gitsees tribe.

It all happened when the Gitsees people were living at Hraïdzeks, a river flowing into the Skeena. (Kaiyaiks is the geographical name.) One day, all the young people of this village set out after salmon-berries, and among them was the son of the Gitsees chief. When they were returning, one of the canoes upset, and the young prince was the only one to lose his life. His parents were very sad, since he was their only child. Day after day they would sit on the shore, mourning their only son.

It was now a year since they had lost their son, and again the salmon were coming back to the streams. The chief's slave went to the water's edge and saw a huge spring salmon. It had a large belly, and when the slave took it and cut it open, behold! There was a live male child in it. When the chief took the child, he knew that it was his son who had drowned and was now returned to him. He and his wife were very happy. The child grew rapidly, and every day the chief would take and stretch him, so that in a very short while the child was a full-grown young man. His parents then chose four companions who were always to be with their son.

As eagle feathers were very much in demand, the young man made an eagle trap so that he could gather the feathers of these birds. He was very successful, and soon his people were very wealthy from this trade with other tribes. The prince had made a small brush house in which he would lie hidden, and when the eagles came down he would catch them and take the feathers. His companions were always near, but could never see how he overpowered them.

One day, one of the companions hid himself near the entrance of the small brush house and behold! he saw a live salmon lying on the floor. That was what the eagles tried to get! The prince had transformed himself into a salmon. But even as the young companion saw this, an eagle came in. This time the young man could not grasp it in time, and he was killed. The corpse resumed human form. Thus the old chief and his wife were in great sorrow again at the fate of their son. They took the body and put it on a burial pole, under the constant guard of the four companions. For a long while these four young men watched, then one by one they gave up until only one remained.

As he was watching one night, a canoe came up near where he was sitting on the shore. He took the little pebble that had been given him by the prince and put it in his mouth. Now he could see everything clearly. Many people were in the canoe. The man in the stern spoke, saying, "This is the place where they put him." So saying, they landed, went to the burial pole, and



Totem pole of the Dog Salmon of Angyadae

opened the burial box. The prince rose and said, "I have been waiting many days for you," and they all went to the canoe at the water's edge. No notice was taken of the young companion, so he got into the canoe with them. They now set out in a northward direction.

Soon they came to a village where the people wore beautiful garments of many colours. As they were going past, someone shouted out from the shore, "Did you find whom you were looking for?" "Yes, we found him. He is here with us," replied a man in the canoe. They passed another village and again there came a shout from the shore, "Did you find whom you were looking for?" "Yes, he is here with us," was the reply. Finally they came to another village where the same question was asked, and this time the prince's companion saw that it was a beautiful place. The house-front paintings were many-coloured, and the garments worn by the people and even the children were alike bright with colour. When the canoe landed, many came down and asked, "You found whom you were looking for?" "Yes, he is with us."

They all went to the largest house in the village. When they entered, the young prince went to a man who was lying very ill at the rear of the house and said to him, "It is I, my uncle. I have returned to you." As soon as the young prince came in the great chief began to feel well. The prince then turned to his companion and said, "You are now in the land of the salmon. That was my uncle who was ill. Should you become hungry, take your club and knock some one down. Then you can roast him, as he is a young salmon. Any remnants you must gather and burn".

The young man was then left very much to himself. When he became hungry, he did as he had been told. With his club he struck what seemed to him a child, and as he struck it, it suddenly became a small salmon. He took it, toasted it by the fire and ate it, burning the remnants as he had been told. Then behold! he saw the same boy running about again, this time shouting as if in great pain, and holding his hand over his eye. "My eye, my eye, it is gone!" he cried. The prince came up to his companion, "Go back to where you were eating, find the other eye of the salmon you ate, and burn it." So he returned and hunted until he found the lost eye, and threw it into the fire. As he did this, the eye of the little boy was restored.

So for many days the young man lived here, until he began to be lonesome for his relatives at Larhwelgiyæps. "Why do you seem to grieve, my friend?" the prince asked him. "I am lonesome for my other friends," he replied. He thought he had been gone only a few days, but actually it had been many years. The prince said to him one day, "Tomorrow we will return to your village. Observe everything here and use whatever you like in your home as crests. You have seen where the salmon come from, and the respect the people must have for them. If salmon bones are not burned immediately after eating, then that salmon will be lost, and will suffer much pain until it dies. So make sure that all bones are gathered up and burned. Do not feed our flesh to dogs. You will take this pebble and place it in your mouth; it will protect you from harm". So saying, he went down to the canoe, followed by the young man, and they set out for the villages of the people.

They passed four villages, and the prince said, "These are the villages of *Iyai* (spring salmon), *Mesaw* (sockeye), *Werh* (coho), and *Stemawn* (pink). The one you left is the village of the *Qanees* (chum or dog salmon)".

They travelled for many days, and one night the canoe came to a beach. "We are here now," the prince said, and his companion recognized his own village again. This young man was the nephew of the chief Asaralyæn (Wolf, Gitsees). That is why the house of Asaralyæn uses the *Qanees* as their crest. It served as a head-dress, and was also carved on a pole.

A Burial Pole and House-Front Paintings of the Spring Salmon (Gidestsu) — related by Edmund Patalas of Hartley Bay, recorded by William Beynon, in 1948 (Extracts from a long narrative).

When the Gidestsu tribe lived near Laredo Channel and were fishing salmon, the Gispewudwade chief Rhæng caught a huge salmon and took it home in his canoe. His wife cut it open with a mussel-shell knife and found a child struggling inside. She took it out, placed it inside her garments, and pretended she had given birth to it. The chief was surprised but very happy at the event, for they were both aged. The child, a boy, grew rapidly. He was given eight boy companions to play with, and they were held responsible for his welfare.

Their first plan was to build a hut at the mouth of a stream where they would snare eagles. The boy was very successful in catching the birds, but he did this by changing himself to a salmon. He did not disclose his secret to his friends, whom he kept from looking on... (The theme of the pebble in the mouth is then developed.)

Through an indiscretion of one of his companions, the chief's son died, and his body was placed in a burial box on a pole.

His friends in town would keep watch at the foot. At night the presumably-dead salmon boy climbed down from his burial box. . . . He went to the river and slipped into a canoe manned by young men wearing red collars around their necks. They started off at once, and moved quickly. The chief's son sat in the middle of the canoe.

They travelled upstream for many days and nights just as salmon do. Then they arrived at a beautiful village. The house-front paintings there appeared to be alive. As they paddled by, someone called out from the shore, "Did you get what you were seeking?" "Yes, he is with us." This was the village of the Steelhead-Salmon (*Mailit*).

In brief, they went by other villages, those of the sockeye (*Mesaw*), the coho (*Werh*), the humpback (*Stemawn*), and the dog-salmon (*Qanees*). All the people in these villages wore beautiful, coloured garments, and at each village the house-front paintings were very bright and life-like . . .

At the end of the run the young travellers arrived at the head of a river. There stood a great village with many houses, and in the centre, a large

dwelling. Every house was decorated with house-front paintings, and many small children played at the water's edge! . . . (And the narrative goes on.)

The Dog-Salmon of the Nass, according to Qawq, an Eagle chief; interpreter, Charles Barton, in 1927.

[Some ancestors in Qawq's clan] at one time in the past were at the place where Ketchikan now is, and they saw the supernatural Dog-Salmon (*qa'it*) there. They took it [as a crest] and moved to the Nass. This happened at the time when the people now belonging to Gitlarhdamks lived at Wilarhkap. While they were still there [that is, before they had settled on the upper Nass] the volcano erupted, and the Wilarhkap tribe moved on. When the eruption was over, the tribe settled first at Place-of-strawberries (*larhkunmegunt*); then, before very long, they moved up the river to the Fortress (*larhtsarhsnærh*) where Gitlarhdamks now is. It was at that time that the Dog-Salmon people joined the earlier occupants on the Nass.

Barton added: The Tlingits of Kilesnoo, some hundreds of miles north of Ketchikan, own the Salmon crest, which they call *Stin*, and their house is called *Stinhit* (Salmon-House). They belong to the Raven phratry, and are related to the Neeshot group of Kanhades, whose fairly recent origin is Tlingit, among the Tsimshyans.

The Eagle and Salmon Pole (Tlingit) at Wrangell, Alaska, as described by Dr. J. R. Swanton, in *The Tlingit Indians* (119: 434).

Another Wrangell pole, carved to represent an eagle holding strings of fish on a rope, illustrates the story of Man-that-dried-fish-for-the-eagle (*Tcaqediatqangu*) told by Katishan.

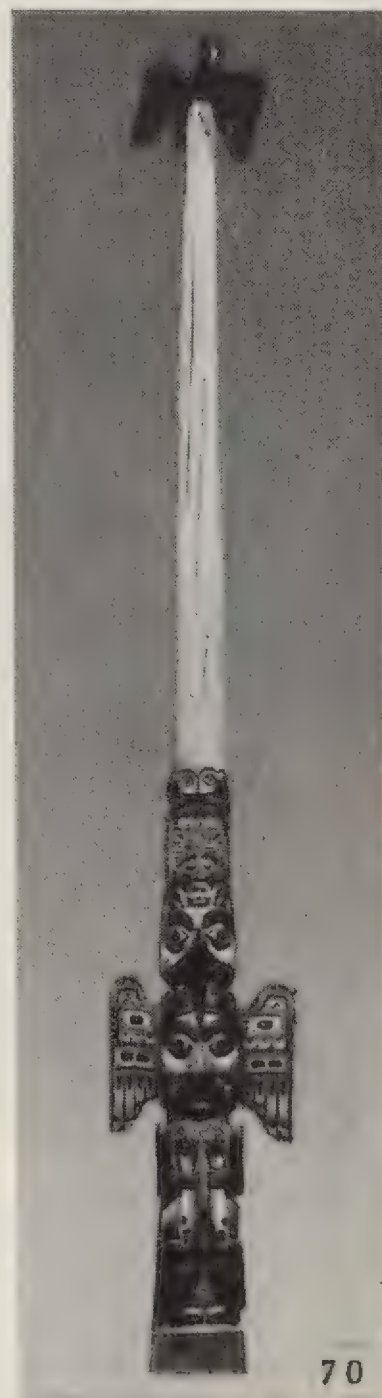
The Nhe-is-bik of Rivers Inlet, now standing in Stanley Park, Vancouver, described by the Rev. G. H. Raley (118: 16, 17).

This pole illustrates the legend, "How the Salmon Came to River's Inlet."

Chief Gal-gum-gas-su and his tribe were the first people to inhabit River's Inlet, and before there were fish in the river they settled at Wanook, now called Whan-nook.

Gal-gum-gas-su had a little daughter named Yeda. Soon after Yeda had learnt how to talk, she told her mother she was hungry for salmon. On being told no one knew what a salmon was, she commenced to cry and refused all foods. Fearing she would die if her crying was not checked, in desperation Gal-gum-gas-su called his wise men to a council and demanded of them, "What are salmon?" and "Where can they be obtained?" The wise men had to admit their ignorance. No one knew.

At that moment, the supernatural Raven, who was always travelling, entered the council and said, "Chief and wise men, I know salmon. They are the fish for the people, and I



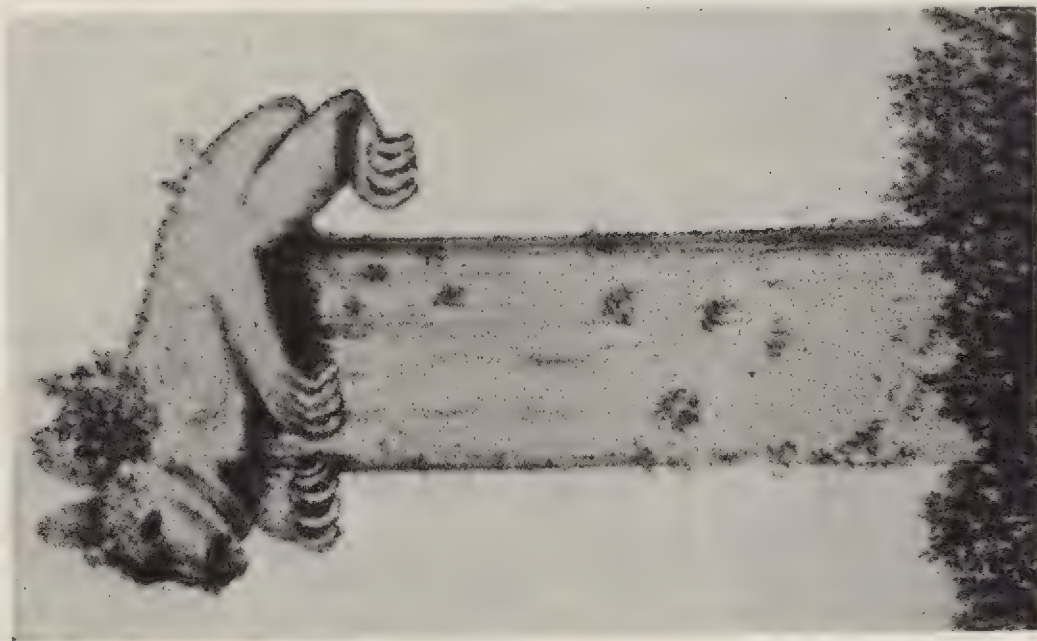
Salmon-Woman totem pole, at Ketchikan



Salmon totem pole of Tongas

will find out where they live." Upon saying this he left them and flew for days till he located the home of the salmon. Now the salmon had a chief called Meah-si-la, whose little son was always playing and jumping in the water. Raven watched his chance, and when no one was looking he seized the little fish and flew off with it. Whereupon Meah-si-la commended his people to help him retrieve his son. They swam fast but could not overtake Raven, who arrived at the mouth of Wanook river in time for Gal-gum-gas-su to have a net made and the little fish safely confined in a shallow pool before Meah-si-la was sighted. Then the Wanook women hastily made long ropes of shredded cedar bark, and when the salmon people ascended the river, the men captured them. They held them in captivity by tying them side by side through the gills to the rope, and fastening the end of each rope to the totem-pole in front of Gal-gum-gas-su's house. Hence the *Nhe-is-bik*, which means tethering pole. When Yeda saw the salmon she ceased crying. In his joy, the father held the first salmon feast. Since then, the yearly run of salmon has never failed.

The present pole, nearly 60 feet high, was carved in 1892 by a skillful craftsman named See-wit, of Blunden Harbor. In 1936 it was obtained from Chief Wakus of the Oweekano people, a direct descendant of Gal-gum-gas-su, and placed in Stanley Park.



(Left) Sketch by John Muir of the Bear totem, at Old Wrangell

BEAR MOTHER MYTH AND TABOOS

The Bear-Mother Myth. Over two hundred years ago the Jesuit Charlevoix, historian of New France, discovered the ritual Dance of the Bear among the nomads of the northeastern woodlands. He called it "La chasse de l'ours" and described it as "Cérémonie ridicule, qui se pratique quand on a tué un Ours."¹ In his description we read the significant comment (translated from the French):

Before coming to the feast where the guests are to partake of bear meat, their custom is to [purify themselves by means of] a sweat bath, and, instead of gorging themselves as at other banquets, they eat only moderately. The host does not eat any of that meat himself but . . . addresses new invocations to the soul of the Bear . . . Further ceremonies aim at appeasing the other Bears, and at bringing about a new reconciliation. The spirits presiding over the living Bears otherwise would interfere with the hunt and bring poor luck to the impious hunter.

Another of many records made among the northwestern Indians is that of Père Emile Petitot, the French Oblate missionary among the Déné-Athapascans, 1866-1879.² Entitled *La danse de l'ours*, this study shows how the Dénés of the Arctic circle, each time they kill a bear, dance, pray to the soul of the dead bear, and sing: "*Mèni n'ayétri* . . . who has lured you out of your den?" In a familiar ritual, they endeavour to atone for their deed and confess their shame and confusion, in order to keep the soul of the bear from avenging itself upon the murderers, or even from being able to recognize them.

Father Petitot, aware of the Old World origin of this worship of the Bear Spirits, goes on to describe similar customs among the Ostiaks of Finland, who also hold a dance of propitiation over the bears they have killed in the hunt.

In his admirable monograph entitled *Bear Ceremonialism in the Northern Hemisphere*,³ Dr. A. Irving Hallowell has compiled an immense number of records and described in great detail the customs and rituals relating to the killing of the Bear wherever they occur in the Far North on two huge continents. He shows that, to the native Americans and Siberians, the Bear is not only an animal but also a spirit: in this last quality, it stands above man: a semi-divinity, higher than all other spirits. It is easy to realize that the centre of diffusion for such customs is, as often happens, Asia, not America, and that there is a hidden or symbolic meaning behind the mass of related observances and rituals, all of which are somehow inter-related historically.⁴

Bear ceremonialism is explained, at least in part of its area of diffusion, by the native story or myth of the young Indian woman who once was changed into a bear and bore twin cubs. This tale, in so far as we know it, belongs to the Tsimshians, the Haidas, the Tlingits, and other neighbouring tribes of the north Pacific Coast and northern Rockies of America, and the bears concerned are grizzlies.

¹ *Journal d'un Voyage fait par ordre du Roi dans l'Amérique septentrionale* (6 vols., à Paris, chez Didot . . . , 1744) 5: 168-75. Record dated 1721.

² *Exploration de la Région du Grand Lac des Ours* (Paris, 1893) 13-17.

³ (114: 1-175) (Referred to hereafter as Hallowell, *Bear Ceremonialism*).

⁴ For other related data, see Ivan Petroff, (80:168); James Deans, *The Story of the Bear and His Indian Wife* (*Journal of American Folklore* 2:255-60; 1889); Franz Boas, (22:29-979); M. Barbeau, *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, (5:108-42).

Among these Mongolian-like people, the Bear Mother myth is a favourite theme for illustration; indeed, no Indian myth or tale has ever been treated better or more extensively. The treatment assumes two forms: one heraldic, in the totem poles of the Tsimshyans of the Skeena and Nass Rivers; of the Tlingits of Alaska, and of the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The other is purely anecdotal or decorative as in the argillite carvings of the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Among the Tsimshyans of the mainland, the mythical Bear Mother was made into the totem of a clan within the Wolf phratry. It is perhaps the only true totem on the north Pacific Coast, answering more or less to the classical definition of clan totem as first given by Sir James George Frazer.

The totemic carvings of Bear Mother and of Bear Mother and her two semi-human cubs belong to the sub-nations of the Tsimshyans, in particular the Gitksans of upper Skeena River, and the Niskæes of Nass River to the north; also to the intermediate tribe of Gitwinkul near the lake of the same name on the Grease (oolaken) Trail linking the two rivers that flow south-westward from the Rockies into the Pacific, a short distance south of the Alaskan border.

As we know them, the totem poles illustrating this myth are: that of the now deserted village of Angyedæ on the middle Nass (this pole now stands in the Musée de l'Homme, in Paris);¹ a dozen or so other poles of the upper Skeena river — the poles of the "Ensnared Grizzly" and "The Bear's Den," at Kitwanga and Hagwelgyet, of the "Sitting-Grizzly," at Gitwinkul, of "The Climbing-Bears" and "Ribs-of-Bear," at Hazelton, and of "Half-of-Bear," at Kispayaks; and a number of Haida and Tlingit poles. The Kwakiutls and other tribes south of the Tsimshyans, and the Haidas have often



Grizzly Bear of the Kaigani-Haidas

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¹ I purchased it, in 1929, for Sir Henry Thorton, who, on behalf of the Canadian National Railways, presented it to the French Government for the old Trocadero Museum, now Musée de l'Homme.



Two Tlingit totems of chief Shaiks, at Wrangell

orphan! Here he has dropped his excrement!"

She might just as well have said, "You bastard!"

Her packstrap broke and, while she tried to mend it, her sisters went on their way, leaving her far behind. Ill-tempered, she did not sing as she should have, but only scolded and groaned.

As it grew dark, she heard voices in the bush behind her, men's voices. Then two young men, looking like brothers, came toward her and said, "Sister, you are in trouble, with nobody to look after you. Come with us, we will carry your berries for you."

Following them she noticed that they were wearing bear robes, and they were taking her up the mountain. After dark they came to a large house near a rockslide and entered with her. Around a small fire a number of people sat, looking at her, all of them dressed in bear robes.

The white mouse Tseets — Grandmother — came to her and pulled at her robe, which

resorted to the Bear Mother theme.

The myth, as illustrated on the poles of the Tsimshyans and the Haidas, was told at great length. Its recital was accompanied by a ritual and two songs. In brief the tale is:¹

Peesunt, a member of the family of Arhteoh of Kitwanga, long ago was gathering huckleberries on the mountain with two other young women of her tribe. Instead of singing like the others, to warn the bears of her presence there as she should have done, she kept chatting and laughing while gathering the wild fruit. The bears in the end pricked up their ears and listened. "Why does she always babble as if she were mocking someone?" they asked each other. Perhaps she was mocking them. That is why they spied on her in the bush and followed her down the trail when she packed a large basket of fruit for the camp.

One evening all three young women, one after the other, followed the trail, stooping under their loads, which were held on their backs by backstraps from their foreheads. Peesunt, the babbler, was the last of the three, a short distance behind the others. Suddenly she slipped, nearly fell down, and looked at her feet. Then, bursting with angry laughter, she sneered, "Boo to Naæk — bear-

¹ A brief summary is given in the author's Totem Poles of the Gitksan, op. cit., 131. In the author's Mountain Cloud (111a), the above summary has been set in appropriate surroundings (130-34).

was now coated with long grey hair like a bear's. And the mouse squeaked, "Granddaughter, the bears have taken you to their den; from now on you shall be one of them, bearing children."

As she heard this she grew frightened, the more so when one of the young grizzlies approached her and said, "You shall live, if you agree to become my wife; if you refuse, you die."

It is from the moment of the first encounter, as related in the myth, that the carvers of the totems usually found inspiration for their illustrations. The latter part of the myth is subject to many interpretations. In brief, the story goes on:

After being taken to wife by the nephew of the Grizzly Bear chief, Peesunt was raised to a higher state among the Spirit Bears on the mountain side. She gave birth to twins, which were half human and half bear. Her brothers meanwhile searched for her. She saw them, as they stood at the bottom of a rock slide, and squeezed a handful of snow in her hand and let the tiny ball roll down the slide. The brothers, thus made aware of her presence, climbed the rock slide and slew the Bear, sparing her semi-human children. Before dying, the Bear husband taught his wife two ritual songs, which the hunters should use over his dead body, to ensure good luck. Peesunt's children behaved like bears part of the time; they guided their uncles to the dens of bears in the mountains, and helped them to set their snares. With their assistance and through the use of the dirge songs, which they always sang over dead bears, the families of Tenemgyet, Hrpeelarhæ, and Arhteeh became prosperous bear hunters. And they adopted the Ensnared-Bear as their crest.

Ever after the Indians used dirge songs over the remains of bears. A clan of hunters on the Skeena River, the Gitksans of the Niskæs and the Tsimsyans proper, probably also of the Haidas, adopted the Grizzly Bear as their emblem or totem.

Native story tellers repeated the tale of Bear Mother at evening gatherings; clan chiefs explained it at the foot of newly erected totem poles illustrating it, and the hunters resorted to ancient rituals of sacrifice and propitiation after they had killed a bear and made ready to eat its flesh.

The Tsimcyan totem pole carvers meanwhile selected special features of the story and treated them freely according to their own ideas and standards. This was true of Tewalas of Kitwanga, who carved the Ensnared-Bear on the totem pole of chief Arhteeh,¹ at Kitwanga on the Skeena, over sixty years ago. Differing from the current opinion, the Grizzly had been snared instead of shot down with arrows or killed with spears. Its eyes are shown tightly closed in two impressive figures of the dead animal on the main shaft of the pole; and its tongue is hanging out of the mouth in a third figure, attached crosswise at the top. Obviously the carver and the owner of this memorial — they were always different — meant to enhance the distinction of the crest by means of an innovation in the common pattern. Indeed, this totem is one of the most remarkable of the dozen poles illustrating the Bear-Mother myth, in five upper Skeena River villages: Kitwanga, Gitenmaks Gitivinkul, (Hazelton), Hagwelget (a Carrier village, on the lower Bulkley River, a confluent of the Skeena), and Kispayaks; also of the

¹ Other informants attributed the same totem pole to Hlamee, a well-known Gitwinkul craftsman.



A Tlingit pole of the Bear, at Wrangell

and offspring often are repeated twice, decoratively, on the same pole, so as to cover the twenty, thirty, or forty foot shaft, from the ground up to the top.

One of the choicest poles showing Bear Mother, although not among the tall ones, is a second pole of Kwarhsuh which was formerly at Angyedæ, on

several Grizzly-Bear poles on the Nass river, and on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

In a totem pole of Angyedæ on lower Nass River,¹ one of two Grizzlies is caught by the neck in a snare at the end of a long rope; the other end of the rope is held by a puny hunter shown upside down further up the pole. Two human faces within the paws of the erect Grizzly presumably represent the cubs, as does the small bear squatting crosswise on the head of the upper Grizzly, at the top of the shaft. This fine carving, the property of the Kwarhsuh family, is one of the oldest in existence, possibly more than ninety years old.

On a few other poles, all outstanding, Bear Mother is shown sitting erect, either with a human face, or with the face of a bear, holding in her arms, or between her thighs, her two Cubs.² The cubs also appear in human or animal form; or one Cub is human and the other animal. More than once a Cub in human form sits upon the head of its mother, holding on to her ears. The three figures of mother

¹ This totem is now preserved at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. I purchased it, in 1928, together with two other outstanding poles of Nass River, for this institution.

² At least one pole of the Kwakiutls, farther south on the British Columbia coast, represents Bear Mother with a Cub between her paws. Perhaps it is merely derivative.



Painted wall board of the Tlingits, at Klukwan

the lower Nass River.¹ This remarkable work of art, about 40 feet high, is one of the oldest, now nearly ninety years of age. It was the work of two of the ablest craftsmen of their generation, Yaragwenohs, of the Gitzarhlæhl tribe (Tsimshyan proper), and Oyai, the most original on the Nass. Peculiarities were introduced intentionally by the carvers and the owner. The pole itself, like the other one of Kwarhsuh, is called Kansuh — Shaking-Tree — because it was supposed to shake under the weight of the Grizzlies climbing it

¹ It now stands within the stately entrance of Musée de l'Homme in Paris, a gift of the Canadian National Railways to the French Nation. It was unveiled there in a public ceremony about 1930.

and playing on it. The main figures of the Grizzly were termed "Bear with closed eyes," referring to Ensnared-Bear. Prince-of-Grizzlies at the top was known to be a white Grizzly. These bears with their special names were the privilege of the family of Kwarhsuh, the owner.

The two dirge songs of the Ensnared-Bear¹ also indicate that whoever composed them in the past referred to features in the myth that remain unrecorded. Their words are: "Give me my belt. I am near death," and, "I came from mountain caves at the headwaters, where the small streams have now dried up."

As a myth of this kind underwent marked transformations in its natural development, the family of Malee of Gitwinkul, a Gitksan tribe (of the Wolf phratry), used the same story while adapting it to their own individuality. Both myth and totemic emblems illustrating it, under new treatment, became a different and striking conception. The Grizzly or the White Bear emblems and the symbolic figure of the ancestress Disappeared illustrate a variant of the Bear-Mother myth, and the myth itself is given as a reason for their representation. While the ancestors of Malee were living at Salmon Creek (Shegunya), a young woman of their family was lost in the forest. Her name was Disappeared (Temdee-mawks). A year afterward, at the time when the bears come down to the river's edge to feed on salmon, she was seen walking down to the mouth of Salmon Creek, followed by her two bear Cubs, her offspring, and a huge Grizzly Bear, her supernatural husband. She called to her people across the stream. Her two brothers Ka-ugwaits and Kishæ responded to her appeal and took her into their canoe with the Cubs. The Grizzly, a mythical being, sitting a short distance away, began to cry aloud, and the Cubs jumped from the canoe and returned to his side. Then he swam after the canoe with the Cubs sitting on his ears. His lament was like a song which the people of this family have preserved as a dirge. As the Grizzly entered the house of his human wife's brothers he was stabbed to death. His skin, his head with his teeth, and his paws were preserved, as well as his ribs, after the flesh had been removed and buried. These were thereafter used as crests in the family.

The totem poles of Malee and his relatives in other tribes are characterized by features in the Grizzly-Bear story that are their own. To Hæsem-hliyawn goes the credit of carving the pole of the Sitting-Grizzly, a fine example of native decorative treatment, particularly in the lower figures of the Grizzly and the smaller human-like beings on his head. Here we find Tsimssyan carving at its best, in its most typical form. Hæsem-hliyawn belonged to the household of Wutarhayæts, of the Larhsail phratry at Gitwinkul.

The poles of the Ribs-of-the-Bear and of the Cormorant were carved by Hlamee, a member of Ramlarhyælk's family, of the Larhsail phratry at Gitwinkul. As an interval of over twenty years lapsed between their erection, we can compare on the spot the work of Hlamee in his earlier and later periods; we find that the older of the two poles reveals him at his best. The figures of the climbing Cubs, the head of which, in relief, is turned aside, and of the other cub over the head of the Grizzly show genuine originality

¹ Recorded on the phonograph, in 1924, from Lælt or Snake, who then bore the name of chief Arhteeth, and interpreted by Alfred Sinclair.

and independence, both in their treatment and plastic feeling. Here the carver was passing out of the merely conventional style of his fellow artists into the domain of pure sculpture.

Deviation from the normal patterns went even farther on the poles of Skabæ of Kispayaks, another Gitksan tribe on the upper Skeena River. The Bear, which is a distinctive crest of the Prairie clan of the Wolf phratry at the headwaters of Skeena River, appears in the form of Half-of-Bear on the poles of Skabæ. The body of the Grizzly Bear cut in half is restricted to this family, and its origin is accounted for as follows: A quarrel arose at Gitwinkul fairly long ago between various nephews of Malee, over their wives. Love intrigues made it impossible for them to live together any longer. Instead of seeking redress in feuds, they decided to part and live in different villages. But they wrangled over the possession of the whole Grizzly-Bear crest. Finally, the difference was settled without bloodshed; the Gitwinkul branch would retain the right to use the hind quarters of the Bear as a crest, and the Kispayaks group the front part.

The tale of Bear Mother, popular on the mainland in the northern Rockies, spread from the mainland to the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the Grizzly Bear was known only by hearsay. There on the Islands we discovered some of its best illustrations, both in wood and in argillite carvings.

These small argillite carvings were made from a slate-like mineral soft enough to be carved like wood. The right quality of this mineral, black or grey, is found in one quarry only, close to Skidegate, in the centre of the island. The use of argillite in native carving cannot be traced beyond 1820, among the earliest known specimens are those secured by Scouler, about 1825, and later given to the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle in Paris. From the beginning all such carvings were made for sale to white seamen and visitors.

The incidents in Bear Mother selected by the Haida illustrators differ from those in favour for totemic representation among the Tsimshians. Haida illustrations mostly bring out the earlier incidents in the story: (1) the capture of the disrespectful young berry-picker by the two spirit Grizzlies; (2) the marriage of, and supernatural relationship between, Woman and Bear; (3) the childbirth and the nursing of cubs by their human-like mother.

All these argillite carvings, in so far as we know, come from the hands of four leading carvers of the Haida: Skaoskeay, of Skidegate (circa 1880), Charles Edensaw (1834 ?-1924), Walter King-ego (circa 1900), and Chapman, the Cripple. In the case of a few pieces it is difficult to identify them as the work of Edenshaw or of Kingego.

The Cultural Growth of its Concept over two or three continents, and its spread to America.

Bear Mother and her Cubs is an important theme not only because of its vital incorporation in Northwest Coast art, but because of its significance in a complex cultural growth now covering the globe. This growth embraces such basic motifs as:

1. The mystic union between a spirit or a divinity and a human being for the procreation of offspring, which offspring shares in both the supernatural and natural attributes of its parents, and becomes an intermediary or intercessor between two worlds.

2. The self-sacrifice and the immolation of a supernatural being for the benefit or salvation of a clan, a tribe, or of mankind.

3. The communion or sacrament of partaking reverently, after self-purification, of the sacred flesh of the immolated supernatural being.

4. Atonement, rituals, offerings, and prayers addressed by representatives of human society below to the powers above.

The motif of mystic union between two beings, one supernatural or divine, the other human, and the mystic procreation of a child belonging by nature to both parents, need not be stressed here. It is well known in Asia, and has spread beyond forest into tundra, across Bering Strait into North America, during the last stages of prehistory.

The Grizzly Bears overtaking the berry-picker of the Tsimshians were no common animals, but spirits. They could hear blasphemy at a great distance, and were offended by disrespect or impiety. They assumed human form and were mistaken for ordinary men. Then the young woman, unaware, became a spirit and was united to a spirit procreator, to give birth to children that changed form at will, now being bear-like, then human. Her offspring were agents of good will between the mighty Grizzly spirits who withhold success in the bear hunt or, if respectfully dealt with, allow themselves to be slaughtered to feed their earthly protégés.

Dr. Hallowell, in his comprehensive review of the evidence widely scattered over the northern parts of Asia and America, mentions that the Laplanders call the slain bear, if a male, "sacred man," and if a female, "sacred virgin". They try to transfer the power and strength of the dead animal to the hunter's household.¹



Painted front of the old Tlingit house of chief Shaiks at Wrangell

The theme of mystic fertilization or immaculate conception is familiar in Asia; it also occurs on the Northwest Coast of America. For instance, the divine Raven at one time, at the creation of this continent, chose to be reborn as an Indian child from the womb of the virgin daughter of an old halibut fisherman of the Queen Charlotte Islands. To accomplish this he

¹ Hallowell, *Bear Ceremonialism*, pp.100-101.



Bear house frontal of Shaiks, by Miguel Cavorrubias



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Tlingit totem pole at the Museum, University of Washington, Seattle

took the form of a salal leaf on a wild berry bush, and was plucked and swallowed by a maiden who became pregnant and gave birth to him who was to discover the fire ball in the lodge of the fisherman and make it into the sun in the sky.¹

The themes of self-sacrifice and immolation are even more widespread and deeply rooted on at least three continents.

When the Grizzly, in spite of his superior powers, chose to be killed by the Tsimshian hunters or to be caught in their simple snares set on his mountain trail, he was voluntarily sacrificing himself to the future welfare of the human hunters, his protégés, who were to use him as their clan totem or as a heraldic symbol on their totem poles. The Ensnared Bear on the pole of Arteeh at Kitwanga was crucified as it were, for the salvation of his chosen clan among the Tsimshians. But before dying he exacted from the hunters definite atonement and propitiation. Two sacred songs, formulated by himself before his death, were to be repeated reverently over the remains of each bear falling to the spears or snares of his clan confederates.

These are primitive reminiscences of mystic ideas and rituals far more developed among advanced nations in Asia. Of this Dr. Hallowell's study provides many instances. The Ural-Altaic people of Siberia consider it a sin to pronounce the actual name of the bear. They call it "grandfather" "beloved uncle" "lord" "worthy old man" "good father."² So do other tribes over a wide area. They vary the invocation to "the Master" "Illustrious". The Indo-Europeans add "golden friend of fen and forest".

At the eastward end of the area of diffusion we find the Tête-de-Boule Indians of Lake St. John calling the Bear "grandfather," and requesting it to "allow itself to be killed".³ The Thompson River Indians petition the bear "not to be angry with the hunter nor fight with him". The Lamuts in Siberia pray, "Do not frighten us! Die of your own choice".

After the animal's death at the hands of his allies of the Plateau and Mackenzie areas in the Northwest, a "mourning-song" is chanted. The Lillooets, as reported by James Teit, sing: "Oh, thou greatest of all animals, thou man of animals, now my friend, thou art dead. May thy mystery make all other animals like women when I hunt them!



Tlingit post showing the Bear,
at Saxman

¹ Marius Barbeau, (12:60).

² Hallowell, *Bear Ceremonialism*, pp. 45-51.

³ *Idem*, 53-4.

May they follow thee and fall an easy prey to me!" Similar songs are found among the Lapps.¹

In Eurasia (Siberia and Northern Europe) the bear festival is the occasion "for a very elaborate socio-religious event . . ." and the "bear ceremonialism reaches its peak in the Amur-Gulf of Tartary region . . ."²



Tlingit Bear on posts, at Saxman

The Koriaks of northeastern Siberia, after they have danced around the dead bear and entreated it not to be angry, cut up its meat and, placing some of it on a wooden platter, pass it around to the attendants, saying, "Eat, friend!"³

Finally, the Finns, in similar rituals, sing poems to the "lord of the forest":

The illustrious is coming,
Pride and beauty of the forest,
'Tis the Master come among us,
Covered with his friendly fur-robe,
Welcome, Otso,⁴ welcome, light-foot,
Welcome, Loved-one from the glenwood!"⁵

¹ *Idem*, 59-60, 45-51.

² *Idem*, 53-4.

³ *Idem*, 59-60.

⁴ *Idem*, 81.

⁵ *Idem*, 84.

The Lapps cook the bear meat in a specially erected hut, to which the women are not admitted . . . The males stayed three days here . . . After entering the hut they sang songs of joy and thanks to the animal that had allowed them to return to safety.¹

The Sakhalin Ainus, at the edge of Bering Sea next to Alaska, pray the spirit of the bear who has sacrificed itself for them: "You will ask God to send us, for the winter, plenty of otters and sables, and for the summer, seals and fish in abundance."

At this stage of development, we reach the threshold of temple, altar, symbolic sacrifice, confession and communion, in a world-wide belief that embraces primitive and civilized man alike, in a sweeping upsurge from daily reality to spiritual idealism and worship.

The Worship of the Bear in Asia (Holmberg), among the Finno-Ugric people . . . The Lapps, Finns, Ostiaks, and Voguls. See Uno Holmberg. (115:85-99).

The Myth of Bear Mother, as dictated by Salæben (John Tate, aged 65), a Tsimshyan member of the Eagle phratry. Recorded by William Beynon, in 1947.

The people were living on Skeena River. It was the berry season, and the women were picking on their different grounds (*'ntahlk*). Among them was a great chief, and his daughter, a beautiful young woman. Her father kept her under the watchful eyes of the women of his tribe. She had frequent proposals of marriage, but her over-ambitious father was never satisfied with any of the young men trying to court her. So he continued to keep careful watch over her.

One day, the women decided to go to a place high up in the mountains to pick berries, and they asked the young princess to come along. As she did not usually go out she was glad to accompany them, and they started up the mountain trails, each with her berry basket. Having gone some distance, with the princess following, they finally reached a spot where berries were abundant.

While she was moving about on one of the trails, the princess stepped on bear dung that was quite fresh; her foot was covered with it, to her great annoyance and embarrassment. "The stinking bear had to come here and excrete, so that I could not help stepping on its smelly dung!" she exclaimed angrily, and this kept up for a long while. Though amused, her companions chided her, and she became the more angry.

It was now past midday. The young women, having filled their berry baskets, prepared to return. They awaited a few of the others who had not quite filled their baskets, and among these was the princess. Her companions

1 Here Dr. W. H. Alexander, president of Section II, Royal Society, drew attention to the striking similarity between the Bear-Mother myth and the myth of Odysseus and the Cyclops Polyphemus as interpreted by some scholars, Odysseus being identified as the Bear Otus, or one of two giants of that name. As the names Otus of the Greeks, and Otso of the Finns may be fundamentally the same word, they may form part of a common mythological concept widely diffused in Europe and Asia, and even beyond, in Northwestern America. More surprising still is the realization that the radical for grizzly bear in the Na-Déné languages of Northwestern America seems also to be identical. For the Tlingits of southern Alaska, it is Huts! See John R. Swanton, *Social Condition, Beliefs, and Linguistic Relationship of the Tlingit Indians* (*Twenty-Sixth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, 391-485, 1908), 476. For the Haidas it is Huadjî. Among the Dénés (Emile Petitot, *Déné-Dindjé*) it is, variously according to the dialects: Ot'elsas, Yutic, stacho, sasdji.



Bear Mother, at Old Tongas

helped her finish, and they set off, the princess bringing up the rear. She had not gone far, however, when her packstrap broke. Her berry basket fell down, spilling her berries. Her companions helped her to gather them; then they sought to catch up with the others. Again the princess lagged, and again the packstrap broke. This time only a few of her companions helped her, as it was getting towards sunset, and they wanted to reach their village before dark.

When the princess' berries were all gathered, she hurried after her companions who were going much faster. But she had not gone far when her



Carved Bears, in a Tlingit village

packstrap broke for the third time. Now her companions had disappeared, and she had to gather the spilled berries alone. When she had finished, and had repaired her packstrap, she followed the trail of her companions.

Before she had gone far, she met a handsome young man. He spoke to her: "I have been sent to meet you. Let me carry your berry basket; it is heavy. And it is too late now to get to your village before night." The princess was surprised but pleased that her parents had sent this handsome young man to meet her. So she gave him her pack and followed, never noticing that they were on a trail in another direction.

Her companions in the meantime had arrived at the village without her. There was great concern, and searchers were sent to look for her. Many days' constant effort, however, gave no trace of her.

The princess walked behind her guide for a long while, and at last they came to a strange village, one with many people going about, though none took any notice of her. The young man led the princess into the largest house. She saw a huge man sitting at the rear. He wore a bear garment and a bearclaw head-dress. As they came in he said, "Did you get what you were seeking, my nephew?" "Yes," he replied, "she stands here with me now." Then the great chief said, "Bring her here, that we may see the princess whom her father refuses to all suitors." The girl now knew that she had been taken by some strange people. The young man led her to the rear of the house to his uncle, the great chief; on each side of him sat a woman, his wives. When the chief saw the princess, he said, "She seems indeed very pretty, and it is well that her father should be so particular. Bring out the marriage mat, and sit my daughter-in-law upon it." The slaves brought out this mat and placed it before the chief. "Now, dear woman, sit down, and my nephew will sit by you. He is the only one fit to be your husband." Turning to his slaves he said, "Bring food, for my daughter-in-law is hungry."

While they were doing this, the princess felt something pulling at her leg. She glanced down, and not seeing anything, wondered what it could have been. Then she felt it again. This time she saw a wizened little old woman, who spoke: "I am Mouse Woman. Have you any wool (wool was used as an ear ornament) and fat? (fat was rendered mountain-goat fat which women used as a facial cosmetic, much in the same manner as cold cream is used). If you have, give them to me, that I may help you." The princess took off her woollen ear ornaments; from her breast she took the ball of mountain-goat fat which she used as a cosmetic, giving them to the little wizened old Mouse Woman.

Soon the food was brought. First they ate salmon, and then berries, in great quantity. When they had finished, Mouse Woman came forward and said to the great chief, "This is what your daughter-in-law has given you." With that she put a great quantity of fat before the chief, who tasted it on a stick, and then ate it as it melted. He and his wives fell asleep shortly afterwards, and soon only the Princess remained awake. It was then Mouse Woman came and spoke to her.

"You have been taken by the Bear people for two reasons; you were so angry when you stepped on bear dung, and your father was always refusing the pleas of all that came to marry you. These two things angered the great bear chief, so he sent his nephew to fetch you here. You must be careful. When you go outside to excrete, take a piece of your copper bracelet and lay this on. Otherwise the Bears will make you a slave. You see all these old women in here? They were taken by the Bear people, just as you, but they were not so well prepared. They did not meet with favour, and were made slaves. They are really young women who have become suddenly aged. Do not forget what I have told you. They will also send you for wood. When they do, you must not gather dry wood, but green, wet wood; that is the kind that the Bear people use." (It is common among the Tsimshians to refer to wet wood as "Bear fuel".)

When it was time to retire, the princess said to her husband, "I wish to go and excrete." She went out, followed by the slaves of the great chief. When she came in after doing as the Mouse Woman had said, the slaves ran to where she sat and examined her excrement. They found on top of it



Grizzly Bear, at old Kasaan

part of her copper bracelet, and this they took into the house, calling to the chief: "She has a right to ridicule our excrement, when her own is copper. No wonder she was angry with us, whose excrement stinks!" The great chief was very pleased.

For many days the princess lived here, well cared-for, but never alone. She was always followed about wherever she went, and always her excrement was watched. She noted that when many of the bear men returned, some were missing, and there was sadness in the village. For the rest, she continually thought of her own people, especially of her younger brother and her pet dog, Mæsk [Red].

Back in her village the people were grief-stricken. Searchers were still out, and among them were the four brothers of the princess, the greatest

bear hunters among the people. These men were so certain that some animal had taken their sister that they planned to hunt all the bears in the vicinity with Mæsk, the princess's dog, and the best bear dog in the country. No matter how well concealed the den, Mæsk would always scent it. Then the brothers would smoke the bears out and kill them. They kept on with the hunt, since their *halait* seers had visioned the princess as having been taken by the bears and held as a captive. The older people believed that animals have supernatural powers and can, when necessary, take human form. The same with birds, and even the fishes of the sea. That is why the people greatly respect them.

The Bear village was now in constant fear, as more and more of their members failed to return from food quests. The princess, now wife of the great chief's nephew, soon became pregnant, while her husband lived in fear that his wife's brothers would soon overtake and kill him. So he went to his uncle, saying, "I am going to my winter village (*tsap*), as Mæsk is now getting too close. There he will never find me."

Before leaving with the princess, the young man prepared his uncle's supply of wood for the coming winter. He summoned all in the house to come and gather fuel. The princess went along too, and gathered dry wood which she placed along with the rest. That night, someone took some of the wood she had gathered and put it on the fire. The flames were almost extinguished, to the displeasure of the chief. "Who has brought in the fuel of the dead?" he cried. "Throw it out! Place our own fuel on it." They pulled off the dry sticks and replaced them with the heavy waterlogged ones, and the fire started to burn brightly again. When all the fuel was brought in, Mouse Woman came and said to the princess: "Take care of yourself! It is your fault that the fire was nearly extinguished. That is very bad. Whenever you gather wood for the Bears, you must gather waterlogged wood. Now your husband is going to take you away, as your brothers are pressing too close. They are very near, but you will be going a long way off. Keep a careful watch, as your brothers may be able to rescue you."

The young man took the princess and together they went up into the hills. Every night when they made camp, he took devil's club and scattered it all around as a precaution against harm. Finally they came to a steep mountain, and climbed up a rocky trail. Sometimes the man carried the princess as she was now heavy with child and unable to travel over difficult ground. They came at last to a large cavern on the face of the hill, almost unapproachable. Here the young man and his wife now lived. Whenever he went away to gather food, he transformed himself into a bear, changing to human form when he returned. One day the woman became ill, and gave birth to twin bear cubs. The father was happy, but became increasingly sad, as he returned from each of his trips. His wife was much taken up by her two bear children, who were growing rapidly. One day, their father returned more depressed than usual. "I am not going to live long," he told her. "Your brothers will soon find me and kill me." Each day his gloom grew worse.

The princess's father sent out the eldest son who was known as the foremost hunter. When he had been away for many days he returned empty-handed, saying, "I have been unable to find *Rhpeesunt*."* Again the father

* Beynon: "This was the first time the informant mentioned the name *Rhpeesunt*. I was waiting that this name should come of itself, for there are other names besides it. I am hoping to get these versions."



Haida-Kaigani Bear of old Kasaan

consulted his seers (*halait*s), and all were in agreement that the daughter of the great chief was alive, in the hands of the Bear people.

The next eldest brother was then sent by the father to try and find the lost princess. Taking along the foremost hunters, he went into the valleys on the Skeena right up to the headwaters, but found no trace of her. They even went to other tribes and enlisted the aid of the most famous seers to guide them; all agreed that the woman was alive, and that she would be found. After the second brother had searched a long while, he also gave up.

The Bear prince always retreated to the cavern when he was hunted. As soon as the search was given up he was relieved, and immediately went out to look for food. He was happy for a time, but his wife did not give up hope of being rescued.

The father of the missing princess now called the third brother. He took his own hunters and searched new hunting grounds. They were now getting close to the hiding-place, and the Bear prince, who knew just when each of the brothers set out, would go into hiding again. "They will never find me," he said to his wife, "they will pass by; my powers are great enough." And it was so. Although he came very close, the third brother and his searchers went right by, failing to detect any sign.

Now the princess had another brother who was not as yet a great hunter. This man, too young to go out on big hunting trips alone, accompanied others in theirs. Yet he was the favourite brother of the lost princess, and had been her companion, together with Mæsk. When the third brother failed the grief of the chief was great. "My daughter is now lost for good," he thought. It was then the younger brother said, "I will go and find my sister. Together with Mæsk, I will find her." The older brothers ridiculed the presumption of their puny brother. "How can a child who does not know his way in the mountains unaccompanied find his way? We will have to search for him, should he be lost," they said. But the young brother was insistent, begging his father to permit him to go. After a while the great chief agreed, "It is well that you should try and find your sister." The young man, quite pleased, prepared to leave with his sister's dog. "Mæsk, we will find my sister, and you will help me," he said, talking to the animal as if it were human.

When this young man set out, the Bear prince grew sadder than ever. He knew by his supernatural powers that the youngest brother of his wife had now set out, and that he would, with the help of the princess's dog, find her. He himself would be killed by his own brother-in-law. So he called his wife and their two bear children, "My brother-in-law has now set out to look for you. With him is your dog Mæsk. It is Mæsk whom all the Bears fear. This time your brother will find you. I will be killed." Again he wept with grief.

The youngest brother was now on his way up Skeena River with many of the best hunters of his father. From the start they followed Mæsk, who by now had scented the princess and was going up the valley where she lived. They came to the foot of the high mountain where the cave was, and Mæsk kept barking up towards the cave. But the Bear prince had spread devil's club all around, smothering the scent, and again the young brother was on the point of turning away. Just then the princess looked out from her hiding-place in the cave and, seeing her brother and Mæsk, became very happy. Taking some snow in her hand, she made a ball, and threw it down towards her brother. When the ball of snow rolled down to his feet, the young man saw marks of a human hand upon it. He held it to his dog, Mæsk, to see whether Mæsk would recognize it. He was glad when the dog began to bark furiously. He glanced up and saw something moving away up on the bare hillside. The trail was almost impassable. After a long climb the young hunter and the dog Mæsk were able to reach the mountain ledge at the entrance of the cave. The Bear prince knew that he was to be killed. He came out of the cave and called, "Wait awhile, my brother-in-law. I want first to sing the dirge which I will then pass on to my children. Then I will give my powers to them, so that they may become great hunters, the greatest among the people." The youngest brother, seeing his sister



Bear Mother and her Cubs, of Klukwan

and her two Bear children, did not know what to do, but his sister called out, "Do as he wishes you to do, my brother!"

The Bear prince sang his dirge, took his two Bear children, and pulled off their Bear garments, making them human beings. Then the Bear prince stood up, and said to the two children, "You will now become the greatest hunters among your mother's people." He then turned to his brother-in-law, saying, "Now I want you to kill me." Although the young man was very reluctant, the Bear prince was insistent. "Come, be quick! Shoot me with your arrow," he said. So the young man drew his bow, and shot the Bear prince. The princess, now that her husband was dead, sang a dirge, and taking a knife, she cut off his head. Then she and her brother set off on the return journey to their village.

Her children grew up as human beings and were the most famous hunters among the people. Their power they had received from their father. Latterly, this was shown in the Wolf house of Asaralyæn household, among the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimsyans, who own the crest of the Woman taken by the Bear. This totem was shown on the pole, where the Woman sits at the bottom, surrounded by the figure of the Bear, and in each arm holds a Cub Bear. (The informant stated that others on the Nass and Skeena also have this same pole and myth.)

The Grizzly-Bear Husband (Patalas).

As a sample, this is one of several versions of the Tsimsyan myth of "The Young Woman and the Grizzly Bear" or "Bear Mother", recently recorded (in 1947) by William Beynon from Edmund Patalas, assisted by John Starr. Patalas belongs to the Gidestsu tribe, and Starr (whose name is Larahnitsk), to the Klemtu tribe — both tribes being southern frontier tribes between the Tsimsyans and the Kwakiults. He had heard this narrative from a Gidestsu friend, at the time when his people were seal hunting together, camping side by side and telling stories.

One of the Gidestsu villages was at Laredo Inlet, and here the young people were chasing a hell-diver (*ts'emsme'awn*). Soon they caught it, and splitting it open, they saw that its insides were as wool. They laughed and said, "Look, the poor thing is starving. It has no insides." Now the hell-diver is related to the loon (*kwal*), and has great supernatural powers.

Although it was late spring, the next day it began to snow. It snowed heavily all night. For many days snow kept on falling, and the people were nearly perishing from want of food and fuel. They could not get out of their houses. Then the chief in anger said, "Great Chief of the Sky, who will make smoke come out of the houses, if we all perish?" Soon after, the snow stopped falling, but the whole village by then was wholly covered up, except for the smoke-holes.

One morning, the chief saw a bluejay in the smoke-hole with a sprig of elderberry in its bill. He stood up, and said to his people, "Something has happened. It is now long past summer, as the elderberry is ripe. Come, we must leave this place!" The people went to Matheson Channel (*marhle-k'unen*), and upon reaching that country, they saw that berries were plentiful there. The women planned to go up to the hills for berry-picking. Now the chief's daughter, who was kept in constant seclusion at the time of her puberty, hearing that the women were going away, coaxed her parents to allow her to follow them. Very reluctantly the chief consented.



Tlingit poles of Bear Mother, at Saxman

They had far to go, and when they arrived there, they scattered out, all within hailing-distance of one another. Soon they were moving about, and as they did, the chief's daughter slipped on bear excrement. Angry, she cursed the bear several times for this, washed her feet, and kept grumbling all day. The women meanwhile had filled their baskets and were now ready to go back home. The princess was among the last to leave. As she did, her packstrap broke, and her berries spilled on the ground. Some women helped her and, the strap repaired, they went on.

They were now far behind the others, who were themselves a long way from the village. So they had to travel fast, as they wanted to get back

before nightfall. They had not gone very far when the princess's packstrap snapped again, delaying them further. When it broke for the third time she said, "Never mind me, go on! It is not far home, and I will take care of myself." So the others left her, as she started to pick up the berries.

While busy, she did not notice that someone was beside her, but when she looked up, behold! a very handsome young man stood there. He addressed her, saying "What are you doing, my dear woman? What has happened to you?" She replied, "My strap keeps breaking. Now my sisters have left me behind." "Let me help you," the young man said, carrying her berry basket. They travelled some distance in what seemed to be the direction of her village.

Naturally enough she could not recognize her helper as she had been kept in seclusion. She hardly knew any of the young men of her father's village. So she confidently followed her escort. Soon, however, they came to a village, and then she knew that something strange had happened.

They stood in front of a very large house at the foot of the hills. "Wait outside for me," her escort said, "while I tell the people that you are here." He went in, and she heard a very low voice asking, "Did you find what you were looking for?" "Yes, she stands outside." "Bring her in, my son. I want to see my new daughter-in-law." The young man came out and spoke, "My father wants you to come in." She followed him into the house. A great fire was burning in the centre, and at the rear sat a great chief wearing a bear costume. Beside him sat his wife, also wearing a bear costume. All the people in the house wore bear garments and head-dresses. After the chief had looked at her, he called out, "My dear, sit here! My son will sit by you as your husband." As soon as she had seated herself, a small squeaky voice came from behind, saying "I am Mouse Woman. Have you any fat for me?" She meant the mountain-goat fat which the women always carried with them as a face cosmetic. The princess gave the fat she had to Mouse Woman, who was old and wizened. Then Mouse Woman said, "The Bears have taken you. You must be on your guard. The way you cursed the Bear because of the excrement you stepped on today has angered them. They have captured you. When you go out to excrete, first dig a hole, and conceal your excrement. As soon as you have finished, put one of your bracelets where you sat. For you will be watched. Whatever the women in the house do, you do likewise."

Food was now brought in, and the people held a feast for the wedding of the young man who had taken the princess as his wife.

When the princess wanted to excrete, she went out, and was escorted by the slave women of the great chief. These women had all been captured by the bears, and they were many. The princess drew away, and dug a hole into which she excreted. Then she filled it in, and placed her bracelet on the ground there. One of the slaves came to look at her excrement, and behold! she saw a copper bracelet. This she took in to the great chief who examined it, and said, "There is good reason why she should ridicule our excrement when hers are copper bracelets." Then to his daughter-in-law: "Here, my dear, keep this bracelet; it is your own excrement." He gave her back the bracelet. Whenever she went out to excrete, she always did the same thing, and the chief would return the bracelet to her.

Next day all the household went out, only the chief and his wife remaining behind; the men to get food, and the women, wood. The princess followed the other women, and gathered some very fine dry wood. This done, the women took the wood into the house, and piled it alongside their fires opposite where they slept. At night, all the hunters returned. Some would say, "So-and-so has become entangled below us." This meant that another bear had been killed by the people. Each of these bear hunters would go to the fireplace of his wife, and shake off the water from his garments. Then the fire would burn more brightly. When the young Bear prince went to the place where the princess sat, he shook the water off his garments, and his wife's fire was smothered. Mouse Woman came forth and said, "You have brought in the wrong kind of wood; it's not bear wood. Do not gather dry, but wet, wood, the kind of wood used by bears."

This went on for a long time. At the princess's own village, her people knew that she had been taken by the bears, because they had seen bear tracks alongside her own. When it was winter and all of the bears were in their dens, they planned to search each of the bear dens and find their lost princess. She had four brothers, all of them great hunters and feared by wild animals, especially by the bears. These brothers now began their purification fasts. They stayed apart, denying themselves any relations with their wives.

The bears in the bear village prepared for their winter hibernations. Among them was the Bear who had married the princess. She was now pregnant. She would very soon give birth, before they could move to their winter cave in the mountains. Before going, they agreed that they would have to find very inaccessible quarters as they knew that the princess's brothers were to seek all the usual bear retreats, in their search for their sister. The young man who had married the princess said, "I am going to Kad'ælarhæ (cavernous place)," which was in the mountains at Matheson Channel. His wife in the meantime gave birth to Bear cubs, a female and a male. Then they set out for their winter abode.

After many days of travel, they arrived at the foot of an almost impassably high mountain. Her husband said, "This is where we will stay." The princess knew that her brothers would be out hunting for her and she thought, "I wonder if my oldest brother will rescue me." While she was thinking, her husband, who was standing by her, answered, "No, he is not the one who will save you; he has already violated his purification tests. He has been lousing his wife's head." The princess then thought, "I wonder whether it will be my next oldest brother?" "No," her husband said as he read her thought, "he has broken the taboos of training, is unclean, and cannot rescue you." So the princess again thought (she had not spoken, but her husband, being supernatural, read her thoughts), "I wonder whether it will be my next oldest brother?" Again her husband said, "No, he has cohabited with his wife, thus violating the training laws." Her youngest brother was not as yet a great hunter, and she did not put any hope in him. So she thought, "It is useless to expect him to rescue me now that his elders, who are skilled hunters, will have failed me." "He is the one we fear," said her husband. "He will be your rescuer, as he is the only one to observe all the purification rules, and he owns the smartest dog."

After he had spoken, he was very sad, and went on to say, "I fear him, and this I want you to do. When the time comes for him to kill me, I beg

of you, as soon as he skins me, to mark my hide with red ochre. Cut my heart into four pieces, and scatter them into the directions of the four winds. Whenever you hear creaking in the house, you will know I am cold. And when I am dead, do not drag my body on the ground."

So now they were in the cavern where they stayed, and the woman saw her oldest brother go by, then all of the others. Her Bear husband was not worried. Those in the cavern also saw them go by in their search for the princess. When, one day, the Bear husband became sad, he told his wife, "Your youngest brother is now getting ready to search for you. He will find me, and I shall be killed."

Not many days later, the woman, looking from the doorway, saw her youngest brother coming close. They were very near, but the hunters had stopped, and were about to give up. Even his dog did not scent them any longer. The princess then went out and, taking some snow, made a ball, imprinting her finger marks on it. This she threw off, and it rolled down the steep mountainside right to her young brother's feet. He picked it up, and noticed the imprint of human fingers on the snow. At once he knew that this was his sister's mark. He brought his dog, and they climbed up the mountainside. When he finally reached the cavern, he saw the Bear husband, and the two Bear Cubs, and his sister. He took his spear and turned it toward the Bear husband. He was just about to spear him when the Bear said, "Before you kill me, let me sing my dirge:

"Hæhaw'æwe . . . Outside, the weather will always be good . . . It will continuously be fine weather, from whatever direction comes the wind . . . Hæhaw'æwihawhaw . . ."

Then the Bear said, "My children will bring much wealth to you all. Now come and kill me!" He directed the point of the spear to his heart, and the youngest brother thrust his spear in. The Bear fell dead, and the princess was grieved. She had learned to love her Bear husband. She said to her brother "Do not drag my husband's carcass on the ground!" So the young brother and his companions carefully packed the carcass down the mountainside. When they reached the bottom, they skinned it. The woman took the heart of her husband and, cutting it up into four parts, threw them to the four directions of the wind, singing the dirge of her husband.

As they went back to their village, her children were no longer in the form of bears, but took human shape, and grew rapidly. They were, however, very awkward on the ground, so their mother went to her father and said, "Please erect a long pole, so that my children may play on it." The chief had a large pole erected, and he called it "the Play Pole." It became a crest of the Wolf clan of the Gitka'ata group, as well as of the Gidestsu. There a similar pole was erected and called Where-in-play (*wellika'amilk*). When the pole was erected, the Cubs were very happy. They climbed it every day and once, when they were on top of the pole, one of the children, the daughter, called out, "Look! See our grandfather's smoke in the mountains!" She pointed to the spot where the bear village was, where their mother had been taken by the bears.

Thus they grew up, and became great hunters. Their grandfather's house was always filled with food. But soon their grandfather died, and then their mother. The two Bear children wandered off into the hills, and returned to their tribe.

The Bear Taboo among the Haidas, according to James Deans, in "Tales of the Hidery" (36:46, 49, 52, 53).

The bear crest or totem belonged to the raven phratry. On most of the pictures taken in Alaska of the totem poles, the bear is shown on top, while in the miniature Haida village shown at the late Chicago World's Fair, the bear is shown as the lowest figure on the poles. How this came to be, the following will explain: In almost all of the villages where these poles were used, the wife, being to a considerable extent the head of her family, had the highest place on the totem pole, and when her crest was a bear, of course, it was placed on top, and when the husband's was a bear, it would be placed on the bottom. Also, this crest belonged to Alaska and to the northern parts of Hidery land, but not to many villages in the southern parts, only to the village of Skidegat, where it was introduced at a later date by one of the chiefs taking as wife the daughter of one of the chiefs of Skiddance, who was by birth a member of the bear clan. To this crest belong a large number of stories. The one I shall give first is the story of the bear, his wife, and the man. In the model village above mentioned is a house, which is placed near the end on the right. This house has an eagle on top of each corner post. On the ends of the six roof beams are as many bears. On the totem pole the figures are seven in number, namely: the first and lowest is a man; the second is a bear; the third is a young bear; the fourth figure is a woman. These four represent the crest of the man who built this house, who was a bear. The other figures represent his wife who was an eagle.



Bear-Mother poles of the Kaigani-Haidas

The story

Long ago, somewhere in Alaska, lived a man, whose name tradition has not preserved. He had two dogs; the name of one was San-es-wha, that of the other Coots-es-wha. One day this man went a-hunting with his dogs, his bow and arrows, also a spear whose shaft was two feathers in length. He had not gone far when his dogs began to sniff and run ahead, the man following. They soon came to a house. It was the house of the bears. The man went to the door, at which the bear came outside, his wife following. Seeing the man, the bear took hold of him by his legs, and was rising up in order to hug him. Seeing the bear's intentions, the man quickly put his arms under the forelegs of the bear, and threw him over his shoulder. By the effort of throwing him, the man lost his balance. In order to save himself he put out



Bear Mother on a house post, in a Haida-Kaigani house

his hands and in doing so got hold of the wife on a certain part of her body, which pleased her. After a while she went into the house and began to scratch a hole in the floor. It meant that she wished the man to remain with her. Meanwhile the bear disappeared in the woods, where he remained a number of years. The wife, seeing that her husband had gone, and the man having gained her affections, took possession of herself and house.

After living with her a number of years and having two children by her, the man said to her one day he would like to return to his own country to visit his relations whom he had not seen for many years. The wife replied, "You may go whenever you please, but do not visit your first wife, because you might not return to us." This he promised not to do; so he got ready and left. After spending some time amongst his relatives, he one day met his first wife. His old love returned and he promised to live with her again and leave her no more. When the bear learned that the man did not return from his visit, he came back to his home and wife. As she had two children to the man, the bear grew jealous and feared the husband might return. In order to prevent him from doing so the bear determined to get him out of the way. He found that he lived by the sea-side, and that he used to sail about in a canoe. One day the bear, who was lying in wait for him, attacked the man while coming ashore. A struggle followed in which the man lost his life, either by being drowned, or killed by the bear.

Part of another myth about the Bear is as follows:

The story told by Kind-a-wuss, shows how the woman fell into the power of the bear. After she turned back toward the hut she had not gone far before she felt tired and sick at heart for her lover; to rest awhile she lay down in a dry, shady place, where she fell asleep. While there the bear came along and found her. When she found herself in the bear's clutches she tried to get away, but her efforts were useless. She was in his power. So he took her an unwilling captive to his home, which was by the lake.

As the entrance to his house was high above the ground, he had a step-ladder made. She could get easily up and down. He sent some of his tribe to gather soft moss to make her a bed. When she thought of her lover and her relations she used to wonder why no one came to seek for her. When the bear saw her down-hearted, he would tell her to cheer up, and do all in his power to make her happy. As time passed on into years, and none of her relations nor her lover came near her, she began to feel more at home with the bear. By the time the search party arrived, she had given up all hope of ever being found. The bear did all he could to make her comfortable. To please her, he used to sit and sing, and he had composed a song which to this day is known among the children of the Hidery by the name of the Song of the Bears.

As for the two sons, Loo-goot and Cun-what, as they grew up they showed different dispositions, Loo-goot keeping by his mother's people, while the other, following the father, lived and died amid the bears. Loo-goot married a girl belonging to his parental crest, reared a family from whom many of this people claim to be descendants. The direct descendant of Loo-goot is a pretty girl, the offspring of a Hidery mother and Kanaka father, who inherits all the family belongings.

That is the story of how the chief of the bear crest got a wife, as was told to me by my informant, Yah Quahn, in 1873.

The Bear Taboo at Skidegate, according to Mrs. Elizabeth Jones of Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands. Recorded at Canoe Pass, in 1947.

The family of Henry Young, an old (75) carver of Skidegate, is said to be descended from Bears. Their great-great-aunts are believed once to have gone to Copper Bay to fish. When the tide was low, they slept on their boat at anchor in the Bay. When they got up in the morning, one of the daughters had disappeared. Finding her tracks on the beach, they followed them into the woods, beside bear tracks. They presumed that she had been kidnapped by the Bears.

In those days they used to hunt bears with dogs to track them down, and their weapons were bows and arrows. Many years after the girl had disappeared, when the men were hunting bears with dogs, a bear climbed a tree. They were already aiming at it to shoot it down. But the bear motioned



The Tao-Hill Haida portal of Edensaw

to them not to. So they refrained from killing it (thinking that it might be their niece, or connected with her). The other people would eat bear meat, but not this family. They never partook of bear meat at all.

Why the Bear is rarely hunted by the Tlingits, according to Petroff, Alaska (80:168).

The bear was rarely hunted by the superstitious Thlinket, who had been told by the shamans that it is a man who has assumed the shape of an animal. They have a tradition to the effect that this secret of nature first became known through the daughter of a chief who came in contact with a man transformed into a bear. The woman in question went into the woods to gather berries and incautiously spoke in terms of ridicule of the bear, whose traces she observed in the path. In punishment for her levity she was decoyed into the bear's lair, and there compelled to marry him and assume the form of a bear. After her husband and her ursine child had been killed by her Thlinket brethren, she returned to her home in her former shape and narrated her adventures. Ever since that time women, on observing tracks of a bear, at once begin to speak of him in terms of greatest praise, and continue in this strain until they are "out of the woods."

Bear Mother among the Tlingits, according to J. R. Swanton (119a:382, 383).

The speaker of the Tahlqoaidi begins:

"On the Nass a grizzly bear captured a high-caste girl. She was among the grizzly-bear people. She could not get away. She married one of the grizzly-bear people. Then they went for salmon, but their wives went after firewood. This woman did not know how to get firewood like grizzly bears. An old woman among the grizzly-bear people called her aside, and said to her, 'Do you know that the grizzly-bear people have captured you? They captured you because you were angry with their tracks. The same thing happened to me. I am a human being who was captured.' The old woman said, 'Get wet wood for firewood.' After that she did as she was directed. Then her fire did not go out, and her husband was fond of her. Now the high-caste woman felt very brave.

"After some time had passed the high-caste girl felt sad. Then the old woman called her again. She said to her, 'Are you downhearted?' After that she gave her some things with which to save herself — a devil's-club comb, a wild rosebush comb, sand, mud, and a piece of rock. With these she ran off to some place where she could be saved. Then the grizzly-bear people ran after her. When they got near her the devil's-club comb became a hill of devil's club. When they again got close to her, she threw away the rosebush comb. When they got up to her again, she threw away the sand. This sand became a big sand hill. When she saw that they had come close to her again, she threw away the mud. The last thing was the stone. She threw it away. It became a big hill. She ran down to the beach. Then, however, the Konaqadæt's son came ashore there. He saved her from her pursuers. This man's name was Ginacamget."

A Tlingit Version of Bear Mother, which explains the Grizzly Bear crest of the Kagwantan clan, the strongest clan in southeastern Alaska, according to Louis and Florence Shotridge (89: 95-99).

The grizzly bear is their [the Kagwantans] highest crest. The origin of it comes from the girl taken by a bear for wife. The story is often told in the following manner.

There once lived a chief who had many sons and an only daughter. The girl was beautiful, just growing into womanhood, and was much sought after by young men from many villages, but all were refused for one reason or another. The boys were great hunters and brought rich furs to be made into garments and robes for their sister.

One day the princess and her friends formed a little party and went berry-picking. After gathering all they wanted they started for home. They had gone only a short distance when the princess stepped in a bear's track and slipped, remarking at the same time something uncomplimentary about bears. This was considered wrong, for it was believed that the spirit of an animal could hear and would often treat the offender according to the offence. The girls stopped and helped the princess up. A few steps farther the pack-strap of her basket broke; the girls waited until she fastened it, but after going a short distance



Haida Bear poles of Massett

the strap broke again; this time she told her companions to keep on going, she would catch up with them in a little while. It was dusk already. The girls went on and left her to fix her strap. While she was working on it she heard footsteps behind her. With a frightened look she turned and saw a handsome young man standing close by. He offered her assistance; she accepted; he picked up the basket and told her to follow him, which she did. Late in the evening they reached the village, but it was not the girl's home. She immediately thought that this young man was the prince she was waiting for and that he had come to take her to wife. Feeling that she did right in following him she decided not to speak to him just then. He finally said, "This is my father's village, his house is in the middle of it, there I am taking you." When they came to the entrance of the house he said, "Father, I am bringing home a wife." The chief arose and welcomed them, called together his people and gave a feast in honor of the couple.

For a while the princess lived contentedly with her husband's people, but later she began to see many strange things. Men came in from fishing with wet coats, and as they shook them in front of the fire to dry them, the drops of water would blaze up in the most

extraordinary way. All this was puzzling to her. She longed to find out what it all meant, so she asked her husband if she could go with him on his next trip to the fishing camp. At first he would not let her go, as she was not used to doing rough work. She insisted and he finally gave his consent; so she went along.

At the camp, while the men fished the women got wood for the fires. The girl gathered the driest wood she could find. The other women, she noticed, were gathering water-soaked logs and sticks. After making a large pile she made her fire in the way she knew her people made it. It was burning nicely until her husband came from fishing. As he shook his wet coat by the fire the drops of water put it right out. The girl was ashamed of not knowing how to do her part, and was even more so when she saw how the other women's fires blazed up when their husbands shook their coats by it. Her humiliation was more than she could bear. She knew now that there was some mystery about the people among whom she was thrown.

The day's fishing done, all went home. That night the girl thought of all that had happened and had a troubled sleep. In the middle of the night she awoke with a shock. What monster is this in the place of her husband? A large grizzly bear! The monster felt her start and awoke with a low "ah", and with that he turned into the form of the man she knew as her husband.

It all came to her now: she was among the bear people; the lights and blazing up of wet logs were phosphorus; this bear had taken her for revenge because she had abused the bears when she slipped in the tracks. She wanted to run away, but she could not do it. She had been there nearly three years and had two sons. A longing for home came over her and she felt miserable. But while in this mood she felt her mind change and was her former self again. The bear had power over her.

In the meantime her parents and brothers gave up all hope of finding her and mourned for her death according to the custom among the Tlingits.

It was early in the spring of the year that their sister discovered her situation. It happened at the same time that the brothers went hunting in a direction they had never taken since their sister's disappearance. They knew that there would be plenty to kill there as the place had not been hunted. Their hunting led them towards the place where their sister lived with the bear people.

In the bears' dens — which looked like houses to the girl — there was a general preparation of going away to the summer camps,—spring coming on, the bears were getting ready to come out.

One morning the girl's husband all of a sudden was startled, straining his ears as if he heard something at a distance; he looked confused; then he began taking his spears down from the wall and sharpening them (it looked so to the girl, but the bear was grinding his teeth), for well did he know that hunters were near. All at once they heard a dog barking outside; the bear jumped up and rushed out; he caught the dog and threw it in; the girl recognized it as her brothers' dog. She was quick to think; called to her husband and said, "Do not fight, they are your brothers-in-law." The bear drew back and waited for the hunters to come up, then went forward and gave up his life, for he knew he was in the wrong by taking away the princess.

After a few minutes the girl heard voices; she came out and saw the bear lying on the snow with arrows in its side and men, who were her brothers, just about to cut it. She spoke and said, "Do not take the bear, he was your brother-in-law." They looked at her, as may be imagined, with surprise, sorrow, and gladness — surprised to see her in that place; sorry for the life she went through, and glad to find her. In a few words she told of her strange life. She had never noticed her appearance until after speaking to her brothers: her dress was ragged and worn up to her knees, a pitiful sight to see. The men buried the bear, and took their sister home, leaving her two sons, for they were cubs with half human faces, one of whom was "Kats". This name is still used.

Through this woman the Kagwantans claim the grizzly bear as their crest, emblem of strength and high rank. It is always the principal figure on their totem.

The Tlingit Bear Mother, as quoted by Livingston F. Jones (59: 172).

Years ago, a number of women were in the woods picking berries when a chief's daughter, who happened to be among them, ridiculed the whole bear species. For this



(Left) Bear house post of the southern Tlingits

affront, a number of bears suddenly appeared and killed all of the women except the chief's daughter. The leading bear of the lot made her his wife. She bore him a child, half human and half bear. One day, this child was discovered up a tree. She was mistaken for a bear, but managed to make her discoverers understand that she was human. She was taken to their village, and she became the ancestor of all natives belonging to the Bear totem.

BEAR MOTHER

Tlingit

Chief Shaiks' Grizzly Bear at Wrangell, Alaska, (Tlingit), according to H. P. Corser (28: 26, 27).

A hunter was captured by a grizzly bear, who threw him into his den. The she-bear, instead of destroying him, concealed him, and, when the grizzly came around, denied that the hunter was ever thrown into the cave. The male grizzly went away never to return. The hunter then married the bear and had children by her, though he already had a wife and children living in the village. He hunted for his bear wife and children. Finally he had a longing to return to his house, and the bear gave him permission, but warned him not to have anything to do with his wife. When he reached the village, his wife reproached him for leaving her alone for so long a time, to provide for all his little children.

He began to hunt for them. He brought seals and other food and fish for them. The bear heard of this and became very jealous. The next time the hunter was found in the woods she directed her cubs to fall on him and kill him, and they did.

Three Grave Posts of the Grizzly Bear (Southern Tlingit), according to Mrs. Viola E. Garfield (113a: 443, 444).

The Bear House (*xhootshit*) at Sukkwan belonged to the Taigædi clan. They could not explain the meaning of their clan name but gave the following as the circumstances in which they received it:

"Bears were killing all of the Dog Salmon (*teethl*) until there was only one left. He was afraid for he knew he would be killed too, but he decided to swim up the river anyway. The Bears came and, understanding the thoughts of the Salmon, took him up to their camp. The Bears invited the *Taigædi* and all the people living at *Catugwaan*, "Mountain-Inside Town," to a peace ceremony. They painted the Salmon with red stripes, which the Dog Salmon still wears. Then they made death payments for all the relatives they had killed and decreed that only a few salmon would be killed by Bears in the future so the tribe would not become extinct.

"At this ceremony the Bears instructed hunters in the proper treatment of bears. They explained that the head must be decorated with red paint and eagle down and songs sung to it. The inside of the skin must also be painted with red stripes to commemorate the painting of the Dog Salmon.

"It was at this ceremony that the Bear hosts gave the *Taigædi* their name."

The grizzly bear is the main crest of the *Taigædi* and many of their personal names refer to habits or characteristics of the animal. They claim *Kats*, the man who married the bear woman, as a clansman. This story was also related to the writer at Ketchikan as explaining three grave poles brought from Tongass for preservation. (This story is here quoted in full by Mrs. Garfield.)

Painted Screens and Posts belonging to one of the (Tlingit) houses of the chief family of the Kagwantans, in southeastern Alaska, as described by Louis and Florence Shotridge (89: 99).

In Fig. 83 are shown the screens and house posts belonging to one of the family houses of the Chief Family of the Kagwantans, whose crests and emblems or totems are elaborately displayed on these screens and house posts in carving and painting. On the large screen *e* is displayed the Grizzly Bear. On the smaller screen *b* is displayed the Killer Whale, whose presence is explained on page 94. On the house post *a* is seen Lgayak, on the second house post *c* is displayed the Two-headed Bear, on the third house post *d* is displayed the Wolf and Pups, and on the fourth house post *f* is displayed the Bear and Cubs.

The emblems on the house posts are derived from the mythical narrative, Lgayak, preserved in the mythology of the Kagwantans. Lgayak is the name of the younger of seven



Two Bear-Mother house posts of the Haidas

brothers, whose deeds are related in this myth. He was the hero of the story and through his prowess he and his brothers were able to conquer the enemies of mankind. They destroyed the beings that were to have been the foes of men. One of the strongest of all the monsters that they fought was the Double-headed Bear, whose image is carved on one of the posts.

The Grizzly Bear of Kotslitan (Old Wrangell), as described by Edward L. Keithahn (62: 30, with illustration).

John Muir sketched this Bear totem at Kotslitan (Old Wrangell) in 1879, when its condition indicated it was at least fifty years old. (Sketch from John Muir's Alaska Notebook, *Sierra Club Bulletin*, Vol. X). When photographed by Edward L. Keithahn in 1940 it was easily the oldest standing pole in Alaska, the only one left in the village abandoned a hundred years ago, when the Russians built their fort at Wrangell.

The Raven and Bear of Ebbetts (Tlingit) at Tongas, Alaska, as described by Virginia S. Eifert (41).

Chief Ebbett's family owned the Bear as a crest, while belonging to the Raven phratry. His totem pole, 31 feet high, was made by Tleda, a carver of totem poles. The Bear figures at the top, between the ears of the Raven. A man is shown on its stomach.



Two Grizzly-Bear totem poles of Yan

The Wolf and Bear of the Kagwantan, mentioned and illustrated by Dr. J. R. Swanton (119: 420, 421).

This is a crest post of the Kagwantan; the illustration here reproduced is a model of the original post. (M.B.) Three heads and bodies, plus a fourth head at the base, seem to represent the Grizzly Bear.

The House Pillar of Klinkwan, recorded by Edward L. Keithahn (62: 42, 43, with an illustration).

(M.B.) A splendid carving of the Grizzly Bear holding the Frog head-down by its hind legs. About 10 or 12 feet high and quite broad.

(E.L.K.) The way this fine house pillar standing amid Klinkwan (Kaigani) ruins, dwarfs the man sitting on its top and gives an indication of the size of the old community houses.

BEAR MOTHER

HAIDA

The Kaigani-Haida Grizzly, presumably of the Kaigani-Haidas, in the Alaska Historical Museum at Juneau, Edward L. Keithahn (117) (Entrance to the Museum).

Two short but massive house posts recently repainted, showing:

1. Grizzly-Bear Mother and her two cubs with human features, one on her head, the other in her lap. A third human face appears at her feet.
2. With two large figures; the one at the top, a semi-human but with bear features; the lower figure, the Bear with four cylinders on his head.

A brief general description of the totem pole is given on pages 38-47.

The Beaver-Devil pole of Wrangell is illustrated in an old photo, on page 39, with a distant view of two other totems, one of which is painted on the house front.

The Governor Brady Totem Pole, as described by Edward L. Keithahn (62: 44, and illustration).

This pole, with four house pillars, was the gift of Son-i-yat, Haida chief of Kasaan, to the district of Alaska through Governor Brady. It was brought to Sitka in 1902 on the Revenue Cutter *Rush* and erected by prisoners. It is regarded as Alaska's finest totem pole.

(M.B.) This tall totem, possibly 50 feet in height, cannot easily be interpreted from a photograph, chiefly because of the motley coat of commercial colours which now disfigure it. Its predominant theme seems to be the Grizzly Bear, the two large figures next to the top being Bear Mother and the two cubs, one human, the other animal; and the large figure at the base is the Bear holding the young woman upside down. The bird with long bill bent down is the sharp-nosed giant of the inland mountains, a wolf crest. The next two figures hold animals head down between their arms, the lower one of which seems to be the otter. The crest on the house posts may be a recurrence of the Grizzly Bear. This is one of the most elaborately carved poles and posts of the Haidas.

Edensaw's Grizzly-Bear Pole of Tao Hill (Haida), Queen Charlotte Islands, now standing in the Canadian National Park, of Prince Rupert. Information given by Alfred Adams, of Massett, in 1939.

The old Grizzly-Bear pole in the park at Prince Rupert, about 30 feet high, is from Klaskun Point near Tao Hill at Rosespit, at the northeastern end of Graham Island. It formerly stood in front of the chief's house. Albert Edward Edensaw senior, the chief, had come there from Kyusta on the northwestern tip of the same island. There used to be a village of old houses at Yagen near Kyusta, on the western side. The tribe there was called Increasing-People (*Stistas*), a branch of the Kyusta tribe.



A Haida grave, at Yan

This totem pole, one of the finest in the old style, is also one of the oldest, and may have seen 110 years. The climate at Klaskun Point helped in its preservation, sheltered as it was from the corrosive southeast winds, and facing the better weather towards the north. It was removed to Prince Rupert and first planted there in the middle of the main street, with the misleading label: "Grizzly-Bear totem. Crest of the Edensaw family of Haida Indians. Carved with their crude native implements over 200 years ago. Oldest known pole from the ancient village of Very Old Massett. . . Erected by Prince Rupert Board of Trade, 1923." Actually it had been carved, like other such poles, with steel tools, and at a much later date. But the opinion prevailed in those days that totem poles were hundreds of years old and were prehistoric art.

The figures on this pole (from the top down) are: 1. Bear Mother with her two supernatural cubs, one hanging head down from her lips and between her hands, the other sitting up in front of her body; the two cubs also stood in the erect ears of their mother at the top, when photographed in 1919 by Harlan I. Smith in the original location of the pole. They have since disappeared.

2. The other large figure at the base is presumably the Grizzly Bear holding the young Indian woman whom he kidnapped, between his fore paws. The human figure has been chopped off, and the base of the pole is partly decayed. The round opening, under the Bear, was the old-fashioned entrance to the house. Three small human beings on the head of the Bear wear *skyil* hats with cylinders, and may represent late members of the Edensaw household. Two small Frogs, head down, allude to the Dzellarhons ancestral myth of the Salmon-Eater clan, to which the Edensaw group belongs.

The Tao-Hill Pole of Edensaw (the Eagle head-chief, at one time, of the Massett Haidas), now standing in the Canadian National Railways park at Prince Rupert, commented upon by Alfred Adams and William Beynon, in 1939. Presumably collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe.

This was the earliest pole brought over to Prince Rupert; it is also the oldest, possibly erected over a hundred years ago. It was carved by hired Kunlanaws craftsmen and put up for Albert Edward Edensaw senior, and uncle of Charles, the better-known carver. Tao Hill near Rosespit is on the northeastern tip of Graham Island, over twenty miles from Massett. At one time there was a village there consisting of people who had moved from Kyusta eastwards across the top of the island. It remained standing longer than other poles because of its good quality, and it stood at a spot in the sand where it was sheltered from the southeast winds behind a lot of tall trees.

Grizzly-Bear Pole and Post. Corner post of a Haida house at Massett, once coupled with the totem pole now at the Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford, England.

Description. As seen on an old photograph labelled "Masset, Q.C.I." [Queen Charlotte Islands], in the files of the Anthropological Division, National Museum of Canada (VII, B.64), this post stood at the right-hand corner (as one looks on) of a large community house built in a modernized style. The front is of clapboard, with two small windows and panes of



Three Haida totem poles, Queen Charlotte Islands

glass, and a door on hinges in the white man's style. The large totem pole (Pitt Rivers) was beside the door, very close to the house front. The corner post was ornamental, outside, as it did not form part of the structure of the house.

About thirty feet high, its carvings consist of:

1. The Grizzly Bear squatting forward, at the top;
2. Five wide cylinders, superimposed in the usual Haida style, occupy about half of the length of the whole pole, and rest on the head of the large squatting figure at the base;
3. The Grizzly Bear, sitting erect, his hands resting on his knees. The body and the face are human-like, yet in some features, particularly the ears, the Bear is recognizable.

These Grizzly Bears on the large pole and on the corner post were meant as illustrations of the Bear crest of the owners. And the Grizzly among the northern Haidas is associated with the Raven.

The photograph reproduced in *Man* (II, 1902, No. 1) shows the village of Massett as it used to be, when all the poles, in the 1880's and 90's, stood in front of the old potlatch houses. Twelve totem and corner posts appear in an impressive row. This photograph may be unique. The colour plate containing three parts (in *Man*), from a drawing by "Alf. Robinson, Phot. et Delt." is exact as to the outlines, but the colours are imaginative. In its original state, as shown in the photograph, the pole does not seem to have been painted.

Corner Post of the Grizzly Bear at the Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford, England, reproduced in "Note on the Haida Totem-Post lately erected in the Pitt Rivers Museum at Oxford" by (Sir) E. B. Tyler (*Man*. II, 1902, No. 1).

Description. It stands about eight or ten feet high, and shows Bear Mother sitting erect and holding a cub, also sitting erect, on her knees, between her arms and hands. It is seen in the photograph of the "Totem-post" reproduced in *Man*. Here it is painted, but presumably was unpainted in its original state.

Mortuary Column at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, as described by A. P. Niblack (78: Pl. LXIX, fig. 355).

It seems to represent the Bear, with a pile of four cylinders on his head.

Two Grizzly Bears at Yan, opposite Massett, on the Queen Charlotte Islands, seen lying on the ground and decaying, in 1939, at the northeastern end of the village (which no longer exists).

Description. First pole (from the top down): 1. a bird; 2. the Grizzly Bear, with a human face turned to the right; 3. the Grizzly Bear; 4. the Grizzly Bear with the Woman holding her head down; 5. a bird at the top.

Second pole: 1. 3 *skils* (cylinders) at the top; 2. the Grizzly Bear with a cub looking like a frog in his mouth; 3. a cub; 4. the Raven with the Moon in his bill; 5. the Grizzly Bear with a frog (or a cub).

The Grizzly Bear on a Pole at Massett, totem pole of the Grizzly Bear at the top of a pole in Old Massett, in 1914, as shown on a photograph reproduced on the front cover of *North British Columbia News*, January 1914.

The Bear squats massively on the top of a heavy twelve-foot pole, which is plain except for a flat protuberance in the form of a ring just under the Bear.

The Bear Hoo-its among the Haidas, presumably of Skidegate, according to James Deans (33-34: 343).

The next [pole] has four designs. Each of the first two is of the bear, called by the Haidas Hoo-its. It is represented in a sitting posture, with a cray fish in front of him. The next figure above is a frog, called Kim-ques-tan, with its head down, and its fore feet placed on the bear's head. The fourth and last figure is a beaver (Tsing). It has hold of the frog by the middle, in front of the hind legs. On this column the Tadn Skeel of one degree is placed on the head of the uppermost figure, which is a beaver. These four carvings seem to be family crests. The beaver with the Tadn Skeel doubtless was the crest of the head of the family, which is often placed on top of the column.

The Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea, the Haida pole of Captain Khlu, the Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea, formerly of the village of Cumshewa, Queen Charlotte Islands, now standing in the municipal park at Prince Rupert. This information was recorded by William Beynon.

Erected about 70 years ago in the village of Cumshewa (formerly called Khlu) by a Raven chieftainess, in defiance of the owners of some crests from other clans than her own. However, she had so much wealth to distribute in the festival given for its erection that her opponents were unable to retaliate effectively.

Description. From top to bottom, the figures on the pole are:

1. the *skils* or cylinders at the top are a mark of distinction. They indicate the number of potlatch series given once by the clan of the owner—five to a series; 2. and 3. two Grizzly-Bears-of-the-Sea, one with a fin over its head; 4. the Prince-of-Raven with wings folded up, holding a human face upside down; 5. the Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea swallowing what was understood to be the opponents of the woman erecting the totem pole; 6. the small human face on the back of the Bear representing the woman who had the pole erected; 7. the figure at the bottom is a humanized form of the Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea.

The Grizzly Bear of Haastis, member of a Raven clan at Skedans (Haidas), on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Description. This pole, entirely carved, is 43 feet tall, and with a hollow back. From top to bottom its figures are: 1. the Three "Watchers" with *skil* hats (three cylinders each); 2. the Toothed Eagle (the wife's crest); 3. a mountain Spirit; 4. a person, perhaps the Raven in human form with the Eagle or perhaps Butterfly in his mouth, and the Frog on his body; 5. Bear Mother and her two Cubs, all three of them here in human form; 6. the Grizzly Bear with his human wife in front of him. (The last two are the husband's crests.)

Function, age, owners. This pole was erected in 1870, on payment (among other things) of 100 blankets, by Chief Haastis of the Ravens, for himself and his wife K'awa of the Eagles. Both belonged to the Skedans tribe.

A gift of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, it stood for a time on the San Francisco campus of the University of California. More recently it was placed in storage.

BEAR MOTHER

TSIMSYAN (NISKÆ)

The Shaking-Pole of Kwarhsuh, head-chief of the Neesles'yæn Wolf clan at Angyadæ, which clan originated with Neeslaranows in the Tlingit country to the north. This pole, over 40 feet high, stood near the taller Crane pole, of another branch of the same clan. It was purchased in 1929, and removed to the Royal Ontario Museum, where it is now preserved.

Description. This splendid old pole was called "Shaking" because Grizzly Bears were supposed to shake it as they climbed it. Most of the emblems on it are distinctive of a large clan of the Wolf phratry, that of the Ensnared-Grizzly, among the Niskæ and the Gitksan, two of the Tsimtsyans natives. The crests represented on it belong (an exceptional thing among the Tsimtsyans) to two opposite phratries, those of the Wolf and the Raven-Frog.

Those belonging to the Wolf clan of Kwashsuh are: 1. The Prince-of-Grizzlies squatting crosswise at the top. It is also called White-Bear (*mas'awl*), on the Skeena, and is the symbol of the ancestress named the Hrpeesunt, whose adventure with the supernatural Grizzly Bear is told in a familiar myth. The people still remember that this carving once was covered with the skin of a white bear — an albino.

2. The large figure with a human face, near the top, is another representation of the same ancestress. It is also called Standing-Bear (*hætkuhl-smayh*). The small faces in her hands and ears are the Bear Cubs, her half-human children.

3. The small figure head downwards on her bosom is a crest named Hanging-Across or Hanging-Downwards (*dsink-iyarhyarh*), also known on the Skeena River. Here it was supposed to be the hunter who had ensnared the Bear holding on to the rope.

4. The Ensnared-Grizzly stands erect at the centre of the pole, as if hanging from the cedar rope above its head. This figure is of the father of the Bear Cubs, the mythical Grizzly. He is often called Bear-with-Closed-Eyes (*dzipkuhl-smayh*), since his eyes are usually closed, in similar carvings elsewhere.

5, 6. The two emblems at the bottom of the pole belong to a different lineage, that of the Raven-Frog clan on the paternal side of the household (the other crests were inherited, as is the rule, in the mother's line). This crest was introduced on the pole at the request of the chief woman whose memorial it is. She wanted both her mother's and her father's clans included on her pole, which is a rare exception among the Tsimtsyans. Neeshawt was her father, a noted chief of the Tsimtsyans proper of whom she was proud. These two Raven-Frog crests at the bottom of the pole are Submerged-Person (*gyædem-dzeeka*), also called Real-Kingfisher (*semgyeek*), the large figure with a beak-like nose, and Running-Backwards or Running-Back-and-Forth, the smaller human figure on the bosom of the other. This last has fallen off or was at one time removed, to be replaced by a carved coffin, which rested there on two supports.

7. The Real-Kingfisher (*semgyeek*) is also represented in miniature as the head of a bird at the feet of Grizzly-Bear-Woman, above Ensnared-Bear.



Tsimshian totem poles of Angyadæ

Mythical origin of these crests. Submerged-Person and Running-Backwards are emblems the origin and significance of which are mythical; they are used elsewhere too. Running-Backwards is a well-known emblem of the Prairie (*larh'wiyip*) clan, an up-river section of the Wolf phratry. It may not be ancient. Originally it was carved out of a large tree trunk which served as house-front post in the shape of a human figure, between the legs of which the entrance into the house was cut. The guests to the feast inside entered through it. A carved doorway under that name, about forty years ago, was still in existence on upper Skeena River. The house itself bore the name of Entrance-Between-the-Legs.

The large figure with a beak-like nose, whose name is Submerged-Person, was also called the Real-Kingfisher, and is familiar on upper Skeena River, where it belongs to a clan of the Raven-Frog phratry. The only explanation of it is that once it was found emerging from a lake, or again, was seen like a shadow under the water, and then taken as a family emblem. Later it spread to a few related families. Here it represents the clan of Neeshawt, the father of the woman chief in whose memory this pole was erected.

The Kwarhsuh branch of the Wolf clan, here represented, claims that its ancestors once moved northwards from Skeena River to the Nass. Their descendants were, not so long ago, located at Angyadae on the lower Nass. To this day they remember their relatives elsewhere and conserve their distinctive traditions and coat of arms, first of all the Ensnared-Grizzly.

When, they claim, their ancestors lived some generations past at the headwaters of Kalem River south of the Nass, a beautiful maiden named Hrpeesunt made abusive remarks about the bears, as she slipped on bear's dung on the trail. Two bears in human form overtook her, and for her punishment, led her to the feast house of their chief, where she was taken to wife by his eldest nephew. She imperceptibly changed to a bear and, when living with the Bears in a cave on the mountain side, gave birth to twins, which were half-human and half-bear. Her brothers meanwhile searched for her. As they stood at the bottom of a rock slide, she saw them, squeezed a handful of snow in her hand, and let the tiny ball roll down to them. The brothers, made aware of her presence, climbed the slide and slew the Bears, saving the semi-human children. Before dying, the Bear husband taught his wife two ritual songs that the hunters were to use over his dead body to ensure good luck. Hrpeesunt's children behaved like bears part of the time; they guided their uncles to the dens of bears in the mountains and helped them to set their snares. With their assistance and through the use of the dirges, which they always sang over the carcass of bears, the families of this clan, on the Nass and the Skeena rivers, became prosperous bear hunters. And they adopted Ensnared-Grizzly as a crest.

Function, carvers, age. All the upper figures belonging to the clan of the mother were carved by Yaragwanows, a Tsimshyan carver of the sea-coast, who was of the same clan as Neeshawt. So a carver of the Raven phratry fashioned the emblems of the Wolf clan, whereas the bottom figures were from the hands of Oyai, a Wolf of the canyon of the Nass. Both were counted among the best carvers of their day.



The Crane and Grizzly Bear, at Angyadæ

This is one of the oldest and finest poles in existence, and was erected about ninety years ago, to commemorate Wings-of-Eagle-to-one-side (*kspee'emkayh*), a woman who was ranked as a chief, and an aunt of the owner, old Kwarhsuh also called Matthew Nass, who died in 1929.

Most of the information above was recorded from Matthew Nass. To this, the old chief Lazarus Moody (70 years old, in 1927) added that the pole had been erected in memory of a former Kwarhsuh, by a man who was very old when he (Moody) was a boy. This memorial was older than the McNeil pole (another Kwarhsuh) standing near.



The (first) pole of Kwarhsuh, at Angyadæ

The Second Pole of Kwarhsuh, chief of a Wolf clan at Angyadæ on Nass River. It stood second to the last pole up river, in this deserted village. In 1929, the author purchased it for the Canadian National Railways under the presidency of Sir Henry Thornton, who presented it to the French Government. It is now conserved at Le Musée de l'Homme, Paris. As it was one of the finest carvings of the Nass, one must regret that it was disfigured by railway officials who ordered new paint to be put on the old weathered wood.

Description. The figures on this pole: 1. Person at the top, not identified, though it may have been meant for Rhpeesunt, the young woman (an



The (second) pole of Kwarhsuh

ancestress in its clan who became the wife of the Bear); 2. Grizzly-of-the-Winter or Snow (*ligyinskem'adem*) sitting erect; 3. the small part-human and part-bear figure on the body of the Grizzly is called Sahawawhlk, one of the offspring of Bear Mother; 4. the People of the Smoke-hole (*ligigyædem-gyila'a*); 5. Bear Mother sitting erect, like the one above; 6. the same or the other Bear cub.

Function, carver, age. This was a very old pole. It was standing when the informant, Lazarus Moody of Gitrhadeen, was young, and he was 70 years old in 1929. Its commemoration and the name of the carver, Moody had forgotten. It belonged to Leonard Douglas, of Gitrhadeen.

The Third Pole of Kwarhsuh of a Wolf clan at Angyadae. It was called Wide-Base (*thl'ameen*) or Wide totem. It stood last, down the river, in the row of totems at this deserted village of the Nass. The author purchased it



Bear Mother on a pole, at Gwunahaw

from the present Kwarhsuh (Peter Calder), in 1947, for the National Museum of Canada, where it has been placed in the rotunda.

Description. 1. The top figure on the grave box is that of the Grizzly Bear, though, according to Lazarus Moody, it is only the Bear Cub (*smaih*); 2. the grave box on Cane-of-the-Sky (*hawl-kandem-larhæ*) at the top was placed there in memory of a lesser Kwarhsuh who, succeeding on the death of the old chief, had died in infancy; 3. the next grave box, farther down the plain squared log of cedar, bore the same name; it was placed there in memory of Hlabeks, an important chief in the Kwarhsuh household. His corpse, however, was not actually placed in the box, as is customary among the Haidas. The Tsimsyans and Haidas differed in this custom; 4. the Wolf (*geebæo*) on the box was one of the principal crests of this clan — the phratric crest; 5. the Chief-of-the-Wolves (*semawgyidem-gyibu*) here holds a copper shield (a token of wealth) in its teeth and between its front paws; 6. the Grizzly-Bear's Copper (*medeegem-hayæts*) was the name of the shield, to which a formal account was attached; the face on it presumably was meant to represent the Grizzly; 7. the face over the Wolf's head was Split-Person (*gaodehgyet*), a familiar crest of the upper river Wolf clan; 8. the People-of-the-Smoke-hole (*lugigyædemgyila*), as explained in the clan traditions, were in the form of human faces in the paws of the Grizzly Bear; 9 and 10, the two small animals over the head of the Grizzly, and the large



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The (third) Kwarhsuh pole

figure in front of its body were called All-Children-of-the-Grizzly (*thrahl-gitkem-legyæn'sk*).

Myth of this Wolf clan. The Kwarhsuh house originated in the country of the Gidarans (Tlingit, to the north). In that country there are still some of our relatives, for instance, Qaoguhlæn, 'Iyantsu. The name of the village 'Andaeh is spoken of in our traditions. We possess the same Tlingit names that they use. After Semgyik had sung (in Tlingit) the dirge "Naweldidzin namegyawhl heni," he saw a hole in the sky. At Taku (*tarhqu*), this song was adopted as a crest. In that village, they were in strife with the Eagles (*larhskyæk*) and among themselves. As our ancestors paddled down the coast in their northern migrations, many of them stayed at various points. At the Stikine, some of them landed, and their descendants there still retain the same names as have come down to us. When they reached Larhsail (also in Alaska), they sojourned there for a period. And when they moved on again, they left some of their folk behind, Dunerh being one of them. The dirge of the Grizzly still is theirs, as it is ours. "Hone iyæ . . . skwæ 'arhgyaw'ihl skunhæ skunrhæ 'iye he . . ." Their two canoes were of spruce; they had travelled down the Stikine in these canoes when they arrived at the Glacier. There they stopped, and wondered whether they could pass under the ice bridge, as the river did. To make sure of it, they took a cottonwood tree with most of its branches and pushed it off into midstream. They saw it pass under the glacier and come out on the other side, so they knew that they would pass under it safely in their canoes. It was high time, for the Eagle clan, under the leadership of Laa'i (now also of Nass River, at Gitiks), with whom they had quarreled, was about to overtake them. When they passed under the Glacier, they began to chant another dirge, which became traditional in the clan: "Haw haw iyæ ahee — nihl-tigyawteks medeekæ (Grizzly Bear) 'iyæ . . . hlahlaw-ku'en dahlgyaw'iyaw . . . tem-gapsigyihl ludeptu silasemgyik (Real Kingfisher) 'ahaw . . . wakætgwawt staw'newawgyi 'næstakawtu 'ahinawhihi . . . 'enrhpelwæhl gwismeksihl (Garment of Marten) gweshawalu gunhawto-wiwæl . . ." This dirge, like the others, is still the common possession of this clan, whether its members still dwell in Alaska or on Nass River to the south. The two canoe loads of people by-passed the many villages down the coast, and arrived at Leesems (the Nass). There they first stopped at Gitrhadeen, and settled at Larh'anh-law, but when flooded out they went back to Gitrhadeen and later made their home at Larh-angyadæ.

Function. This pole was erected in commemoration of Li'ns by old Kwarhsuh (Matthew Nass), the informant, of the same household, when he was raised to the rank of chief, and assumed the name.

Carver, age. The pole is now about 75 years old, having been erected when informant Lazarus Moody was about 16 (he was 70 in 1927). It was carved, according to Matthew Nass, who was responsible for the work, by Gwans and 'Weesaiks, both Gispewudwades (Killer-Whales) of the village of Gitwinksihlk at the canyon. Yet the present Kwarhsuh and owner, Peter Calder, believed that Kraderh had done the carving. How the members of a Wolf clan could carve a monument to another Wolf was explained by Calder. Kraderh's clan was Gitskansnat, whereas Kwarhsuh's was Gitwilnagyet — two clans apparently within the same Wolf phratry, yet quite as different as if they belonged to different phratries.

The Bear's-Den of Hlabeks, Wolf chief of Angyadæ, one of two totems destroyed before they were recorded, about 1917.

Description. The following details were furnished by informant Charles Barton, himself the chief of a Wolf clan in the same tribe.

A *qawarh*, or house-front painting and carving, decorated the house of Neewans at Angyadæ. It showed the Bear's-Den (*spismayh*). The Bear-Prince stood with paws raised forward and stretched open. The whole front of the house was painted with a single figure of the Bear. When it was being put on, a dirge (*lem'oi*) to the Prince-of-Bears was sung. The Bear sat at the top of the pole, which was about 15 feet high, on a box — a grave.

Function, carver. The pole was erected in memory of Hlabeks, soon after he was killed, in 1868. Barton thought it was carved by Agwilarhæ, (Eagle, of Gitwinksihlk village, at the canyon of the Nass). Like several other small totems they were taken down and burnt about 1915, as they were getting old. "Never any other totem pole was put up in this family," informant Barton declared.

Historical Notes. (From Charles Barton, 1927.) There were three strong families of the Wolves at Larh-Gitrhadeen, on the river front. The first was that of Trarhskyæk and Adinaks, with many people in their houses; the second was Hlabeks, his "brother"; the third, Hla'æo and Lukalulk. A spring, called *wanks*, flowed out of the ground, just below Hlabek's house. That is why these Wolf people were called People-on-Spring (*git-larh-kwanks*). One day these Wolf people began to quarrel over the murder of some boys, and it ended with a fight. At night they would go out and try to surprise and shoot one another. Trarhskyæk and Adinaks stood on the lower side, and Hla'æo and Lukalulk on the upper, while the Gitlarhkwanks remained neutral. For three days and nights the fight lasted. Hla'æo and his family finally had to run away, leaving their totem pole behind. It was a long one, and the Bear squatted at its top. Had it been abandoned there, it would have become the property of the victor. Therefore, during the night, Hlabeks bade one of his brothers named Trha'awks: "Go and take (*qahlaqs*) that Bear." A rope was fixed around Trha'awks' body, and a small tree was placed against the pole for him to climb. After he had reached the Bear, he did not throw it down, but tied the rope around it; with a stone adze he chopped it off its base, placed it on his back, and brought it down. Then he carried it over the ice to the place where Hla'æo and his family had found refuge. Hla'æo, ashamed to take it, ceded it to its saviour, Trha'awks, saying, "I give it to you." This happened long ago, before the Bear actually became the Prince-of-Bears of the Gitlarhkwanks. After that fight, the Hla'æo faction resided at Larh-tsem-law'p, where the Bear was put up. In 1866, when Hlabeks built his graded house (*da'q*) at Angyadæ, this crest was changed to the Prince-of-Bears. The story (*adaoh*) justifying this change was told at a feast on behalf of Hlabeks, by Sqateen of Gitlarhdamks, so that everybody should accept it publicly, thus eliminating any disagreement. So many quarrels have arisen over the traditional accounts of crests that people have grown very careful about the acknowledgment of their rights.

The Crane and Grizzly Bear totem of Kinsaderh, chief of a Wolf clan at Angyadæ on Nass River. This tallest pole at this village, and one of

the three of four tallest and finest on the north Pacific Coast, collapsed in the spring of 1947.

Description. The most extensively used emblem on this pole is the Grizzly Bear. In sequence from the top down, the figures are:

1. The Stork (*kaskaws*) or the Crane, distinctive of the family of Kinsaderh and his close relatives. It is more recent than the others and therefore, more restricted in its significance. Nowhere else was it to be seen, with its long neck with two curves, on any other pole. Its long beak had fallen off many years ago.

2. The Wolf (*gibæo*) sitting erect, with its tail turned up on its stomach as far as the chin.

3. A small figure of the Grizzly-Bear mother, with the face of a cub between her ears.

4. Decayed-Gyaibelk (*loraw-gyaibelk*), or perhaps Person-with-cutting-nose, crests of this and some of the Wolf clans. The Person-with-cutting-nose was a tree monster with a blade-like nose, which hunters of the Wolf clan in the interior once saw on a tree. Decayed-Geebelk, a monster of the sea, was seen in the sea, as some members of a Wolf clan were travelling south in their canoe, some distance behind the Eagles. Or they may be both, the lower one, encountered by hunters at the headwaters, or Decayed-Geebelk, an eagle-like bird, and the other, Person-with-cutting-nose, whose long sharp nose now has disappeared.

5. The Grizzly Bear. It stands for the Prince Grizzly who married the princess, and was the father of the semi-human cubs; one of these is shown under its feet.

6. The Grizzly-Bear mother appears at the bottom of the pole with a cub in front of her erect body. The supports there formerly held a carved box — a coffin.

Southward migration of this Wolf clan from the North. The migration stories of the Wolves seem no less remarkable than those of the Eagle clans. They are closely interwoven, yet disclose marked differences one from another. The Wolves originally belonged to interior nomadic bands, whereas the Eagles on the whole were a sea-faring people. The Wolves were more at home in the interior than the Eagles; they were also better hunters. So they are found on the Stikine, the Nass, and the Skeena in larger numbers than the Eagles.

The symbols on their totem poles are part of the same story. The emblems of the Eagle clans were taken mostly from the sea — sea monsters and spirits, like the Shark, the Halibut, Man-Underneath, and Eagle-Halibut. Those of the Wolf usually belonged to the interior: the Wolf itself, the Grizzly Bear, Person-with-cutting-nose, and the Crane.

The contrast is well illustrated in the pole Kinsaderh at Angeedaw with its emblems — the Wolf, the Bear, the Crane, just as the pole of Lu'yas, an Eagle chief of Gitiks, shows the coat-of-arms of the Eagle, the Halibut, Man-Underneath (the water.) These poles are the natural complement of each other. Their symbols stand for roving bands of the north — the ones on the coast, the others from the northern interior — whose past migrations

ultimately took them out of Asia across Bering Sea; the first, along the chain of Aleutian Islands in their skin boats, the second, across Bering Strait into the Alaskan tundras, and then down the plateaus to the promised land of the sea-coast, which they all coveted.

The Bear-Mother myth. As adapted by Nass River representatives of this Wolf clan, the myth may be summed up as follows:

When the ancestors of the clan of Ensnared-Grizzly lived, some generations past, at the headwaters of Kalem River south of the Nass, the maiden named Hrpeesunt once made abusive remarks about the bears, as she slipped in bear's dung on the trail. Two Bears in human form overtook her, and in punishment led her to the feast house of their chief, where she was taken to wife by his nephew. She changed to a Bear and, when living with the Bear in a cave on the mountainside, she gave birth to twins, which were half-human and half-bear. Meanwhile her brothers were searching for her, and one day she saw them at the bottom of the rock slide. She squeezed a handful of snow and let it roll down the slide. The brothers, made aware of her presence in this way, climbed the rock slide and slew the Bear, saving her and her semi-human children. Before dying, the Bear husband taught his wife two ritual songs, which the hunters should use over his dead body to ensure good luck. Hrpeesunt's children behaved like bears part of the time; they guided their uncles to the dens of bears in the mountains and helped them to set their snares. With their assistance and through the use of the dirge songs, which they always sang over dead bears, the families of this clan, on the Nass and Skeena rivers, became prosperous bear hunters and adopted the Ensnared-Grizzly as a crest.

The families of this clan in time dispersed and associated with others, among whom was the family of Kwarhsuh at Angyadæ. To this day they remember their family connections elsewhere and conserve their distinctive traditions and crests, particularly that of the Ensnared-Grizzly.

Function. This pole was erected by a former Kinsaderh, a Wolf chief of Angyadæ, second in rank to Kwarhsuh. The person in whose memory it stands has been forgotten.

Carver, age. One of the three tallest poles in existence, it may be 70 or 75 feet high, and weighs several tons. It was carved out of one of the largest red cedars of Portland Canal, which was hauled over a distance of sixty miles. The tallest poles are those of Chief Sakau'wan or Mountain, the Eagle pole now at the Royal Ontario Museum — 81 feet high; the second is that of the Eagle's Nest, now the property of the Quebec Government, 66 feet long. The pole of the Crane is also one of the finest, both for its carvings and the number of its figures. It was over eighty years old (in 1927), and was carved by Oyai assisted by two other craftsmen, the best in their day on Nass River.

Rival chiefs at Angyadæ. An interesting episode connected with the erection of the Crane and other tall poles of the lower Nass, was still remembered in 1927.

Two rival chiefs over sixty years ago vied with each other in the display of wealth and power: Hladerh, the Wolf (*larhkibu*) chief, and Sispagut, the Killer-Whale (*gispewudwade*) leader. The supremacy over the other

families in the tribe or at large was their object, and they tried their best to gain the upper hand, a means to which was to raise the tallest and finest pole.

Hladerh, to achieve his purpose, made friends with Sharp-Teeth, the leading Eagle chief, of Gitiks on the lower Nass. Singly he might not be able to defeat the ambitious Sispagut, but together they might rule the country. Soon the contest was on in earnest.

The Killer-Whale chief Sispagut announced his determination to put up the tallest pole on the river, and its name would be Fin-of-the-Killer-Whale. As if to add fuel to the fire, he would elect Oyai of the canyon as his carver, not Hladerh, although Hladerh had a vested right to this function, being of the father's family. Thus snubbed by his rival, Hladerh brooded for many a day, and finally made a clean breast of it to his friend Sharp-Teeth. "Go ahead and stop him!" urged Sharp-Teeth, who despised Sispagut and his people.

Sispagut selected the largest red cedar he could find on Observatory Inlet, had it felled and towed home—a long way. Then he summoned Oyai, of the Canyon tribe up the river, to come and carve it for him. Hladerh, sure of the support of his powerful friend Sharp-Teeth, prepared to fight his enemy to the knife. When he heard that Oyai had begun his work, he bade Sispagut shorten the pole by many arms' length. Then followed the feud recounted elsewhere (*see* the Eagle's Nest, and the Pole of Sakau'wan).

After the final victory of the Eagles and Hladerh over Sispagut of the Killer-Whales, the arrogance of Hladerh and his friend Sharp-Teeth knew no bounds. Hladerh tried twice to stop the erection of tall totem poles, not only by his rivals outside his clan, but even within the clan. And chief Kinsaderh, his kinsman, aroused his anger with the announcement that he meant to have one of the largest poles — the pole of the Crane — on the river.

Hladerh's interference was generally resented, and many supporters urged Kinsaderh not to desist in his legitimate ambition. Hladerh's own nephew, Narawdzæ'ee, went into partnership with Kinsaderh to erect the tall pole of the Crane with him. He moved into his house and stayed with him while the pole was being carved and erected.

He and Kinsaderh lived in fear of their unscrupulous kinsman. They remained outside watching, walking around all the time, while the Gitrhadeen and canyon tribesmen were erecting the pole for them. They were ready to fight him back, should he interfere with the workers. But Hladerh's heyday had passed. Most of the people there were in league against him, determined to curb his pride and arrogance. When he died, not many years later, his nephew Naradzæ'ee succeeded to his name and standing at the head of their Wolf clan.

The Personified-Bear, the totem pole of 'Arhtimenazek, member of a Wolf clan, at Gitwinksihlk village, more precisely at Gwunahaw opposite, on the south side of the river, at the canyon of the Nass River. It was called Bear's-Den (*spesmaih*). Purchased in 1929 through the author for the Museum of the American Indian in New York, it stands now, about 40 feet high, in the court of the Annex of this museum in the Bronx.



Totem of the Bear's-Den, at Gitwinksihlk

Description. The figures from the top are: 1. Shadow (*kan'awdzenrh*), a crest explained in a myth; 2. the Wolf (*kyibu*); 3. Yet-taboo (*ci-hawahlk*) or Bear-Cub (the small animal head in a round hole); 4. the hunter with a bow who killed the Bear (*smaih*), in the myth of Bear Mother; 5. Personified Bear (*tenauhln*), a large grizzly; 6. Through-Pack-on-back (*qalkse-qalqelkærh*), the two human figures with arms interlocked.

Carver, age. Erected about 1910 according to some, or about 1892 according to others, it was carved by Weesaiks (of the Fireweeds, in the same village) assisted by Neesqawrhse, and by another (Leonard Douglas,

member of the Wolf clan of Kwarhsuh, still living in 1929). They worked at it through a winter. At the time of its purchase for the museum, the owner, Henry Adzek, made the following statement, which throws some light on the negotiations formerly entailed by the erection of a totem pole: "After my father's death, I went with my mother to see my father's relatives and ask them to contribute to his funeral expenses. But they refused to give assistance. I then purchased a stone monument to commemorate my late father. This gave me the power to control the pole which he had previously erected at his own expense without anybody's help".

(Informants: Henry Adzeks or Agwilarhæ, an Eagle of Gitwinksihlk, and Peter Neesyawq, a Wolf of Gitlarhdamks, in 1929. William Beynon, interpreter.)

The Pole-of-the-Bear called Ptsænem-Smaih, of Kungyaw, of a Wolf clan at Gitlarhdamks, it was the twelfth pole in the row from the uppermost along the Nass river front.

Description. It stood behind the long house of the owner, named A-long-embarrassing-inside (*alusemdzawrh*), which alluded to the house, being of such length that when the guests entered they found it embarrassing to reach the rear end (this was a boastful description). Several figures represented the mythological Bear (*smaih*). In between, there was inserted the Thunderbird or Mountain Eagle (*Rkyemsem*); the bottom figure was Double-Headed-Person (*kaodirhgyet*).

Function, carver, age. Carved by Paræt'nærhl, of Gitlarhdamks, at the time when Dennis Woods, our informant, was born. If it still existed, it would be over 80 years old.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)

The Play-Pole-of-the-Bear (*'anmis-semrhs*) of Kyærhk, chief of a Wolf clan at Gitlarhdamks. It was the tenth in the row from the uppermost pole along the Nass river front.

Description. It stood in front of the house of the Kyærhk, called Terraced-house-of-stone (*takan-law'p*). Its only figure at the top of a round log (*kan*) was the Bear (*smaih*). At the bottom of the pole was a chest or box put on much later and called Sitting-Place-of-the-Raven or Where the Raven-sits-on (*willudahl-qaq*).

Function, carver, age. Very old, it was erected during 'Neesyawq's boyhood, and he was an old man in 1927. The name of the carver has been forgotten.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, at Gitlarhdamks.)

The Bear Pole of Tserhqan, a member of the Gisqansnæt clan of the Wolf phratry, at Gitlarhdamks, on the upper Nass River. It stood the uppermost along the river front.

Description. A pole about 60 feet long, standing in front of the owner's house, it contains, from the top down: 1. Person (*gyet*), in a myth; 2. the Bear (*smaih*); 3. Person (*gyet*) holding a spear, in the act of spearing (a different person from the first); 4. Person, whose identity now is unknown; 5. Squatting Bear.

Function. It stood in memory of a former Tserhqan, and is no longer in existence.

Carvers, age. They were Paræt'nærhl, of the village of Gitlarhdamks, and Narhdzaidzeks (of an Eagle clan), of Gitrhadeen, about 80 years ago. (Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks, upper Nass River).

BEAR MOTHER

TSIMSYAN (GITKSAN)

The Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Water, (*medeegem-dzawey'aks*), and the Mountain-Goat Myths, recorded by William Beynon from Isaac Taens, an old man in Hazelton, British Columbia, in 1920.

The Grizzly-Bear myth. The people returned to the village of Temlarh'am on the upper Skeena, and invited many guests to a great feast. It was on this occasion that they were told that they were going to be avenged upon the lake, so these brothers all started for the lakes, in company with the invited guests.

They took with them all their utensils, stone axes and clubs, knives of bone, and four stones of the same size. With the axes they cut down large trees and, everybody helping, dragged these to the river. They made a huge raft upon which they placed four round stones, and then paddled out into the lake. The rest of the people sat on the edge of the lake. When they went to the centre, they took the stones and threw them into the water, challenging the monster of the lake to make an appearance.

This being came up out of the water, pushed through the raft, and was soon killed by the blows of the spears and clubs. The young men saw that it was a Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea (*medeegem-dzawey'aks*) with human faces at the bottom of its fin and long hair. While they were beheading the monster and removing its claws and hair, the waters of Lake Te'emi'estagi'enrh started to rise upon the shore. It was not real water but a foam that was brewing, and the people on the edge of the lake ran away, thinking their companions drowned. They took refuge in the high lands among the timber, but even here the foam sprang out of the ground. It was impossible for them to make any progress.

Then one of the brothers shouted, "We will all be lost! Throw the hair (that had been cut from the head of the lake monster) away!" When they did this the waters stopped for a time, but soon they rose again and the fugitives decided to throw away the claws of the monster. Once more the water stopped rising; they were on the high lands above the village of Gwestset, part of Temlarh'am (Ganhada: Tom Gamble).

They kept the head of the monster, as they rested in the hills. After they had composed a dirge song they returned to their village and invited the people of Temlarh'am to a feast. They made a carving to represent the Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea, and erected a pole, so that all could see that this was their crest.

They were glad that they were now avenged on the monster that had killed their sisters. When they went away from Temlarh'am they took this crest with them to the Nass and the Stikine; to Gitsalas, to Gitrhahla, Gitwinksihlk, Weesaiks of the Stikine (Wrangell), and Neestrah'aq of Gitsalas. All of them have the Grizzly Bear. (The crest was also used among other tribes foreign to Gitksan.)

BEAR MOTHER

TSIMSYAN PROPER

The Grizzly-of-the-Waters (*medeegem-dzaoy'aks*), of chief Neestarhawq, a Gispewudwade chief of the Gilarhdzærh tribe (Tsimcyan) at the Gitsalas canyon of the Skeena. The clan of the owner originated at Temlarham, farther up Skeena River. (Photo, taken in 1927.)

Description. This crest, which was used by the owner on a ceremonial robe, also appeared on a totem pole which is still standing in the bush on the old deserted village site of Gilarhærh. The carving of the Bear crosswise at the top of a round pole about fifteen or twenty feet high.



Totem poles of the Ensnared-Bear, at Kitwanga

Grizzly Bear has been used as a crest by the same tribe.

(Informant, Walter Geo. Wright, chief Neestarhawq, of the Gitsalas tribe. William Beynon recorded this information in 1927.)

The Kansuh Pole of Sarhsarht, the Gispewudwade (Blackfish and Grizzly Bear) chief of the Gitwilgyawts tribe of the Tsimcyans proper at Port Simpson.

Myth of origin. After the ancestors of the clan had been decimated because of their disrespect to the Mountain-Goats (the myth is given elsewhere), the survivors escaped down the river. Some of them settled down at the Gitsalas canyon. Near Temlarham there was a lake named Stekyawden, which contained trout in large numbers, and here the young people came to fish. Usually they washed the fish before roasting them over the fire. Once, they gathered the backbones and out of them made a head-dress. They pretended to give a hallait dance, and repeated this often.

From the lake, one day, surged a huge Grizzly Bear (*medeegem-dzaoy'aks*), who gave chase to the young offenders of the spirits. The bravest among them tried to spear it but failed. In memory of their adventure, they composed a dirge song and repeated it many times: "The huge Grizzly of Temlarham comes down and scatters the trees and the people on its path". From this time on the

Description. This long pole was standing (in 1915) close to the shore near the band stand at Port Simpson. The small figures at the top may have had no definite meaning, but may have been simply decorative. Their name was People of Lawhl (*gyædem'lawhl*). Most of the shaft of this pole remained uncarved. At the bottom the Grizzly Bear (*medeek*) sat erect.

Function. It stood in commemoration of Sarhsarht, who had been killed by a man of his own tribe.

Carver, age. Carved by Nees'awælp of the same tribe, it was older than the pole of Narærht which stood fairly near.

Informant Herbert Wallace, who was 72 years old in 1926, remembers its erection, when he was young, and the following circumstances.

The pole was completed, to be raised the following day. Sarhsarht called upon his phratric relatives, the Gispewudwade, and invited them to contribute to the cost of its erection. While he was speaking to them, he was seized by acute pain and hastened home to die the same day. His Gitwilgyawts supporters covered up the pole, attended to the funeral, and compensated the helpers in the burial and the mourners. They allowed some time to pass before fixing the date for its erection by Læs, another chief, the youngest of several in the same family. He was the son of St. Arnaud, a French Canadian at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Port Simpson, and of a Tsimshyan mother belonging to the leading clan of the Gispewudwade in the Gitwilgyawts tribe. This chief then changed his name to Neeslaws. At the erection of the pole, many people of the various Tsimshyan tribes — they were still quite numerous — were invited.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

Grizzly Bear of Sarhsarht, Tsimshyan chief of the Gitwilgyawts tribe, at Port Simpson, according to Mrs. Viola E. Garfield (50:211).

The stump of a pole, raised about 1870-75 to commemorate chief Sarhsarh of the Gitwilgyawts tribe, stands in front of the property occupied by the present chief, who was requested by the town council to remove the pole when it was so badly decayed that there was danger of its falling into the street. He sawed the pole down just above the lowest figure, which he left standing, and used the rest of it for fire wood. In 1935 the remaining humanized Grizzly Bear figure was decayed beyond recognition.

The Prince-of-Grizzlies, the pole and house structure of 'Nees-nawæ, chief of a Gispewudwade clan in the Gilodzar tribe at Port Simpson. The name of the pole, according to some, was Fireweed (*hæst*); according to others, Prince-of-Grizzlies (*hlkuwælksekem-medeek*). The house was called Welmis-hayætsh (Salmon-river-of-many-copper-shields, or Coppers-are-as-thick-as-salmon-roe), because T'emnœnrh, a former head-chief of the same group, owned two large copper shields. The house and the pole stood on the east side of the inlet. The house, but for the uprights and two roof beams, was demolished many years ago (before 1915), and the pole was cut down, all except the Bear at the base. The more recent photograph of the pole reduced in length, was taken in 1915 by the author.

Description. The posts and roof beams of the house were plain adzed slabs of red cedar. The detached pole standing in front of the house contained the following figures, beginning at the top¹:

¹ The older photograph of the complete pole, was communicated by the Rev. Canon W. F. Rushbrook of Prince Rupert.



Tsimshian totem pole of the Gillodzar, at Port Simpson

1. The man with hat and disks (*lanemræt*); this was called, as a crest, Hat-of-Grizzly-Bear-paws (*kaidem-gyællæ*) or Hat-of-the-Grizzly (*kaidem-medek*); this household claimed the right of using ten disks, as was done by the high chief Tsyabesæ of Gitrahla, belonging to the same clan.

2. The Thunderbird or Eagle (*kal-lepleep*) called, among the Haidas, Bird-of-the-Air, holding the two halves of a split cedar tree.

3. The Mother-in-law of Soo'san, holding round rattles in her hands and shaking them to conjure whales.

4. Under the Mother-in-law, the Whale (*'nærhl* or *hlpoon*), captured by Soo'san;

5. The Prince-of-Grizzly-Bears, holding a bear cub on his head, and the young woman he ravished hangs head down from his mouth; a copper shield is in his mouth, the ends projecting on each side.

6. Two copper shields formerly were half-buried near the base of the pole.

7. Two bear cubs sat on the ground on both sides of the Bear.

The whole pole was considered the Fireweed (*hæst*), the Fireweed being the old phratric crest of the clan at the time when the ancestors were still living up Skeena River close to Temlah'am (the Good-land-of-yore).

Myths of origin, and dramatic performances. The Prince-of-Grizzly Bears.

The Hrpeesunt or Bear-Mother myth, owned clan and illustrated by the at the base of the pole, is quoted elsewhere. As to the Soo'san and Whale myth, it belongs elsewhere, among the Haidas, and was probably acquired through courtesy or exchange from allies on the Queen Charlotte Islands by Tsyabesæ, the great head-chief of Gitrahla Island, who was a close relative of 'Nees-nawæ. This myth, often illustrated among the northern Haidas, was given for the most part to Dr. J. R. Swanton by the carver, Charles Edensaw, of Massett (*The Haidas*, Jesup Expedition. Pp. 125-126. Plate IV). Edensaw at one time planned to erect a totem pole in front of his own house, which would have contained approximately the same figures borrowed from his mother's and father's sides of the house (as was often done among the Haidas): Eagle or Bird-of-the-Air, the Grizzly Bear, Soo'san and the Black Whale, etc.

In brief, the Soo'san myth is as follows: There was once a young man at Gwais-kun, a town belonging to the Stastas, who lay in bed so many days without going to work that his mother-in-law in the end shamed him with unflattering remarks. Then he got up and went away to the woods at the edge of a lake. Soo'san, a lake monster similar to the Wasko — a Killer-Whale with the legs and tail of a Wolf — lived there and thrived upon black whales which, every night, he captured and brought ashore. The young man, with the assistance of the Bird-of-the-Air, split a cedar tree in halves to make a trap, fastened the ends together, spread them apart by means of a cross-piece in the centre, and anchored the contrivance in the water near the abode of Soo'san. Then he tied two young slaves to a post behind it as decoys. As soon as he saw the huge animal in the trap, he knocked the crosspiece out

and captured him. After having taken off the skin of Soo-san, he put it on his own body to acquire magic gifts, and swam out to sea. There he caught large sea mammals and brought them unseen at night to his mother-in-law's door, in the village. The old woman, wearing her medicine costume, a bone charm in her nose, and holding her magic rattles and feathers in her hands, made herself believe that she was a powerful witch, able to capture sea monsters. After she had boasted of her prowess, she could not keep the truth from coming out. Her son-in-law, whom she had despised, alone was responsible for the fantastic catch. Then she was so ridiculed that she smothered in her shame.

When the time came (according to informant Sidney Campbell, of Metlakatla, Alaska, in 1915) for chief 'Nees-nawæ to show to all the Tsim-syans his principal and exclusive crest, the Prince-of-Grizzlies, on the totem pole erected in front of his house at Port Simpson, he decided to have it dramatized at the same time within his new house. For the festival to take place on this occasion, he had messengers despatched far and wide to invite the dignitaries of the leading tribes to witness the visit of the Prince-of-Grizzlies to chief 'Nees-nawæ, of the Gillodzar tribe.

No sooner were the guests assembled in the house around the fire blazing in the centre, than they noticed a small boy sitting by himself facing the rear of the house, and a long pole rising from the fireplace to the rafters. After the guests had been welcomed, they heard the singers give the dirge of the Prince-Grizzly, who was now to visit the tribes in 'Nees-nawæ's new house. The song once finished, a great grizzly entered and advanced towards the fire in the centre. As he stood there, the young boy struck him with a stick. Suddenly infuriated, the bear turned to the boy and tore his scalp. Blood streamed down the boy's face as he ran away, screaming, to the rear of the house. The bear then climbed up the pole erected by the fire and stayed on his perch at the top. The singers meanwhile sang to appease his wrath. And chief 'Nees-nawæ appeared before his guests, showing his crest, the Prince-of-Grizzlies. In the preparation for this show, they had to find a boy who agreed to sit by the fire and tantalize the bear. This was by no means easy, for children dreaded the *hallait* who was believed to be supernatural. As an inducement, they promised to pay him a new shirt from the Hudson's Bay Company store. This they did after the successful performance. And the informant Sydney Campbell, an old man in 1915, completed the description: "Then we shaved off his hair, made a scalp (pocket) which we filled with a deer's blood, and covered this with hair. The grizzly consisted of two men, inside the skin of a huge bear".

The Killer-Whale or Blackfish. (From the same informant, Sydney Campbell, of Metlakatla, Alaska, in 1915, William Beynon recording the information.)

It was claimed that more spirit (*narhnorh*) dramatizations were given in the houses of 'Neeswærh and 'Nees-nawæ, his clan brother than anywhere else, because their tribe, the Gilodzar, was the most populous and therefore the wealthiest. One such performance was the dramatized visit of the Blackfish or Killer-Whale to the feast house of 'Neeswærhs.

'Neeswærhs, one of the two head-chiefs of the Gilodzar (a clan brother of the same name also was one of the two head-chiefs of the Gitrahla tribe,

on Porcher Island), wanted to give a great *hallait* or spirit performance to the representatives of all the Tsimshyan tribes assembled. Messengers were despatched to the Gitrhahla, Gitka'ta and other coast tribes to the south, and to the Tsimshyan and Niskæ tribes of Skeena and Nass rivers.

When the day for the feast arrived, all the guests assembled in the house of 'Neeswærhs, anticipating extraordinary achievements, for they had been warned in advance that the Tsimshyans would surpass themselves. After the introduction of the guests, the singers sang of a wonderful Killer-Whale ('*nærl*), called the Supernatural-Blackfish ('*narhnarem'nærl*), the "brother" of chief 'Nees-nawæ. The Killer-Whale was to come presently on a visit to 'Nees-wærhs' house. Members of the household then entered and, in great excitement, announced the approach of the Blackfish in the bay, towards the feast house. The head performer shouted, "Here he is coming, our chief's brother. For a long time we have awaited his coming". The members of the household then retired from the house where the guests were assembled.

Presently the splashing of water was heard by the guests, as if issuing from the rear of the door. Later the splashing came from the fireplace in the centre of the house, where a fire was blazing. The fire collapsed into a large pit and gave way to a pool of water. Emerging from the water, they saw the huge Blackfish spouting foam into the air. Several times the monster spouted, and threshed water with its tail. The foam descending upon the guests was eagles' down (*pelkwe*), a symbol of peace and goodwill usually blown upon the guests as a sign of welcome. While the Blackfish was blowing foam upon the assembly, the singers were continuing the song about the visiting spirit. (These songs were still remembered in 1915 at Port Simpson.)

Later the monster sank into the pool and disappeared. Blocks were placed over the gap and the fire was lit and made to blaze. Food and gifts were then carried in and distributed to the guests whose acceptance acknowledged the right of the host to use this drama as his own privilege and crest.

The informant explained that the Grizzly-Bear show was the means of bringing out an old crest, through the Blackfish performance was a more recent acquisition. This performance is believed to have been given about 1855 or 1860. A tunnel had been dug under the house, just deep enough to hold about four feet of water.

Function, carver, age. The house and possibly the pole were erected at the same time, in 1855. The carver, whose name was unknown to informant Herbert Wallace, chief of the Gitsees at Port Simpson, belonged to the Gillodzar tribe, according to him. It is quite possible that a Tsimshyan carver was appointed for the task of carving the totem pole. But the work here surely is from the hands of a Haida craftsman whose identity is now forgotten, and whose style is recognizable. Other poles, either actual or in miniature form, were carved by Massett artisans, with similar figures (particularly the Soo'san and Bear Mother). One of them certainly was engaged by 'Nees-nawæ for the execution of his pole of the Prince-of-Grizzlies.

(Informants: Herbert Wallace of Port Simpson; Sydney Campbell of Metlakatla, Alaska; and William Beynon, interpreter, in 1915 and 1926.)

The House-that-Swallows (*iyawperh-wælp*) of **Neeshlkemik** (Gilladzar tribe, Gispewudwade phratry) at Metlakatla, described by Herbert Swanson, bearer of this name; interpreter, J. Ryan, in 1915.

The name of House-that-swallows is said to go back to the mythical period of Temlarham, the Good-land-of-yore. The people there built a house which they called Tyawperh (To-swallow). Its door or portal consisted of the head of the Grizzly Bear. Whenever the door opened, it was the mouth of the Grizzly that did, and the guests stepped in for the feast. The Gispewudwades only left a gift to the portal as they passed. The full name of the house was The Grizzly-Bear-house-swallows (*iyawperh-medeege mwælp*).

Where-the-Grizzly-sits (*wulidæ-medeeek*) belonged to Leemlarhæ, a chief of a leading Gispewudwade clan of the Ginarhangyeek tribe at Port Simpson. It stood on the island in memory of a former chief of this name, and was erected a little before the informant's time.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

The Bear-runs-up (*næbæhlsmah*: up-runs-the-Bear) of 'Nees-laranows, chief of a Wolf clan in the Gitlæn tribe at Port Simpson; it stood on the mainland near the bridge to the island.

Description. It was a round pole tapering upwards, at the base of which a Person (*gyæt*) was carved. It was supposed to be the climbing pole of the Bear.

Function. It was erected in memory of a great chieftainess named 'Weeçé-belhæ, a sister of 'Nees-laranows.

Age. Known to be one of the oldest poles, it was destroyed when its owner became a convert and went to the school of the missionary Duncan at Metlakatla, about 70 years ago.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

Where-the-Snow-falls (*wilrh-mædemsæmi*) of the bear, belonging to Sædzan, a chief of a Wolf clan of the Ginahdoiks tribe at Port Simpson.

Description. There was human-face on the stomach of the Bear.

Function, carver, age. It stood on the island, in memory of Chief Neestælæ of the same household, and had been carved by Gyæmk of a Gispewudwade clan in the Ginarhangyeek tribe. Erected at the time when the schoolhouse was built, about 65 years ago.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

The Weegyæt Grizzly, two men on the head of the Grizzly Bear (*kaodehgyæt*) belonging to Weegyæt (Gispewudwade) of the Gisparhlawts tribe of the Tsimisyans, according to Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, 1915.

This crest was used on a totem pole seen by the informant on the Skeena River; it was painted on a house front, and shown on ceremonial robes. Weegyæt and his household, who used it, were of Gitksedzaw origin or of the salt-water branch of the Gispewudwade phratry; they became members of second-class rank among the Gisparhlawts tribe. It illustrated a myth, presumably that of Bear Mother.



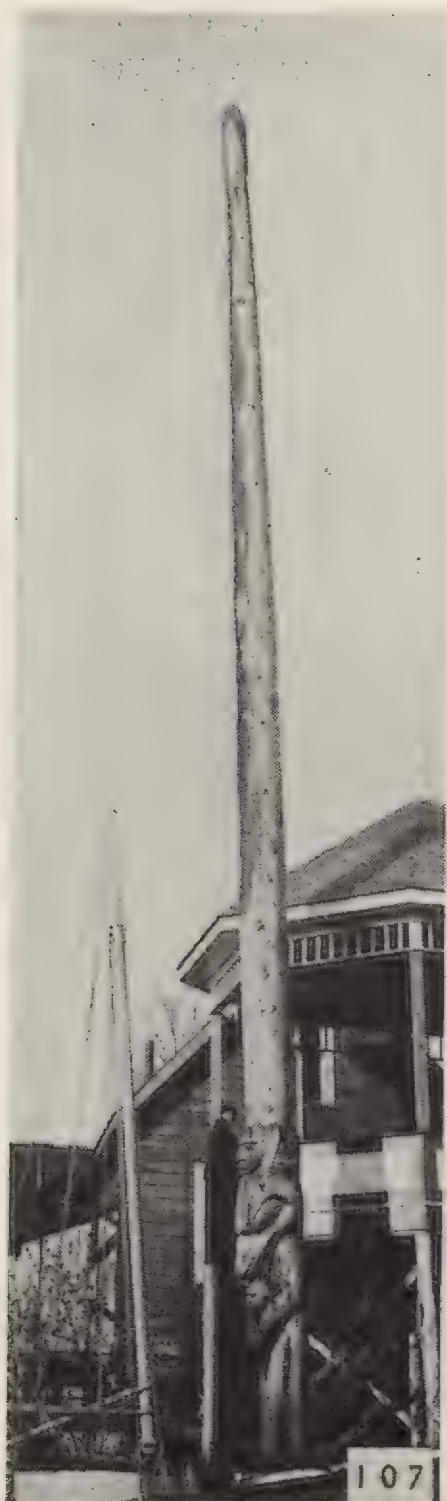
Tsimtsyan pole showing Bear Mother, at Port Simpson, (left)

The Bear-cut-open on the Totem Pole of Neeslawts at Port Simpson, described by Herbert Swanson; interpreter, William Beynon, 1915.

This pole, standing in recent years near the band-stand on the mainland at Port Simpson, had the peculiar feature of the Grizzly Bear at the base with its belly cut and held open by two human beings standing under the Bear's chin. Under this special form the Bear as a crest was the exclusive property of Neeslawts of the Gitwilgyawts tribe of the Tsimtsyans. It was said to be an illustration of a myth. (M.B. This is once more the myth of Bear Mother, and the episode here illustrated, as in some Haida carvings in argillite, is that of the Cæsarian birth of the twin bear cubs. In the Haida carvings other Bears hold the cut open and assist in childbirth.)

BEAR MOTHER SOUTHERN TSIMSYAN

The House of the Grizzly Bear from Gitnagunaks or Southern Tsimsyans, according to their family tradition recorded from E. Maxwell by William Beynon, in 1915.



Bear Mother, at Port Simpson

At Gidestsu the Gitnagunaks people, now in the Gitlæn tribe of the coast Tsimsyans at Port Simpson, had trouble among themselves over the ownership of the crest of the House of the Grizzly Bear. Wudzint claimed it, as he was a member of the party taken down by the monster at Nagunaks, and had every right to use it. But Dzaremsægisk would not consent to anybody having it, as he was the chief and senior member of the party. Wudzint went right on and built the house as he wanted it. They now fought over it among themselves. They tried to defeat Dzaremsægisk and Damks but could not, and those defeated ran away north. They stopped at Gitrhahla and lived at the Gitlæn village there; it was called Larhklæn. After they had lived at Gitrhahla some time, Wutzint of Gidestsu came to the Gitrhahla village where Sarhsarht was living, and said, "If you let me stay among my own people here, I will give you a crest which I have, that is the Dgawdzarhtk House." Then he went over to the village section of Alimlarhæ, and wanted to give him another crest which he said was his own, the Mæsalawp — Red Rock; this was the name of a house of the Nagunaks.

The Nagunaks (Gispewudwade) heard of this at Gidestsu and grew angry. They fought with Wutsint. He was killed and the rest of his family fled to the Gitwilgyawts tribe of the Tsimsyans for protection. One of the surviving nephews of Wutsint assumed his name and became a member of the Gitwilgyawts.

Later on, Wudimes and other Gitnagunaks moved together and joined the other Gitlæn people. They made Metlakatla their main village.

The crests of the Nagunaks people were:

1. Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea (*medeegem-dzaum'aks*). It resembled the land grizzly bear and was one of the monsters spoken of in the myth of the Nagunaks. This medeek had large fins on its back, and was carved on four main posts inside of their house. It was painted on the front of the house. It was also used as a war garment showing the whole Grizzly.

2. Two-finned-Blackfish (*wusænkawpskenem-nærh'nærhl*), another mon-



Pole of the Grizzly Bear of Gitrhahla, (left)

ster, seen in the house of the monster at Nagunaks. It was shown on a robe when assuming a senior name and is the exclusive property of this group.

3. Blackfish-with-fins-all-round (*trhatakunærhs*), another monster seen in the house of the monster chief at Nagunaks. This was used as a painting in front of the house and also represented on poles. It was also displayed on robes on the ceremony of assuming a name never used before.



Grizzly-Bear house posts of the Bella Coola

4. Ligidadools, a woman supposed to represent the wife of the monster chief of Nagunaks. This was a sitting figure of a woman whose eyes were filled with human beings, and represented on totem poles, on robes, and on front paintings of houses. This was the exclusive crest of the house of Damks of the Nagunaks group.

BEAR MOTHER
KWAKIUTL

Bear Totem from Fort Rupert,
at the National Museum of Canada
(No. VII E 393).

Part of the Aaronson Collection.
Aaronson was a curio dealer in Vancouver, about 1910. Catalogue description:

"It represents the bear, or demon, the lizard, an Indian holding the finback whale, an eagle on top." Not illustrated.

The Bear and the Woman of Smiths Inlet (Kwakiutl), now at the Cranbrook Institute of Science — (News Letter, May 1946, pp. 94, 95).

A Kwakiutl house post, carved in the image of a fierce bear who holds a child across his knees now guards the entrance to our room of Indian exhibits.

Our post was collected some time before 1908 at Quasila, Smiths Inlet, Vancouver Island, by Dr. C. F. Newcombe. We obtained it from the Brooklyn Museum through the personal interest of Dr. Herbert J. Spinden.

Grizzly Bear, at the Cranbrook Institute





Bella-Coola grave figures



The Woman and the Grizzly Bear, in Thunderbird Park, Victoria, (left)



Two Kwakiutl house posts, at National Museum of Canada



Two Grizzly-Bear house posts, at Peabody Museum, Harvard

The Tsa-wee-norh Posts of Kingcome Inlet, representing the Thunderbird and Grizzly Bear holding the young woman he had kidnapped, now standing in Stanley Park, Vancouver Island, described by the Rev. G. H. Raley (118: 23).



Two house posts of the Kwakiutls, at Fort Rupert

On either side of the Wa-kius totem pole was an interior house post. It is probable that amongst the particular fixtures of the large family house, the carved house posts were the most noticeable. On them rested the great beams which ran the length of the house and supported the rafters for the roof. These particular twin figures belonged originally to the house of the Tsa-wee-nox people of Kingcome Inlet. The bear is represented, holding a human being in his claws.

It is said that if there were unethical conduct or action, and the parties concerned did not wish their totem spirit to witness such, the posts were covered for the time being with a mat or blanket.



Two Kwakiutl house posts, Thunderbird Park, Victoria



Thunderbird, by Charley James of Alert Bay

THE WOLF

Kamlugyides and the Wolf (Nass River), explaining the pole of Towq. (Informant, Mary Phelan, of the family of Towq, aged 69. Recorded by William Beynon, 1947.)

Before the family of Towq moved to the upper Nass River, these Wolf people lived at Larhwelgiyæps, on an island in the Metlakatla passage at the sea-coast, in front of the present town of Prince Rupert. Every night the people heard the beating of drums and singing from the point across the channel just opposite. They were frightened, for they did not know the cause of the noise — there was no village there. This continued for so long that curiosity could no longer be restrained. They had wanted to go over at once to see who was holding these *halait* dances on the other side, but the older people had prevailed on them not to do so as it might mean disaster. They suspected that something was wrong. But hearing the drums and the singing was finally too much for the young men. They forgot the warnings of their elders and went over with their young prince Kamlugyides.

When they were across they saw a big village, in the middle of which stood a large house. It was from here that the drum beating and singing was coming. So the young men went to this house and, looking in, they saw a great crowd around the singing platform on which squatted a great number of women. These women all wore bright garments, and the man who was dancing had on a great mask which looked like a huge skull, and a very bright robe. The others all wore death costumes and skull head-dresses. When they danced there was a noise of rattling bones.

The women were very beautiful as well as good singers, so the young men from Larhwelgiyæps decided to approach them. As their attentions did not seem to be resented, the young men became even bolder, and went underneath the singing platform, which was only breast high. When they were under the women of their choice, they shoved their hands under their garments. When all they felt was bones, however, they withdrew their hands and found them nothing but bone too; all the flesh had been taken off. They now knew that these were ghost people, and as it was the practice of the older people to carry urine with them in small containers, they all poured it out and scattered it about, thus defeating the ghost people. Kamlugyides, who was braver than the others, ran to the chief dancer, tore off the large skull mask and the beautiful garment that he wore, and showered him with urine, which at once put him to flight. Now in possession of the ghost mask (*luleg'æmilk*) and the weasel garment (*gusmeksihlk*), Kamlugyides returned with his companions to their village. While in the ghost house they had heard the following names announced: Ghost-walking-towards-the-rear, Hollow-elderberry-bush, Hollow-roots, Moss-in-eyes-on-one-side. These were names of the figures he had seen at the dance. With the mask and head-dress they were assumed as the exclusive property of Kamlugyides.

Now the people were starving. There had been a great famine and they could not find any food. Every day they heard a wolf cry away back of the village. The people were afraid to go and find out why it cried out, so Kamlugyides set off to investigate. When he entered the woods some distance from the village, he came upon a huge wolf pacing to and fro, whining as if it were in agony. As soon as it saw Kamlugyides approaching, it laid back its ears. Kamlugyides spoke, "Come, brother, what has happened to you?"

Don't hurt me, and I may be able to help you." The Wolf came near and Kamlugyides examined its mouth, and behold! A deer bone was stuck in its throat. "Do not be afraid, brother," said Kamlugyides, "I will take the bone from your throat." He opened the Wolf's mouth and reached into the throat to extract the bone. At once the Wolf was relieved, and jumped about licking Kamlugyides' hands and feet. Then, letting a great howl, it disappeared into the forest with the rest of the pack.

A few days after, the people at Larhwelgiyæps heard the call of the Wolf in the woods. It seemed to say, "Kamlugyides, come here!" and kept repeating this call time after time. Finally, Kamlugyides and some of his young companions set off to the woods, and behold! Here was the same Wolf that he had befriended. As soon as it saw Kamlugyides it began to jump around joyfully and led Kamlugyides to a deer carcass. The next day and every day the same thing happened; there was always something, and soon the people of Larhwelgiyæps had plenty of food, though the other villages were starving. Kamlugyides began to give great feasts at which he brought out the head-dress and the robe that he had taken from the ghost people, and also assumed their names.

Now he intended to give a final feast at which he would assume the crest of the Prince of Wolves. He went up into the woods to meet the wolf that he had befriended, and said, "I am going to call together all of the Tsimshyan chiefs and their people. Please help me!" For many days the Wolf and its pack were busy bringing game, as well as mink, marten, and groundhog, which were to be distributed as gifts. When all was ready, Kamlugyides called together all of the chiefs and people of the Tsimshyan, and assumed the crest of the Prince of Wolves.

Some time after, strife broke out within the Wolf clan as to who also had the privilege of using the *lu'lerh* mask that had been taken from the ghost people. So in the end Kamlugyides left the coast group. With his own folk and those of his wife he went to the upper Nass to settle down under the Towq group of the Wolf clan.

SHARP-NOSE AND SPLIT-PERSON

The Long-Sharp-Nose Monster (Nass) (*dzærohlaw*) at Gitiks, presumably belonging to the Wolf clan of Hhlabecksk, chief of the Gilarhwanks Wolf clan of Angyadæ, and erected by Hladerh, the Wolf chief adopted by Sakau'wan, the head of the Eagles, in the fight for supremacy over Sispagut, of the Gispewudwade. This tall and remarkable pole was put on blocks after it had fallen and someone broke it up into firewood shortly before the author could see it and make a full record of it. W. A. Newcombe, however, took two photographs of it in 1903, which are reproduced here.

Description. At the top stands:

1. A Person with the tall conical hat with cylinders (*lanemræt*), her right hand raised and resting on the rim of the hat; on her stomach is a small human face; at her feet, across the pole, is her child lying down, his feet to one side, head on the other side;
2. An unidentified Person sitting up with hands raised to the chin, with two human faces in the hands;
3. The headdress of Long-Sharp-Nose (*dzærohlaw*), the human face of which (without a body) is surrounded by a number of small faces;
4. Another Person sitting up with hands raised;
5. A second Long-Sharp-Nose (*dzærohlaw*), with smaller human face and nose, here with a body, and two other human faces on each side, formerly with similar long sharp noses;
6. Grizzly-Bear Mother and a cub (their faces only), at the bottom of the pole.

Its meaning and explanation.

I. The Tall Conical Hat is one of the most distinctive crests of the Prairie-Wolf clans. Its origin is traced back, in the family traditions, to the northern Tahltan country of the interior, up Stikine River, as follows:¹

Before Kalowt, in the recent past, had occupied the upper Stikine — or perhaps after — another band of like blood, belonging to the nomadic Tahltans in the interior, drifted down from the north to the same headwaters and also hunted wild game over the grassy plains of the high prairies. Among them a child grew up whose name was Doubtful-Chief (Labaræt-Sem'oiget). His odd trait from childhood was his wearing a conical hat woven out of spruce roots and topped by ten flat disks strung together in a pile, a hat claimed to this day as an exclusive family possession.

Now a family crest, this hat is a reminder of the days long ago when the child, trying to keep up with his elders, would stumble and cut his face on the sharp blades of the tall grasses on the prairie. To protect his head, his mother had fashioned for him a hat with a wide rim all around, shielding his eyes and cheeks. As he grew up she kept weaving larger hats to suit him, until he became known by his headgear, the shape of which went back to an obsolete style. This hat after a time was considered a mark of high rank, and its native name alluded to its large size — so large, indeed, that it was also "He-Walks-Toward-His-Hat," as if he had been smaller than his hat.

After these people had settled and lived for a time at Dehlden on the upper Stikine, Doubtful-Chief quarreled with an elder on the opposite side and, suddenly blinded by anger killed him outright. In the feud that flared up, his tribe, quite outnumbered, had to seek safety in flight and to hasten down the river in six canoes, chanting mournful songs on their way.

¹ Alaska Beckons, *loc. cit.* above, pp. 96-98.

These Wolf fugitives journeyed together downstream until the huge glacier, spanning the river, seemed to block all avenues of escape. Other Tahltan fugitives — the Na'as and the Kalowt factions — at other times were also confronted with the glacier barrier of the lower Stikine.¹ They stepped out of their canoes and stood on the shore, wondering in their distress what to do.

Training their eyes upon the narrows, where the seething waters seemed to dive under the glacier, they saw an arch cut through the ice in the manner of a bridge. To probe their chances of a safe passage under it, they took a small tree with all its branches and dropped it into the swift waters, thinking, "If the tunnel is too narrow or too low, it will break off the branches."

The tree sped down and came out intact, on the far side, with its green boughs swaying in the air. Some fugitives who had crossed the glacier to look for it reported their observation to the others standing on the shore above the ice cave. Doubtful-Chief intoned, in the manner of a dirge: "The ice bridge is safe for us," and led the first boatful past the barrier. The others followed, one at a time, all of them to emerge safely, and soon to reach the salt waters below. Doubtful-Chief's dirge, commemorating the hardships of their flight, is still sung in Tlingit, even among the Tsimshians, after the death of his leading descendants who remember him as the bold leader who took them through the terrific passage of Stikine Glacier.

They halted at a place in the estuary of the Stikine and, finding it to their liking, they decided to live there. They gave it the name, in the Tlingit language, of Chief's-Hill (Garanows) to honour Doubtful-Chief. And this new name has since become the leading name of the highest Wolf chief, through the following generations, among the Tlingits and the Tsimshians.

The Tall Conical Hat here, on the Dzærohlaw pole of Gitiks, is a plain allusion to the above ancestral myth of this Wolf clan.

II. The Long-Sharp-Nose (*dzærohlaw*) is explained in an independent myth which originated at the headwaters of Nass and the Skeena Rivers, and is quite familiar among the Wolves of the interior plateau. As recorded in 1916 by William Beynon for the author, from old Frank Bolton (*tralarhæt*), an Eagle of Gitiks, it is, *in extenso*, as follows:

Long ago, the people lived on Skeena River, fished salmon, and gathered berries. Every spring they migrated to the mouth of Nass River, for the *oolaken* (candlefish) season. After harvest time, that is after they had gathered the candlefish grease, the salmon, and the berries, they would give huge feasts, then proceed to their winter quarters.

The children were not allowed to attend the celebrations in the large communal houses, but stayed at home with the old people. To while away the time, they one day began to play at camping-out. They went off a little way and built a hut with branches. In the hut, pretending to give a feast, they sang and danced, as did their elders elsewhere. In their mock celebrations, they made much noise. And this fun went on from day to day, during the autumn and winter seasons.

The Chief of the Sky (*Sem'oigidemlarhæ*) could not sleep, or was awakened, because his dwelling above stood close to the children's hut. In those days, the sky was much closer to the earth than it is now. The folk were, for this reason, far more careful in their behaviour for fear of offending the Chief. Annoyed at the children for their disregard, he sent down a slave, saying, "Go and see why it is that the people never stop their disturbance". The slave did as he was bid, and after he had seen the children in their games, he went back to the sky and reported, "The children are playing

¹ See Franz Boas, "Tsimshian Mythology," 31st Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, p. 354.

among themselves. They are giving a feast." Angry, the Chief ordered, "The next time their noise reaches up here, you go down again and bring them all up."

He went to sleep. But very soon he was once more awakened. Even after dark, the young folk in the hut continued their sport until they were so tired that night that they stayed there to sleep. The slave came down and, without awakening them, lifted their lodge with trees and all in its neighbourhood, into the sky. In the morning, they woke up, and again thought of nothing but their favourite pastime, shouting and clamouring. The Chief of the Sky awakened and, angry, told the slave to bring one of the revellers to him. As soon as the slave walked into the hut, the children looked at him. Frightened, they ran away and tried to hide, but the slave — a monster — caught one of them, a boy, and took him out. Standing in the doorway, he turned back and said: "The noise you make is deafening. It keeps the master from sleeping". The children then grew aware that they now were in a strange country, away from their home. All of them, excepting one girl, broke into cries and tears.

The slave, leading the boy away, came to the Chief's back door. He walked in, leaving the child outside. To his master in the house he said, "Outside now stands one of the young noise-makers in the hut". "Take him to the front of the lodge." So the boy was brought there, in front of a huge totem pole. This pole was very bright and had a long shining nose, like a very sharp knife. The glossy nose moved up and down, splitting the body of the boy open. Women walked out of the house, took the body, and spreading it open as they do with a salmon, cleaned it and hung it up to dry in the air.

This was a means of frightening the other young rioters into silence and tractability, so that the Chief of the Sky could sleep. While he slept, the other children broke into cries of terror. Their clamour was so great that the old man woke up once more, and said to the slave, "Go out and bring another to me. Tell them that soon will be their turn, one by one." So did the slave take one more of them to the front of the house, and said, "The Chief has invited you." He went in first and said, "Master, another one is waiting outside." "Take him to the front." The slave led the boy to the totem pole. The sharp nose again slit the body into halves; the women appeared, took the split body, and hung it to dry, like the first.

The Chief went to sleep. When he woke, he spoke to his slave, saying, "Go and tell another that I invite him." When the slave found all the other boys crying and shedding tears, he said, "The Chief invites one more". Now it was a little girl that followed him to the lodge. She was left outside while he walked in: "One of them I have brought." The Chief answered, "Take her to the front." The long nose of the totem cut her body open, and the women stretched it and hung it to dry. So it went on, with more children being invited to the totem pole, to be treated like salmon after they are fished out of a river. Only one girl was now left. Before she was escorted to the totem, in the morning, the little Mouse Woman trotted up to her and said, "The monster totem pole has killed your people with his sharp nose. And now it is your turn." She was frightened, and did not know how to escape. The Mouse Women came closer and said, "Be indisposed, and the monster will not be able to cut you open, for he cannot smell blood."

The slave stepped out of the lodge and said to the child, "The Chief has invited you," leading her to the totem. No longer frightened, she did not try to run away as the others had done, but said, "Yes, I am going." She followed the slave to the Chief's house. When left outside the door, she heard the slave inside say to his master, "Here is the last of the children. She stands outside." The Chief replied, "I never heard her cry." The slave replied, "No, she is brave." The Chief said, "Take her like the others to the totem pole." The girl stood close to the sharp blade, which began to move up and down. As it grazed her body, a drop of blood fell upon the grassy surface. The nose broke to pieces without hurting the girl, and fell down with a rattling noise. The Chief of the Sky now came out in person, and said, "Bring my daughter in here!" The slave led her inside, and the Chief said, "My child, you are very brave. That is why you will marry my son. Nothing can frighten you." Reassured, she knew that she would survive the ordeal. Then the Chief called his son, saying, "Son, sit down alongside your wife!"

The son sat beside the brave young woman. The Chief bade the slave, "Take the best salmon out of the box! My daughter is hungry." The slaves — for there were now several — brought down the dried and smoked salmon. When the meal was ready, the Chief said, "Fetch the berries!" The gay couple feasted on salmon and berries. They were truly married.

After a long time, a male child was born to them, and the Chief of the Sky was happy. He took the boy in his hands, and stretched his limbs. This happened every day, so that ere long the boy had grown quite big. The time had come to learn from his grandfather how to shoot and how to hunt. This child was very smart. Satisfied, the Chief said to the mother, "Soon you may go back with your child to your people on earth." Meanwhile he went on giving the boy advice, and showing him how to do useful things — build a canoe, how to kill the wild animals in the hunt.

One day he said to his son, "Take your wife and child back to where her people live on earth. The young woman, your wife, longs to go back to her uncle. Follow her and stay by her. But never let the boy eat seal meat (*erle*)." As soon as the Chief's son had made ready for the voyage, he took his wife in one hand and his son in the other, and said, "Hide your head. You must not look out." When all was ready, they sank down to the earth. The place where they landed was Metlakatla, in the midst of the people's village. When the young woman recognized the house of her uncle, she sang the family dirge (which is still remembered), and her uncle came out and took his niece and her family within. The feast he gave was the greatest he could afford. While lavishing gifts upon the guests, he said solemnly, "My nephew is being raised into my place, and Dzærohlaw, the monster totem pole with long sharp nose, shall be his crest."

This nephew's name from that moment was Hlæbeksk, his uncle's ancient name. And the emblem of the Long-Cutting-Nose has remained the possession of Hlæbeksk's family to this day.¹

The Pole of Hanging-Across (Nass) (*tsirh-yarhyak*) at Angyade, the property of a Wolf clan whose identity remains in doubt — Kindsaderh or Hlkuwasan. It disappeared before it could be studied, but it appears in two photographs taken by W. A. Newcombe, about 1903.

¹ Andrew Jackson, a Tsimshian present at the time when this tradition was dictated, remarked: "This *adaorh* is the origin of the Wolf (Larhkibu) people — of all those people."

Description. 1. The figure with a long bill is Person-with-a-large-nose (*git'weedzarat*) or Split-Person (*kaodih-gyet*), both being characteristic crests of a Wolf clan tracing back its origin to upper Skeena River and the headwaters of the Skeena. It was also used by other chiefs of more than one Wolf clan at Angyadæ and Gitiks on Nass River.

2. Hanging-Across or Half-Man (*tsirhs-yarhyak* or *rapagyet*), placed head down here, and elsewhere shown with his body cut in two, the lower part placed under his inverted head.¹

3. The Grizzly-Bear crest.

4, 5. Two figures in similar position, the upper one human-like, the lower one showing fangs like a bear. These are presumably the Bear Cubs.

The Hanging-Across emblem, with head down, is found in two forms: one of them a Person (*git'weedzarat*) holding a child or human being in his hands or his arms; the other Half-a-Man, whose body is cut in two, the lower part being placed under his inverted head. Double-headed or Split-Person is at times shown (on the upper Skeena) with two complete beings on his head, or on both sides of a head-dress or mask; the human figures on the head of Split-Person are large in size, and each holds a child in its arms (Cf. Poles of Weerhæ, Gitwinkul, in *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, page 116). Hanging-Across (*loc. cit.* pp. 82, 83) was the crest of Weemenawzek on upper Skeena River. It was said to have been painted on his house front and boxes, and carved on a totem pole. It consisted of a man whose body was cut in two parts, with feet upwards and head turned upside down next to his feet. Some informants believed that it illustrated the adventures of Næqt, a famous warrior who established a fortress behind Kitwanga village, and a native of the Nass (*loc. cit.* The Poles of Hlengwah). A human head with protruding tongue was intended to represent that of the Haida father beheaded by his Nass wife, the mother of Næqt, who had taken to flight in a dugout, and travelled from the islands to the mainland.

Function. That the very tall poles, in the old days, were the privilege of the Wolf clans on the Nass River, was the opinion of informant Charles Elliott (a Wolf of Gitrhadeen). About another pole of a Wolf clan of Angyadæ, informant Charles Barton (1927) stated: Kinsaderh put up an extensively-carved pole which is still standing at the upper part of Angyadæ — the pole of Kinsaderh (presumably the Crane pole), explained elsewhere. Another family of Wolves, that of Hladerh, objected to Kinsaderh having such a long pole. But the other Wolf families would not tolerate Hladerh's interference, although he belonged to the same Wolf phratry as themselves; they encouraged and helped him. Nawradzæi, who was Hladerh's own nephew, went into partnership with Kinsaderh, and lived in his house until the pole was up. At the time when the Gitrhadeen and the Gitanwilk tribes were raising it, Kinsaderh and his men walked around day and night to keep Hladerh from causing damage. The trouble over Sispegut's pole, some time before, served as a warning. Hladerh later was succeeded as chief of his own household and clan by Nawradzæi, who did not follow in the tracks of his ambitious and troublesome uncle. The uncle would have prevented not only the Killer-Whales from putting up tall totem poles, but also the other chiefs of his own Wolf phratry.

¹ Cf. Totem poles of the Gitksan. Bulletin 61, National Museum of Canada, pp. 82-3, 117.

The Pole of Long-Arms (Nass), chief of a Wolf group at Gitlarh'aus, Nass River. It bore the name of Where-the-Bear-plays ('*an'mæssemrh*). This tall pole, in 1927, stood by itself in a cottonwood grove near the river, a very short distance above Angyadæ on the same side. The author purchased it for the Canadian National Railways, and had it removed to Prince Rupert, where it was kept in a railway shed for some years. During the war it was lost sight of, but may still be in Prince Rupert.

Description. The figures on the pole (photographed before its removal) could not be precisely identified, but most of them are recognizable.

1. At the top, a human figure with tall headgear.
2. Under a long uncarved section of the pole, a bird with very long bill, straight, and turned downwards, presumably Cutting-Nose (*dzaraohlau*), a familiar crest of this clan.
3. A human being with a crown of grizzly-bear claws and a long cutting nose like a bill (fallen off), holding a child in his or her arms (the smaller figure, except the legs, was decayed), presumably Person-with-long-nose (*git'weedzarat*), also a typical crest of this clan, on the upper Skeena and the Nass.
4. Bear Mother, here represented as a human being, with one cub on her body, erect between her arms. This crest was foremost, and the most frequently used by this inland group.

Origins and connections. The remotest remembered ancestor of this clan belonged to the Tahltan nation, at the headwaters of Stikine River to the north, and was born on the Larhwiyp (Prairie) plateau, still occupied by the Tahltan.

After a war between the Wolf and the Raven phratries, at a place named Dehldeen, he took to flight down the Stikine with his relatives, embarked in six canoes. These fugitives spent a winter at a place named Hlaranus, a Tlingit term, and then proceeded to Stikine, a point where one of their members settled with his family. The others joined another party of fugitives at Na'a (near the present Port Chester), and travelled southwards until they reached a stronghold of the Wolf people at Tongas, among the west coast Tlingits. Some of their members decided to join the Tongas tribe in permanence; others, in four canoes, continued on their migration southwards. Two canoe loads proceeded up Nass River, and the last two journeyed down to the coast Tsimshyan country, where they became members of the Gitlæn tribe.¹

The two households which the Nass River branch of this clan established on the upper Skeena soon encountered adversity through a feud between Ka-ugwaits and Keeshæ, their leaders. Ka-ugwaits, after his house was destroyed, took to flight and ascended Kispayaks (Kispiox) River² to its head. Thence, he went beyond and founded a new home at the-Dry-prairie (*gitangwalk*). One of his successors at a later date joined the tribe of the People-of-the-foothill-trail (*kaksparrh-skeet*), now the Gitwinkul, then living much farther north on the Grease Trail than at the present time. His direct heirs now are Malee of Gitwinkul, and Kleem-larhæ, and the subsidiary houses of Kispayaks.

¹ The traditional account of these migrations was recorded among the coast Tsimshyans. The following, which concerns the Gitksan and Niskæ branches of this clan, was obtained among the Gitksan.

² A tributary of the upper Skeena.

Keeshæ, the head of the opposite household, meanwhile sojourned at Place-of-Snat,¹ (a small shrub), on the Kispayaks River. One of his nephews, Mukweluks, after a time migrated to the Nass and settled at Gitlarhdamks. Skateen, the present head-chief of this tribe, is his foremost descendant. He himself moved down the river to Temlaham; and his heirs now live at Gitenmaks (now Hazelton). Thus we have, roughly, the course of events which, according to tradition, have led to the present diffusion of the clan. Some of the families within the clan became further split up in modern times and spread to other tribes.

The Negwa'awn group of Gitrhadeen consisted of twin elements, both of the same clan. The first came from the upper Skeena, and was closely related to Neesmotk of Gitenmaks (now Hazelton). The second, headed by Kla'u and Pedæhl, was a branch of a salt-water clan (Gitsees, of the Asaralyæn group) among the Tsimsyans at Metlakatla. These Wolf people, quite numerous then, travelled up the Nass to Antegwalæ and settled there. After a while discord broke out among them, and they moved down to Larh'enhlaw and to Gitlarh'aus, when the largest tribe inhabited Angyadæ. To show their independence and pride, these newcomers stayed somewhat apart from the others. It was at that time that the up-river section, under the leadership of Neesmotk, arrived from Gitenmaks on the upper Skeena.

Carver, age. This pole was carved by Oyai, of the canyon of the Nass, a little before informant Lazarus Moody (of Gitrhadeen, 70 years old in 1927) was born. It bore the same name as another Negwa'awn pole, very old, which had fallen and disappeared. The carver Oyai, the most noted of all on the Nass, was described by Moody as "a big man, heavily built and strong." His hand measured the double of his (the informant's, when young). This carver died when the informant was ten years old, that is, about 1867.

The Glass-Nose of Tiyawlek (Wolf Phratry), Tsimsyian. Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, 1915.

(Extracts from a long text:)

"... There is something wrong here. We have been moved to another country. Everything is new and strange to us." Then the Prince and his party cried and were afraid. When they had finished crying, a large man entered (he was the slave of the Big Chief), and said, "I ask of you." After he said this he went up to one of the young Princess' companions and picked out a girl and took her away with him. Now in front of the house of this "Big Chief" was a large totem pole through which a passage was cut, and right above it extended a long nose made of glass. Engraved on this pole were figures of human beings. The slave took the young woman up to the pole and the long nose reached down and split her in half. Then the slave returned to the Princess' party and spoke the same words again. Another girl of the party was led up to this totem pole, and she too was cut in half. This was kept up until all of the young Princess' party were killed. Only the Princess was left. She was left alone for a period. Finally the slave came to us and said, "I want you to come with me." The young Princess replied, "Agreed! Come in and sit down. I will get ready." She then took some water in a little box and washed and painted her face and put on her mink robes.

² Sransnat.

Then she was led by him up to this totem. They took off her robes, and when the glass nose touched her body it broke into pieces.

That is why the Wolf people use a similar pole, which they call Glass-Nose (*dzarorhhlaw*).

The Split-Person Pole (Gitrhahla) (*tsekaogem-gyet*) of Mawdzem-larhtæo, a Wolf chief of the Gitrahla tribe of the coast Tsimshyan. This pole fell many years ago. A section, about 12 feet long, was cut off, and taken inside the house. It is said to have been purchased later by a white man.

Description. It was a tall pole, reputed as the best at Gitrhahla; the informant saw it complete as it stood. The figures on it were:

1. The Crane (*qasqaws*) (here with a straight neck);
2. The Prince-of-Wolves (*hlkuwælksem-gyibæo*), with abalone-pearl insets at the ears, nose, eyes; the Wolf was shown growling;
3. The Split-Person crest (*tsekaogem-gyet*).

Carver, age. It was carved by Qurhsqus, a Wudstæ (northern Kwakiutl) craftsman, chiefly a canoe-maker, about 1870, at the time when the informant, still young, was present. This carver was not selected for the work just because he belonged to the father's side of the family, but because of his ability.

The close relatives of this Wolf household and chief are: 'Arhsedan of Gitlarhdamks on the upper Nass, who belongs to the Gitkansnæt group; and Neeslaranows, Wolf head-chief of the Gitlæn tribe. Their origin was from Nass River to Gitrhahla.

(Informant Oswald Tolmie, an old chief of the Gitrhahla; interpreter, William Beynon, 1939.)

THE ORPHEUS MYTH

Orpheus in America. Once there were two lovers, perhaps the most famous the world has ever known. Soon after their wedding they were marked by fate, in the haunts of their Arcadian bliss. She died, and he mourned her. Moons passed without soothing his grief, and, disconsolate, he started on a journey never undertaken before by a living soul, into the spirit world. There he hoped to find the shadow of his beloved and bring it back to earth for the fulfilment of their love. Everywhere pitfalls strewed his path. A bridge across a river rocked under his feet and monsters guarded the approaches to her ghostly abode. He overcame them in the end, and travelled with her back to earth. On the threshold of a renewed existence, curiosity prompted him to turn his head, and make sure that she was still following him. She fell back lifeless, for it was a condition that he should not look at her while on their way. He could not survive, for he would not part with her in life or in death.

This ancient tale of enduring love is easily recognizable wherever it occurs. It is one of the ageless store of myths and tales so dear to the heart of humanity, just like the stories of the Knight who slew the Dragon to deliver the maid, the Flood, the Golden Age, the Phoenix, the Thunderbird, the Unicorn, the curly-haired Lion, Pygmalion who carved himself a beautiful wife and made her live, the Strong Man whose parallel in the Bible is Samson, Jonah and the Whale, Sinbad's Roc — the giant bird carrying people on its back, the Well-Frog that swallowed all the water on the globe and caused a parching drought, and a host of others familiar in various forms on all continents.

The myth of the great lovers usually bears the symbolic title of Orpheus and Eurydice, bestowed upon it by the ancient Greeks. But its other names are many, according to time and country where they are part of traditional lore. In the main its pattern always remains the same. Yet chameleon-like, it absorbs local colour everywhere, and feeds on shifting elements in the course of its slow progress.

Orpheus was the ideal poet and musician of the Golden Age, an Elysian divinity. His bride, Eurydice, smitten by a viper while trodding the bridal lane with other maidens, was the loveliest of the nymphs. After her death, Orpheus sought her in the lower world, had to cross the Styx, a dark river, and to face Cerberus, a huge dog on guard. He had to stand the test of the spiked wheel of Ixion, and to encounter monsters: Sisiphus resting upon a large rock, Tantalus parched with thirst, and the Furies or Gorgones with hair of twisted serpents. With his æolian lyre and accompanying incantations, he subdued them all to the last. After Eurydice was surrendered to him upon condition that he would not look back, he had already reached the great portals of Hades when he turned to her enraptured, only to lose her forever. His fate was not to survive very long, for the Maenads, finding him immune to their charms, slew him out of jealousy.

Other names for the great lover are Theseus, who entered Hades in pursuit of Corè's shadow; and Pollux, Heracles or Hercules. Among the Romans to the west, it was Æneas who, guided by the Sibyl, journeyed to the lower world on a similar errand. The people of Asia, Oceania, and America were no less interested in the tribulations of Orpheus and Eurydice

under varied designations. The roles at times were reversed, as in Hindu folklore, where the aggrieved wife survived and sought the soul of her lost husband. In Japan, it was the goddess Izanami, who died while her husband Isanagi went to the Land of Gloom (*Yomotsukuni*) to retrieve her ghost and restore her to life. On their way back, she begged of him not to look at her while still in the nether world. But he did, to his mortal loss.

The same tale sailed on across the Pacific to sundry islands in the coral seas of Oceania. There it is Mataora who finds his wife in the undersea regions of Po and tried to coax her back home; but, like the others, he failed on the threshold. Hiku, disguised as a butterfly, in a Hawaiian tale of Polynesia, captured the ghost of his wife Kawalu and succeeded in restoring her to life, a rare exception of a happy ending in the diffusion of this tale of woe.

Orpheus, under other appellations, is also well known in the countries of Western Europe and their former American colonies; for instance, in France and in French America, Jean de l'Ours, visiting the lower world, is a familiar figure in Canadian folk tales, as well as in the folklore of the motherland. A pagan theme at first, it proved too popular to be uprooted with paganism. It was handed down to Christianity. We find St. Patrick of France and Ireland making a return journey to inferno, his starting point a grotto. The adventure of St. Patrick was retold by the mediæval writer Marie de France in a tale entitled "St. Patrick's Purgatory (*Le Purgatoire de Saint Patrice*)."

Later in the Christian era, Dante's descent to hell, in the *Divina Commedia*, is a branch of the epic story of Orpheus, and it is by no means the only one of its kind in the Christian tradition. In familiar legends like that of Saint Martial de Limoges, Christ is shown in a miniature as a visitor to limbo, or as stepping, like St. George on the Dragon, on the head of a horned monster of the lower regions. There the mouth of a vampire is the horrible doorway to a burning inferno, where lost souls tumble in droves. In a French-Canadian folk tale, Our Lord escorts into the other world a young man who seeks the souls of his parents, and they go through heaven and purgatory before they find the departed in hell and bring them out safely by means of a magic sash studded with thorns (a symbol of expiation). The whole journey had lasted fourteen years.

The world-wide diffusion from an unknown source of a tale so typically classical as Orpheus and Eurydice must have required milleneums. It was part and parcel, like many others, of racial migrations out of Asia into Europe and Africa, or into America with the colonists; or again, the other way, from Asia into North America via Bering Sea.

Like the Asiatic folk, the myth of Orpheus migrated two ways across Bering Sea into North America. With the Siberians on the move eastwards, it passed from the tundras of Asia into those of Alaska at Bering Strait, where the old and the new continents stand nose to nose, as it were, on both sides of a strait fifty miles wide and frozen most of the year. With the sea folk of the Chinese and Japanese coasts it sailed north and eastwards, past the Kurile and Aleutian Islands, until it reached Kodiak Island on the Alaskan Coast, where it split two ways, northward into the Eskimo fringe of the Arctic ice cap; and southward with the North Pacific tribes.

Within America we find Orpheus under two forms. In the first, the native hero journeys into the sky where the souls proceed after death, or else into the nether world below. Among the sea-coast tribes, the souls after death dwell under the ocean, just as they do among the Eskimos. The Tahltans of the Northern Rockies believe that the trail of the dead is obscure and hard to find. Souls travel to the sky on snowshoes, and follow the Milky Way westwards. Among the Tsimshians of the Northwest Coast, the home of the dead is in the Killer-Whale centre at Kwawk out to sea.

Folklorists have collected and compiled a large number of versions of the Orphic tale. Miss A. H. Gayton, in her "Orpheus in North America," states that stories "of the recovery of the beloved person from the dead are common in North American mythology." Like Miss Gayton, Stith Thompson has built up a long list of occurrences in his *Tales of North American Indians*, p. 337. Yet these scholars seem to have overlooked one of the most significant branches of the same theme on our continent: that of the north Pacific Coast.

The earliest reference among our historical records, in *The Jesuit Relations* by Father Brébeuf (1636 or so), is to the man who took a trip to the Village of Souls where he found his lost sister, but was unable to touch her. The soul was so small that he could imprison it in a pumpkin, embark the "white stone canoe", and take it back, provided "no one raises an eye to observe." Life was already returning to the lifeless body when a curious witness looked. The soul shrivelled up and was lost forever. This missionary record inspired Moore's ballad "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp". A similar legend, familiar in the Northeastern Woodlands, was called "Qu'appelle? — Who calls?" among the Algonkins of Manitoba. And some evidence of it crops up among the Powhatans or a kindred tribe of Virginia.

In a narrative heard by J. G. Kohl among the nomads of Lake Superior (Cf. *Kitchi-gami* . . . 1860), an Indian hunter was startled by a huge and luscious strawberry, which was deadly to touch. Farther along, he encountered a dog (the classical Cerberus or the Minotaur) as large as a house guarding the path, but allowing everyone to pass westward unhindered. It did not suffer anybody to return from the land of ghosts. On the river across the trail (the native Styx), a bridge which the souls must



Blackfish of the Tlingits of
Pennock Island

cross looked like a tree stump, but really was a great serpent. Its head rested on one side, and it thrust its tail upon the far shore.

In a Pawnee tale of the Upper Missouri, the wife brought back had given birth to a child. But as soon as a taboo is broken, she goes back to limbo. Among the Eskimos, the Angakok (a sorcerer) is less successful in his journey to spirit land. He only catches a glimpse of the lost soul, and returns to earth empty-handed.

Although the Tlingit version, recorded by J. R. Swanton, is from the north Pacific Coast, it belongs to the inland branch of the myth, as those who journey to the other world must go up the road, and when they return they step down. After his wife had died shortly after their wedding, a hunter started on his fateful errand after the burial, walked for days through a forest at first, then along a valley. He came to the edge of a lake on the death road. On the other side he saw a village, and perceived afar his wife among the shadows. He shouted to call attention, but could not be heard. It was only when he whispered that they became aware of him, and sent the ghost canoe for him. After he overtook her, he prepared to eat what seemed to be food, but she begged him to beware; he would die at the first mouthful. He was fortunate enough to bring her back to his village, with the help of Spider Woman, who placed them both in her web and lowered them to earth. In his village, he was the only one alive who could see her. The others alongside only heard her, and observed her shadow on the ground. As soon as a jealous cousin lifted her veil, the rattling of her bones was heard as she departed forever.

In bold contrast, the sea-coast form of the same myth takes the woeful couple to the undersea abode of the Killer-Whales, where human souls resort after death. Instead of being called Orpheus, like the Thracian musician, the Pacific Coast hero is harshly called Gunarhnesemgyet, characteristic of a rugged panorama. Yet this unmusical word does not preclude lyrical echoes, for it means: "Hear you what I say!" or "Listen, and you fall under a spell!" Like the Orpheus, Gunarhnesemgyet chants incantations to overcome the monsters blocking the ghostly trail. A Tsimshian text relates that "Gunarh anchored his canoe and climbed down the anchor rope into the deep". While going down, he encountered the Giant Clam (*hagwen*) guarding the entrance. There he sang his song . . . , took some snuff, rubbed it on the Clam, and it died. And the other guardians down the road were brushed aside by a similar spell. Elsewhere in North America music also forms part of the same concept. In a Wishram tale recorded by Edward Sapir, near the mouth of Columbia River, we read: "Coyote and Eagle (two friends seeking their wives in the nether world) arrived at a great river. Eagle took a flute, and blew into it . . . Coyote also blew into the flute, and looked across yonder. Then they looked and could see the ghost people on the far shore. Music and incantations, on the lyre or on the flute, are the appanage of both European and American heroes. Although far apart now on the face of the globe, they hark back to a common incantation in the remote past.

The wild Orpheus of America, just like that of ancient Thrace, has inspired carvers and painters who have illustrated his adventures on totem poles and heraldic symbols.

In the north Pacific variant of Gunarh here briefly outlined, we find the



Killer-Whale of the Kaigani-Haidas

following episodes, all of them imbued with the sea-coast background of the story-tellers.

Every day a white sea otter passed in front of the village on the seashore, where the hunters tried in vain to capture it. Gunarh, the most skilful among them, found it asleep on the water, clubbed it to death, and gave his wife the wonderful pelt to clean. While fixing the skin, she broke a taboo and deeply incensed the dwellers of the sea. Unnoticed the sea otter drifted away from the shore, carrying along the offender.

The people on the shore noticed that the white otter had two dorsal fins. By this they recognized Gilsadzant, a great spirit of Kwawk, who was taking Gunarh's wife on his back to the lower world. Gunarh, with escorts, at once set out in a dug-out and tried to overtake the swift otter. But the sea mammal disappeared at the spouting hole of Kwawk's under-sea abode. The pursuer anchored his craft and climbed down the anchor rope. But the Giant Mussel (*hagwen*) guarding the portal wanted to hold him back. He killed it with an incantation and a handful of snuff which he had been chewing. Next the Giant Clam (*hahloon*) tried in vain to stop him. Many blind women then called out, "We smell Gunarh". He rubbed saliva on their eyes and restored their sight, thus winning their gratitude. They gave him advice and guidance, saying, "We will help you recover your wife". Farther down, he paused in front of the blind Giant Crane guarding the trail. "I smell Gunarh," said the Crane, and Gunarh likewise restored its sight, thus making another accomplice. "Your wife is just ahead," warned the Crane. "A giant man, Gilsadzant keeps her. But he is too fat. If you trip him, he will never be able to get up again." Soon he reached the Killer-Whale house. There they were making a blackfish cloak for his wife.

Gunarh, using a subterfuge, extinguished the fire in the ghost house, rushed in, captured the beloved soul, and ran out with it. Then he tripped Gilsadzant, who was so huge that he blocked the narrow trail to those pursuing the fugitives. The Crane did likewise; for a while she blocked the trail to the pursuers, and cried out, "Rush on, brother! You will escape." So with the blind women, who were Geese Women in disguise; they also obstructed the steep trail. When he came to the anchor rope of his canoe his human escorts waiting at the spout-hole pulled him up.

Gunarh's story is akin to the Hawaiian tale, in the coral seas mentioned above. Just as Hiku had brought back to life Kawalu, so did Gunarh successfully emerge from the sea with his wife. A child was born to her. But this woman kept breaking taboos. During the absence of her hunter husband at the hunting grounds, she was unfaithful to him. He was soon to avenge this wrong by fighting the Larahwais, a double-headed Dragon, whose enmity, coupled with the complicity of the Hermaphrodites (*kanawdzet*), was to bring about his downfall.

This cluster of mythical characters brings us back to what was known to us as classical myths — Orpheus; the Hermaphrodites or doubled-sexed monsters; the double-headed or seven-headed Dragon or the Hydra, familiar in China, Europe, on the north Pacific Coast, and in Mexico; and Cerberus, the trail-keeper. Yet these features are just as deeply rooted in America as in Europe and Asia. Indeed, the recorded versions of Orpheus on our continent far exceed in bulk and content the literature about them that has come down to us from classical antiquity.



Killer-Whale of the Kaigani-Haidas

The wealth of native American folklore, derivative of Asia, is also impressive in many other myths and tales. Bear Mother, for instance, is about the union in wedlock of a young Indian woman of the Pacific Coast with the eldest nephew of the supernatural Grizzly Bear of the mountains. Twin cubs, half human and half divine, were born to them; they appeared at will in human form, and as quadrupeds. The Bear husband consented to be killed by the Indian brothers of his wife, provided rituals and songs forever after accompanied his self-accepted sacrifice. And here we find a primitive Redemption, many variants of which have been recorded in the northern regions of America, Asia, and Europe.

Perseus and Andromeda more than any other famous myth has tarried on our continent and assumed varied garbs. Perseus fought the Dragon to liberate a beautiful princess held in captivity in a cave or on the mountain. The Dragon, or the Hydra, belongs to the mythology of many countries on at least three continents. It was greedy for human victims, and its features inspired terror everywhere. It appeared as a Dragon of Fire, the Beast with Seven Heads, the Lion with Two or Seven Heads, and eventually was slain by a gallant knight in armour, who married the princess as a reward. For illustrating the Gospel of the Apocalypse by St. John, the fifteenth century French tapestries of Angers (recently exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum) show both the seven-headed Dragon and the seven-headed Lion in the process of having their heads cut off, and the lovely princess here called "the Harlot" admiring her own beauty in a mirror while sitting on the Dragon's tail.

This semi-Asiatic tale shows that the Dragon and the Maiden had a friendly compact, just as in the ageless tale of the Beauty and the Beast. So on the north Pacific Coast of America, we find a chief's daughter adopting in secrecy a grubworm or a caterpillar as a pet. But this greedy infant, fed from her breast, soon grew to an enormous size, burrowed a tunnel under the village, devoured all the food within reach, terrified the tribe, and brought catastrophe to all concerned. This American Hydra, called *Larah-wais* or *Sisiutl* on the north Pacific Coast, was the most potent of all charms wielded by medicine-men and sorcerers. It also became an outstanding coat of arms on the totem poles and house posts. We are thrilled by its illustrations, wonderful wood carvings of the Tlingits, the Haidas, and the Kwakiutls, down along the coast. And the gap between this symbolic monster of the northern Rockies and the Plumed Serpent or Dragon of the other North American and Mexican Indians is more apparent than real. The serpent of the Orphic tale among the Algonkins of Lake Superior, with its long body forming a bridge over Ghost River, its head on one side and tail on the other, reminds us of the world-famous Hydra, whose head, plume, copper-like scales, coils, and tail once stretched without a break from Western Europe across Asia to Central America, and sowed all the way its dragon teeth.

Story of Gunarhnesemgyad, among the Tsimshians, recorded by Franz Boas. The story in *Tsimshian Texts*, (112a:147-192.) One of the best versions recorded. Comparative study of the same story in Boas (22: 835-846).

Gunarhnesemgyet (Tsimshian-Patalas.) Myth recorded in 1947 by William Beynon from Edmund Patalas Wæmawdemhik, (aged about 75), assisted by Heber Clifton, Gispewudwade, both of Gitka'ta.

The Gidestsu people were living at their sea-hunting village of Skæsæmint at Aristobel Island, where they fished and hunted hair-seal, fur seal, sea otter, and other sea animals. At this village also the Gidestsu would occasionally meet the Gitrhahlas, the Gitka'tas, and the Haidas.

One day a seal hunter and his companions set out for a group of islands in the sea to look for seals. When they had gone half way, they passed over a shallow spot and, on looking down, the steersman saw a sea anemone with a hair-seal in its flower-like mouth; the hair-seal was gradually drowning. He called to his companions, "Look here! A sea anemone has a seal in its grip! Let us take it!" But the others scoffed at him, and said, "Who are we? Are we not capable of getting our own seals instead of taking remnants from a sea anemone?" So the steersman said no more, and they kept on until they reached the group of islands.

Now a *narhnorh* (spirit) had impersonated the sea anemone which they had scorned and about which they had even made taunting remarks. They landed on the island, intending to stay but one day, since they had food for that long. They made a shelter. During the night a terrific storm came up, and lasted for many days. Not only was their food all gone, but the storm kept them from hunting. Finally, however, the four of them started to look for sea urchins, but only the steersman had any luck. The four urchins that he found he shared with his three companions. Still the storm continued to rage. "Come, let us look for fern roots", the steersman finally said in despera-

tion. Again the other three could find none, and again the steersman had four. They made a fire, roasted the roots and ate them. They were now very weak, as they had been many days on those storm-bound rocks. With the food all gone, the bowman of the canoe died from hunger and was followed soon after by two of the others.

Now only the steerman was left. They had made a shelter of branches with a small doorway, and as the lone survivor sat here with his dead companions he thought he saw someone pass by. Rising weakly, he went out, and saw something disappear into the water. He decided to wait and see what it was, and suspected that he was now being watched by other beings. So he waited, and soon he heard a sound as of someone approaching. He took his war club and waited, and behold! it was a hair-seal. He rushed out and killed it. After skinning and cleaning it he made a big fire and barbecued it. When everything was ready, he took his dead companions and propping them up, placed a portion of the cooked seal in front of each, saying, "Come now, brothers, we have plenty of food!" just as if they were alive.

The wind died down and everything became calm. So he took the canoe, dragged it down the beach, and placed each of his dead companions in his proper place. He was now fully recovered and strong again. He took the paddles of his companions and placed them in their lifeless hands. The dead men had every appearance of life, and the steersman spoke to them as if they were alive. He headed the canoe toward the village from which they had come, and where they were mourned as dead — they had been gone so long.

When they reached the large group of islands near their village, a man approached all alone in a very bright canoe. This craft moved very swiftly and was soon alongside them. "What has happened to your companions, that they do not move?" its occupant asked. "O great narhnorh," the lone survivor said, "My companions scoffed at what a spirit anemone was offering them, so we became



Gunarh; a Haida totem of Old Gold Harbour

victims of a great storm. They died, and I alone survive." "Let me see them," the narhnorh said. He touched each man with his spear. As he did, each was awakened to life. Then he spat on his hand, and rubbed it over their eyes. Their sight was restored. "You will give me your canoe, and you will take mine, also this club. This you will keep, since it is a spirit club." And he gave his club to the steersman. He went on instructing them what to do: "When you arrive at your village, you must not go near your wives. Let the bow man keep away from his wife one day, the next man two days, the next man three days, and you, the steersman, four days. During this time, you will wash yourselves with the juice of the devil club. If you do not do this, you will die again." The spirit disappeared, and they went on to their village in the new canoe.

It seemed to them that they had been gone only a few days, yet they discovered they had actually been away many years. They had been given up as dead, and so now on their return their wives were very eager to be with them. The man who had been told to forego relations with his wife for one day, and then wash himself, did so. As soon as the day was over he went to his wife, and after cohabiting with her, he fell dead. The same thing happened to the men who had been given two and three days; each died immediately on cohabiting with his wife.

The survivor, the steersman, now realized that the spirit meant years where he had said days. So he told his wife he would fast the four years, adding, "I will have a son, and you must call him Gunarhnesemgyet. You will take him to his grandfather's country, the Gidzarhlæhl, and you will give him my magic club and the magic canoe which I have received from the spirit." Just before his time of fasting was over, he went with his wife, and when he cohabited with her, he died. She became pregnant, and soon a son was born whom she called Gunarhnesemgyet, as her husband had instructed her to do. While her son was yet a boy, she went to the tribe of her uncle, the chief Neeshawt, at Krhado. He was not very pleased to see them, and when the boy cried he chased them to one corner of the house, keeping them in great humiliation.

When the boy was grown, he took three youths of his own age as his companions, and said to his mother, "Let me have the club that my father left for me, and I will now also use the canoe". There was a great famine in the country when Gunarhnesemgyet and his companions set out. They had gone some distance when Gunarhnesemgyet saw some seals on a rock. He took his magic club and hurled it towards them. The club brought back the seals. When it was just getting dusk, they landed at their village. Then the mother of Gunarhnesemgyet went to her uncle saying, "My boy has been paddling about and found a few seals. They are on the beach, so send your slaves down for them." Neeshawt could hardly believe her, saying, "How can a boy who is sickly and who cries all the time bring in seals, when my best hunters are returning empty-handed?" But she was insistent, so the chief sent down his slaves. There were many seals! Next day Gunarhnesemgyet and his companions went out again and returned with more seals.

From then on he brought in many sea-lions and all manner of sea food. But always he departed without being seen and returned by night when he could hide the club and canoe.

Some time later, however, he returned by day, and everyone marvelled at the great beauty of his canoe. His mother said, "That is my son who has been named Gunarhnesemgyet by his father, and he has great supernatural powers." The chief Neeshawt could hardly believe it, but when he was finally convinced that this was really his own nephew, he took him and sat him by his daughter as her husband.

Now every day a white otter passed in front of the village. It went by very swiftly. Though many tried to get it, none was successful. So Gunarhnesemgyet set out after it, and found it sleeping on the water. He thereupon killed it with his club and pulled it to shore. His wife said, "I will clean it," and took it to the water's edge. While thus engaged she paused to urinate, and, unnoticed for a moment, the white sea otter gradually drifted away from shore. She rushed out to seize it before it drifted away.

Now the people saw that the sea otter had two fins, and they recognized it as Gilksædzæntk, a great spirit of Kwawk, who was trying to overcome Gunarhnesemgyet. Gilksædzæntk escaped with the woman, and Gunarhnesemgyet immediately set out with his companions to try and overtake the swift-swimming sea otter who had stolen his wife. He saw his enemy disappear just about the spouting hole of the abode of the spirit Kwawk. He anchored his canoe here and climbed down the anchor-rope. When he got down, he came to a giant mussel (*hagwen*) that was guarding the entrance. So Gunarhnesemgyet started singing his song: "Will grant mussels around along here." With this he took some snuff he was chewing, and rubbed it on the giant mussel, and it died. He went on farther and saw a giant clam (*kæhl'awn*). Again he took his snuff, and killed it likewise. He followed a trail, and heard many women calling out, "We can smell Gunarhnesemgyet." These women were all blind, so he took some of his spit and rubbed it in their eyes, restoring their sight. "We have been blinded by Gilksædzæntk, and we will help you recover your wife. They are going to make a blackfish of her. Gam'asnærhl captured her by sending his giant slave Gilksædzæntk after her. But if you hurry you will get her."

Gunarhnesemgyet kept on in the direction that they sent him. He came to a blind giant crane who was guarding the trail. "I smell Gunarhnesemgyet," he called out, so Gunarhnesemgyet restored his sight. Very happy, the giant crane said, "I will help you. Your wife is just on ahead. They are going to make a blackfish of her. You will see a giant man there. He is Gilksædzæntk. If you trip him, he will not be able to get up again." Gunarhnesemgyet then saw Gilksædzæntk splitting timber with a copper wedge, and he determined to get the wedge on his return. He reached Gam'asnærhl's house and found them making a blackfish cloak with which to cover his wife. She

was hanging on the smoking racks to dry thoroughly before being invested with her blackfish raiment.

Gunarhnesemgyet, waiting his chance, rushed in and extinguished the fire, took his wife, and ran out. He reached the spot where Gilkædzæntk was splitting timber and tripped him, taking the copper wedge. Gilksædzæntk was so huge that he blocked the path of those who were pursuing Gunarhnesemgyet, just as did the huge crane. "Rush on, brother! You will escape!" he cried, and fell in the narrow trail to block it. The same with the women who had been blind (they were geese women): they helped him by blocking the way. When he came to his canoe anchor-rope, his companions pulled him up, and thus they made their escape to Krhado.

Gunarhnesemgyet continued to hunt as he used to, and soon a son was born to him. He killed many seals, but of these his wife would eat only the sexual organs of the male seals, which she relished greatly. Now when Gunarhnesemgyet was gone on his hunting trips, a very handsome young man would visit his wife and sleep with her. This he did for a long time. One day, Gunarhnesemgyet's son went to his father, and said, "My mother is unfaithful to you. Every night a very handsome young man comes in, and sleeps with her. They play all night. When it is day, he goes away up into the hills." So Gunarhnesemgyet planned to catch his unfaithful wife. One day, he said to her, "I will be gone many days. I will be hunting sea otter." He went off with the three companions who were always with him. They had not gone far from the village when Gunarhnesemgyet turned his canoe about and, waiting until nightfall, returned to the village. When he reached his house, he went in and found the young man with his wife. Both were asleep. Gunarhnesemgyet cut off the head and the sexual organs of his wife's lover, and left.

When she awoke and found her dead lover beside her, she took the body and hid it in the smoking racks of the house. When Gunarhnesemgyet returned, she took up what she thought were the sexual organs of the male seal and, as was her custom, ate them. But they were those of her dead lover, and as soon as she had eaten them she died.

The people from whom the young lover had come were the Wolf people, and soon a slave woman entered the houses at Krhado, saying, "My master's fire has gone out, and he sends me to get red embers." She visited each house in turn and when she came to that of Gunarhnesemgyet she saw, on glancing up, the remains of her prince. She went back to her people and told them. That night a woman's voice cried out, "Only the gus'agal'yæn garment of my brother return to me." This kept on for many days, but no heed was taken.

Now the Wolf people were afraid of Gunarhnesemgyet. They called in all of the creatures both of the woods and sea. As soon as Gunarhnesemgyet heard this

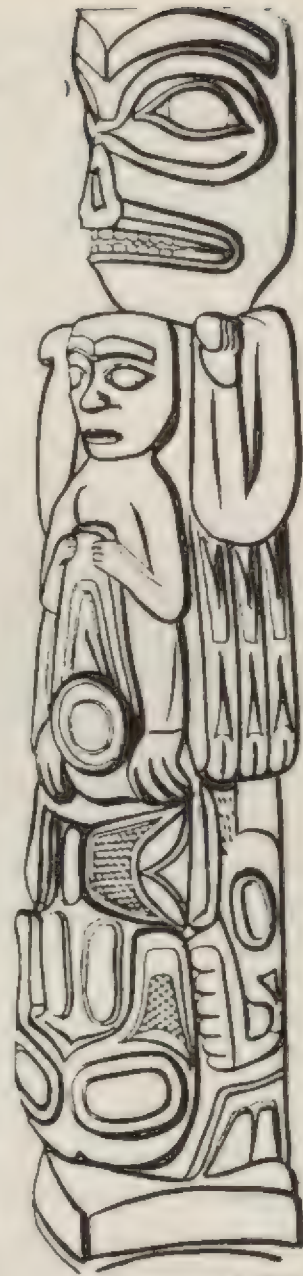
he was very much afraid, and felt he would be overcome. When he sought refuge in his great house, all the animals came and started undermining it by digging. Just before it collapsed; however, Gunarhnesemgyet, taking his son with him, rushed down to his canoe and paddled away, taking his two war clubs with him. The animals swam after him and had almost overtaken him when he came to an abode of a supernatural being at Kemæhlku (Jap Point). Here he ran his canoe into the mud and said, "This mud will be sand!" That is why there is a big sandbar there to-day. He and his son now took refuge in the *spenarnorh* there. Many people were living at this place. There was, however, no water, since the chief spirit would not allow anyone to drink the water; when anyone tried to drink, he fell upon obstacles, and was drowned.

They had not been there very long before Gunarhnesemgyet's son wanted to drink, so his father took a bucket and went out. As he walked along the pathway, he noticed lumps of wool. They were traps in which people perished. When he returned to the house, the chief, seeing him with the water, said, "Did you see anything on the trail?" "Yes," replied Gunarhnesemgyet, "I saw obstacles on the trail, but I threw them aside." This angered the chief, who said, "To-morrow we will test our strengths, to find out who is the stronger." The next day the chief sat on one side of the great house and Gunarhnesemgyet on the other. The club he held was the *larah'wæs*, and the chief's club was called *tsaol*. The chief threw his club first, but Gunarhnesemgyet caught it, and threw it to one side. He then cast his own and it killed the chief. Gunarhnesemgyet was the victor.

Now the dead chief's wife was a very beautiful woman, and Gunarhnesemgyet, in love with her, had intercourse with her. This was to be his downfall.

For a long while Gunarhnesemgyet had planned to invade the Stikine country. Now he prepared his raid. He gathered his warriors under his three companions, and they set out for the Stikine. Now at this point lived people called *kanawdzet* (Hermaphrodites). They had been kept in captivity by the chief of *Kenrhæhlku*, who was making slaves of them. When they saw the two war clubs that Gunarhnesemgyet was planning to use against the Stikine, they caused him to forget the clubs. When he set out, the clubs were left behind.

After the Tsimshian raiders had gone, the women found these clubs. Gunarhnesemgyet's new wife, picking them up, said, "Let us take them to the warriors," and they set out. When they had gone quite a distance, they saw cedar trees from which they could get good strips of bark for making mats and baskets. This forgetfulness was also produced by the *Kanawdzet* whose



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influence caused the women to forget their mission and to gather cedar bark instead. Meanwhile Gunarhnesemgyet had reached the Stikine before he found that he had forgotten his clubs. The Stikines easily overcame the attackers, and Gunarhnesemgyet paid with his life. The victors cut off his head and placed it at the top of a cedar tree. Now it gives warning whenever invaders approach. The head calls out: "This was the end of Gunarhnesemgyet."

Gunarhnesemgyet (Tsimshyan — Lewis), as related in 1916 by Sam Lewis and Andrew Jackson at Metlakatla, and recorded by William Beynon.

One day, the wife of a great Gitrahla hunter (of Porcher Island, a Coast Tsimshyan) — a beautiful woman and quite white, with very bright hair and supernaturally endowed — was walking along the beach where they were camping. She saw a dead sea otter drifting near the shore and ran down to the beach to get it, because it was a beautiful white one. It was just out of her reach, so she cried to her husband who was sitting near, "There is a beautiful sea otter here, and I can't get it!" "Step into the water; it is not deep," he replied. He was angry because he could not get any game since he had killed his wife's lover, and he seldom spoke to her. She stepped into the shallow water, but the sea otter kept drifting out. She followed it out, as it kept on drifting into deeper water, and made a reach for it. But the water was too deep; she fell, and the sea otter, springing up, took her off with the aid of many other sea otters.

The woman's husband did not know what to do. He called her many times, but she did not answer. He sat down by the edge of the water and wept. Though he continued to call her, he received no reply.

While he was sitting there, the Blackfish which had seen everything and was sorry for the man, swam close, and asked, "Why do you cry?" "The sea otter has taken my wife, and she is dead," he answered. "I will take you to where your wife is," said the Blackfish. "You must bring a lot of fat of the mountain-goat (*matih*). Sit tight on my back." "I will bring much mountain-goat fat," he said. Having done so, he climbed on to the whale's back and rode away.

After some time the man saw his wife far ahead of them, and many sea otters. Near the mountain of Quawk (home of the *spenarhnorh*), the sea otter went under the water and did not emerge again. The Blackfish and the hunter arrived too late: the woman had been taken into the home of the monster of Quawk. "Throw down some of the mountain-goat fat, and then hold on to me," the Blackfish said. "I will take you to the entrance of the *spenarhnorh*. When you go in, you will find what you want." The Blackfish dove, and when they were at the entrance of the *spenarhnorh*, the man jumped into the doorway and went up the path. He had not gone far when he saw sitting in the path a huge double-headed monster. It was asleep. When it breathed it emitted sounds like thunder. The man was afraid and did not know what to do. So he crouched down to hide. He sat there for a long while. Then something came up behind him and asked, "Have you any fat?" When he looked around, the person who had spoken had gone. This made him still more frightened. A little later he again heard the voice behind him: "Have you any fat?" He looked round and saw no one. Now he meant to watch, and sat very still. Soon some one came out of a hole; it was Mouse Woman. She asked him, "Have you any fat?" "Yes, I have lots of fat," he

replied. Then Mouse Woman said, "I will take the fat from you and help you get what you came after. You must do what I tell you."

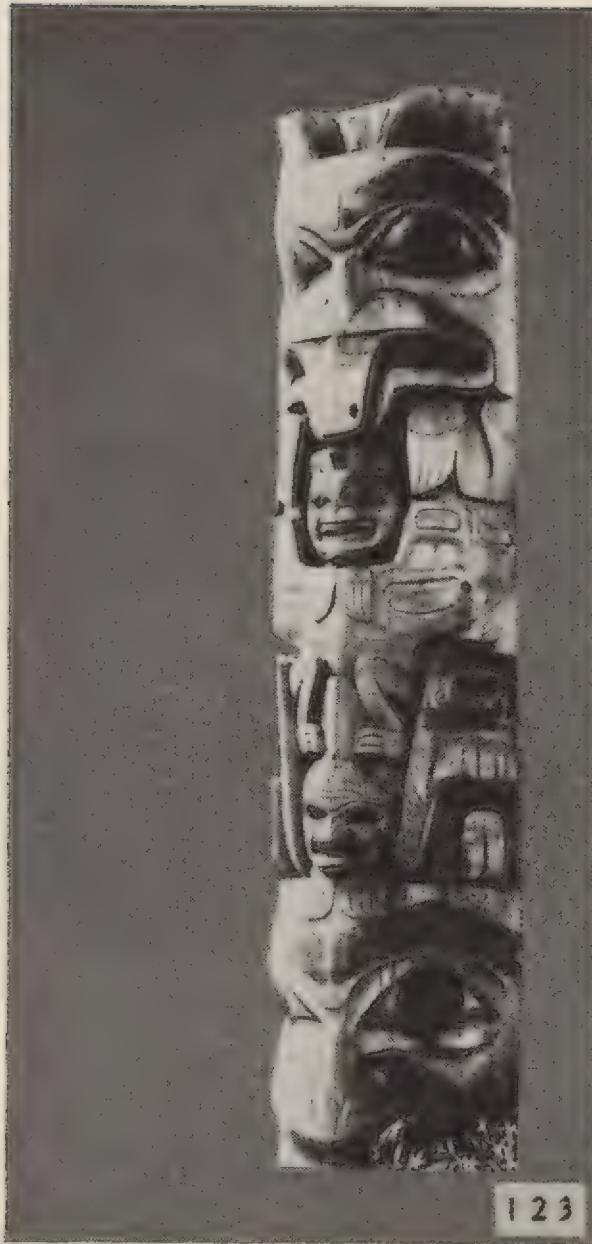
He gave the fat to Mouse Woman, who said, "Be very careful. Dze'enk is watching for you. I will call him away and give him some of this fat. He will go to sleep, then you will follow the path and find what you want." Mouse Woman then went away and gave the double-headed monster some fat. When it had taken it, it fell asleep. Mouse Woman came back to the man, and said, "You will go now, and when you meet a flock of geese, walk among them, but do not touch them. They are blind. They used to be wives of the *narhnorh*, who has taken your wife. When he gets tired of them he puts them out, turns them into geese, and makes them blind." The man did as Mouse Woman told him. When he came to the flock of squawking geese, he passed among them, frightened to touch them because Mouse Woman had said that if he were to touch one, they would go to the *narhnorh* and warn him. He went on and finally came to a large hole in a rock. Mouse Woman told him to wait while she went in. As she went into the house, she became a mouse, though when she appeared to him, she had the shape of a woman. Inside, she went in to where the woman was sitting and said, "Get ready to go away with your husband! He will give a feast, and will take you away." Mouse Woman then came out, and told the man, "Give a feast to the monster of Quawk, and when he has seen you he will be angry because you went past Dze'enk. But don't be afraid." When Mouse Woman again went into the house of the monster, she said, "Chief, a great chief, a grandson of yours, is going to give a feast."

The monster knew that the man had gone past Dze'enk, and was angry, and said, "Call my grandson in." A slave went out and called him in. When he entered he saw his wife, but pretended he did not know her. "Sit down, my grandson!" the *narhnorh* said, and a place was made for him, beside the *narhnorh*. Then Mouse Woman got the fat ready, and said, "Your grandson has brought you food, which he will give you." Fat was the best food, and all the supernatural beings of the waters wanted it. When Mouse Woman chewed the fat and threw it into the fire, twice as much came out. Then the monster and his people partook of it. When it was all eaten, the monster became sleepy and dozed off, as did all those who had eaten.

When they were all asleep, Mouse Woman called the man "Go away now, and take your wife along." She ran on ahead to give more fat to the blind double-headed monster. As they approached, Mouse Woman said, "The *narhnorh* is now awake and is coming after you. He will swell out so as to fill the passage, and no one will be able to get past." When the man and his wife got to where the path was very narrow, Dze-enk, the double-headed monster, became very large and nearly closed the whole passage. Mouse Woman then came to her protégé and his wife, and said, "When you go back take the Gusnærhs (deer hoof garment), which the monster's son wore as a crest when you killed him. Then burn it, and the *narhnorh* will not come after you again. If you do not burn it, he will go on pursuing you."

The man and his wife emerged where the Blackfish was waiting for them, and it took them back to their village at Metlakatla.

Nuchnoosimgat, an Indian version of the classical myth of Orpheus, as recorded among the Haidas by James Deans. (36:71-75).



Haida house post of Massett

This story of the Scannah totem has long been told by the Hidery tribes, who borrowed it originally from the Simshean [Tsimshyan] tribes on the mainland of British Columbia, in whose country the scene of the story is laid. It is called "The adventures of Nuch-noo-simgat in search of his lost wife." The meaning of the name is, "Hear you what I say?" The Hiderys pronounce it Nah-nah-simgat.

The tale is as follows: At the head of a bay near the present town of Mithla-Kathla, in Northern British Columbia, in by-gone days, stood a small Indian town in which lived Nuch-noo-simgat, with his wife and several other families. One day a beautiful white sea otter came into their bay and swam about in front of the village. In order to get it for its beautiful white fur, all the people took their bows and arrows and tried to shoot it. Nuch-noo-simgat's wife, seeing what was going on, called to them to be careful how they shot, because they might spoil its beautiful white fur. "Shoot it," she said, "on the end of its tail, where its skin won't be spoiled." They did so, got it ashore and skinned it. When they spread out the skin they found a few blood stains on it. In order to wash them off, Nuch-noo-simgat's wife waded out into the sea, and all the others went home. Hours passed silently away. She did not return. Her husband went to look for her. He found the skin washed ashore, but of herself nothing was either heard or seen. After days of anxious and fruitless search, Nuch-noo-simgat thought he would visit a Skaggy (medicine man), who was clairvoyant. The Skaggy told him that the Scannahs had captured her and had taken her home with them. She was then living with the king in his palace, as his wife. So in order to find her, he had to take two servants along with him, a martin, and a swallow; the martin to go on before and smell, the swallow to fly about overhead and watch. Both had to keep a strict lookout as they went along, then come

and report what each had found. The Skaggy said they were to go on until they found a canoe, in which they were to sail to where they would find two heads of kelp. From the two heads they would find a road leading onward to the house of the Scannah. So, Nuch-noo-simgat got the two servants and started, determined to find his wife, if it should take years. After a long travel to no purpose, they came to the sea where they found a canoe. Nuch-noo-simgat said, "Let us go and try if we can find the kelp from which the road leads onward." After a long sail they noticed the two heads, where between them they tied the canoe and had a consultation. The martin said, "We can only do this; you try to find the road, and I will take care of the canoe in your absence; as for the swallow, he can go back and tell our friends." To this they all agreed. The swallow went home and reported, and the martin took charge of the canoe, while Nuch-noo-simgat went down under the water to find the road leading to the palace of the king of the Scannahs. From the two heads of kelp he was able to trace the road straight ahead. This he followed until he saw something moving about like worms digging up roots. When he drew nearer to them he noticed they were a lot of blind geese. While digging about they jostled each other in their blindness. This led to quarrelling, and from that to fighting. As he drew near, they stopped their fight and all together said, "Helloa! here comes Nuch-noo-simgat; we smell him." It was then he received his name. While he was looking at them fighting, he saw strange men coming along. When they spoke to him, they said they were all slaves sent by their master to get some dry hemlock. One of the slaves exclaimed, "Look! there is a dry tree. I will go over and see how it looks." On reaching the tree, he found it to be old, dry and hollow. He went inside and sat down. While there he seems to have fallen asleep. After a while the other two followed and



A fallen totem pole, at Yan

began to fell the tree. When it was nearly down, one man with a strong blow sent his axe through the tree right into the mouth of the sleeper inside, who awoke, and came out. After felling the tree they all began to cut it up; while doing so one of them broke his axe. Seeing the broken axe, all of them felt very bad, saying "What shall we do? Our master will be very angry with us when he sees the broken axe." Nuch-noo-simgat said to them. "I am travelling about, trying to find my long lost wife; if you will all help me to find her, I will mend your broken axe." They all readily agreed. So Nuch-noo-simgat rubbed his axe on the two pieces placed together; after a few passes their axe was returned as good and

as strong as ever it was. When they saw it restored, they told him they knew where his wife was, and for his kindly act they would take him to her, at a place where there was a fire and a woman standing by it, warming herself. This woman was his lost wife, but as a long time had passed since she left, he would not know her. To help him, they would put a large kettle of water on the fire, then one of them would get an armful of wood and place it on the fire. While doing so, he would throw himself down and upset the kettle in the fire, which would put it out; then all Nuch-noo-simgat would have to do would be to jump over and get hold of the woman, who, as soon as she knew who he was, would go home with him, because she was his long lost wife. They told him to hold her firmly, because the Scannahs would try to keep her. If he had a good hold, they could not take her from him nor keep her any longer.

Another version of this tale is to the effect that the Scannah who took her away gave her for wife to another whose name was Scannah-cah-wink-a-dass. What the name signifies, I have yet to ascertain. The first part, Scannah, shows his connection with the totem or crest of that name. The geese, it appears, were all women, who by some evil genii were enchanted and turned into geese. These our hero restored, and the men finished their wood-chopping. After this agreement, all four, that is, the three men and Nuch-noo-simgats started on the road to the house of the Scannah. Of the geese women, nothing more is said. After travelling a considerable distance, they came to where a crane was mending a canoe. As soon as he mended it in one part, he broke it at another, this being done for a blind, as he was watchman for the Scannahs outside of their abode. When the crane saw the strangers approaching, he gave the alarm. After watching the crane at work, they noticed he used a feather for drilling the holes. Because of the time wasted, as well as of the trouble he was taking to make a hole, they gave him an iron drill and showed him how to use it. (All the Indians on this northeast coast use drills to this day. The drill is used between both hands; motion is given to it by passing the hand backwards and forwards.) When the crane saw how much faster he could drill a hole with an iron drill than by the old feather style, he was very much pleased. As soon as he knew what they had come so far to obtain, he promised to help them all in his power, although he was in the service of the Scannahs, whose house was close by. At their watchman's alarm, the Scannahs came in force to his assistance, inquiring what had happened. "Oh," he said, "nothing; only seeing these four men coming and not knowing but that they might be foes, I gave the alarm. Since they came, and I know who they are, there is no danger, because they are all my friends." So, all the Scannahs went inside, somewhat displeased. After all was quiet, the four men, led by the crane, went inside. The crane introduced them as his dear friends, whom he had not seen for a long time. Inside of the house was a large fire. Alongside of it stood a woman, who, with a few others, was warming herself. To cook a meal, one of the party took a large kettle, which he filled with water and placed on the fire. A second man went for a few sticks to make a good fire and boil the water. Nuch-noo-simgat all the while stood looking at the woman and all around the house, but said not a word. Soon the slave returned with the wood, which he put on the fire. He over-balanced himself and fell, upsetting the water into the fire, making steam and smoke, through which little could be seen. Our hero, who was prepared for this, jumped over and captured the woman by her arms, holding her fast, saying, "I am your real husband; I have wandered afar to find you. Now that I have, come back home with me; will you?" "I will," she replied. The Scannahs, completely taken by surprise, made no effort to retain her. After thanking the others for their services, and bidding them all keel-slie (good-bye), our hero and his long lost wife started for home. Returning by the way he came, after a while they reached the ascent ending at the two heads of kelp, up which they went. Here they found the canoe where it had been tied, old and rotten. On its bottom lay the bones of the koo-hoo (martin) old and mouldy, having long been dead. To restore the faithful koo-hoo, our hero took from his pocket some herbs which he always had along with him, to meet any emergency. These he chewed, and squirted their juice over the old bones, and under its influence the martin jumped up as good as new. The canoe was also restored under the influence of the same potent herbs, and in it all three pulled for the shore. Once more on dry land, they found the trail for the old home, at which they all arrived in safety. There Nuch-noo-simgat and his wife passed the remainder of their days in peace and comfort; as for Martin, no more has been preserved of him.

The Gunarhnesemgyet Myth, recorded by Swanton (97:202, 203).

A chief's daughter displeased the Grizzly Bears, and was taken away by them to their town. There a woman who was turned into stone from the hips down helped her, and enabled her to escape. She gave her a comb, some hair, hair-oil, and a whetstone; and when her pursuers had almost reached her, she threw these behind her, where they were transformed into thick fallen trees, thick brushwood, a lake, and finally a steep place which they got through only with difficulty. At last she came to a person fishing in a canoe, who took



A fallen totem pole, at Skedans

her in; and when her pursuers came into the lake after her, the canoe cut off their heads. Now, the canoe-man took her home and married her; but one day she disobeyed instructions in looking at her husband's first wife while she was eating, and was killed by the latter. When her husband came home, however, he killed his first wife and restored his second wife to life. By and by she had a son, Gunanasimget. After a while they went back to her people, and her son married the daughter of one of his uncles. One day he shot a white sea-otter; but while his wife stood in the sea, washing its skin, a killer whale carried her off. Then her husband, who had seen where she was taken in, set out in pursuit. Letting himself down to the bottom of the sea, he restored the sight of the Geese-Women, and met a Heron at the end of the town, who concealed him in his arm-pit in return for receiving twisted cedar-limbs, a gimlet, and a whetstone. Then he met two slaves, Raven and Crow, who helped him to recover his wife, and delayed pursuit until he reached his canoe. When he got home, he put his wife into the innermost of five boxes which fitted one inside of another, but, on looking for her one day, he found that there was a hole in the bottom and she was gone.

Another version for Massett is mentioned on p. 220.

The Nurhnoo-semgyet Pole of New Gold Harbour, a former Haida village on Maud Island near Skidegate, now at the National Museum of Canada (Collected by C. F. Newcombe, in 1901).



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Gunarh, a Haida pole,
Colorado Museum, Denver

This stately pole, about 45 feet high, formerly stood in front of a community house, presumably that of the Sqoahladas family, at New Gold Harbour (Rhaina), in the bay of Skidegate. It can be seen in an old photograph reproduced here, by Bourne and May, Calgary, Alberta. On both sides stood houses of the same type and age, dating back to about 1875 to 1885; in front of these other houses stood large totems apparently by the same carvers and showing the same crests and figures disposed differently.

The figures on the pole, from the top down, can be identified as follows:

1. The three conventional Watchmen familiar on the poles of the highest chiefs, mostly in the southern Haida villages; the central watchman has, on his head, the fin of what is presumably the Killer-Whale; the two others, sideways, wear *skil* or cylinder hats on their heads, with 3 cylinders each;

2. The Eagle or Bird-of-the-Air (with some Thunderbird stylistic features);

3. Nurhnoo-semgyet (from the Tsimshyan name of Gunarhne-semgyet) or the ancestor, of the sea-coast south of Skeena River who, Orpheus-like, tried to rescue the soul of his deceased wife from its keepers in the nether world under the sea. Here the wife, holding on with both hands to the dorsal fin of the Killer-Whale, is riding on to the country of the Whales under the sea. Under her feet appear, stylized, the side fins and the upturned tail of the Killer-Whale.

4. Nurhnoo-semgyet, in a crouching position, holding onto the head of the quadruped-like Whale in his errand of mercy; he belonged to a Bear clan of the sea-coast Tsimshyans;

5. The Killer-Whale, whose fins and tail are shown above, but whose four limbs (arms and legs, animal-like) appear under, holds on to the *skil* or cylinder hat of the figure below;

6. The Grizzly Bear at the base, whose body surrounds the oval entrance to the ceremonial house behind. The figure below the door (now almost obliterated) must have been of the young woman who was kidnapped by the Bears.

The Whale Totem (Alert Bay) (*kwaw'yim*), in front of the Whale house next to the Thunderbird house of Waw'kyas. It belonged to chief L'akwagyilaw — Copper-Maker, of the Nimkish tribe (Alert Bay).

Description. It consisted of a large whale on the pole. On the back of the whale stood a little man, spear in hand.

Carver, age. The Whale crest belonged to L'akwagyilaw, the owner of the pole, who himself carved it, although he was not much of a carver. Yet his work was considered "pretty good". It was erected when the informant was grown up, about 1900-1905. Later it was sold to an outsider, whose identity is not remembered. The maker said to the informant, "Never mind, son, I'll make a better one still". But he never did.

(Informant, Daniel Cranmer, Alert Bay, 1947.)

The Gunarhnesemgyet Myth at Rivers Inlet, according to Daniel Cranmer, of Alert Bay.

The story was known, among the Awikyenorh of Rivers Inlet, of the man who went for the soul of his wife. He was taken on the back of the Killer-Whale. The place where this happened is known to have been at the village near the mouth of Rivers Inlet. (The informant had heard this tale, but had not memorized it, as it did not belong to his tribe.)

THE KILLER-WHALE

The Killer-Whale Totems, according to H. P. Corser.

A man was marooned on an island by some bad brothers. While wandering over the island he came to a place where there was a door. He rapped and the door opened and he was bidden to enter. He was now among the seals. Their chief was lying down, very sick, having been wounded with an arrow. They asked him to heal the chief. He said to the seals: "I will heal your chief if you will provide a way for me to return to my home and family."

They agreed, and he healed him. The chief then told him to carve two fish out of cedar and place them in the water. "You get on their backs. If, while there, you think only of your family, they will take you to them; but, if while there, you think of your bad brothers, and of revenge, they will bring you back."

The man did just as he was told, and found that everything happened as the seals had prophesied, for when he was part way home he began to think about his bad brothers and the fish turned to bring him back. He finally reached his home. Then the fish killed the bad brothers, and so their maker was revenged. After this they were told not to kill any more men — they were only to kill whales. Hence ever since they have been called "Whale-killers."

The totem of the Kit, or Whale-Killer, is highly prized among the Tlingits, because it is such a strong and brave fish in that it is able to kill whales.

The Killer-Whale House (Keethit), with painted front and memorial pole at Tuxecan, Southern Alaska, according to Mrs. Viola E. Garfield (113a: 448).

The *Dag'hlwaidi* clan now have two named houses in Angoon besides the Keethit house. They are *Keeturhukit*, "Killer-Whale-Teeth House" and a second *Keethit*, "Killer-Whale Dorsal-Fin House". The latter house has a well-executed painting of two whales, tail to tail, on the front in black. It has been covered with white paint and is barely visible. There is also a flat board carving of a Killer-Whale chasing a seal, on the wall of the living room. This design is repeated on a button blanket. Clan members also own a second button blanket, a Chilkat blanket, two carved wooden hats and metal dagger, all with the Killer-Whale as the main decorative motif.

Both the *Dag'hlwaidi* and the *Tsaguidi* claim *Natsihlanæ*, the man who made the first Killer-Whales, as one of their ancestors. The story was told to the writer at Angoon, Kake and Klawak. A memorial pole symbolizing the story stands in the Klawak totem pole park, where it was brought from Tuxecan. Klawak informants identified *Natsihlanæ* as "belonging to Kake but married to a Tuxecan woman."

The three versions told to the writer show some variation but not enough to warrant including all of them here.

Briefly the story is as follows.

Natsihlanæ was living in his wife's village. He was a successful hunter and his brothers-in-law were jealous of him. The men went hunting sea-lions. Without waiting for the other men *Natsihlanæ* jumped ashore before the canoe landed and speared many animals. While he was busy the men got back into their canoe and paddled off. Only his youngest brother-in-law tried to prevent them from leaving him. *Natsihlanæ* saw them and called out, "What do you intend to do?" but they paid no attention.

"He speared animals until he was tired and then he lay down to sleep. A noise awakened him. A sea-gull had come to help him and took him into the house of the chief of the sea-lions. *Natsihlanæ* healed the chief's son who had been wounded by one of his spears. The chief ordered his slaves to inflate a sea-lion skin and told *Natsihlanæ* to get inside and to think only of his home. He landed on a sandy beach near his home and went into the woods where he built a camp. He then went to the village to his wife's sleeping place and asked her for his tools.

"*Natsihlanæ* then began to carve eight Killer-Whales of different kinds of wood. He sang a song to them and told them to swim. After three unsuccessful tries he carved them of yellow cedar. These Killer-Whales swam out to sea and brought him food. He instructed them to attack the canoe when his brothers-in-law came to him, but to save the youngest one who had tried to help him.



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Shark and two Killer-Whales, at Klukwan, Alaska

"When the Killer-Whales had carried out his wishes *Natsihlanæ* instructed them to go out to sea and henceforth to help human beings and never harm them.

"Because Killer-Whales were made of yellow cedar, whale fat crackles in the fire just like the wood."

Because *Natsihlanæ* was of their clan the *Dagt'hlawaidi* regard the Killer-Whale as their main crest and speak of themselves as the Killer-Whale people.

The Shark and Killer-Whale Posts (inside) at Klukwan (Tlingit), Alaska. Recorded and photographed by William L. Paul and his mother, at Juneau.

The painted and carved flat posts, twelve or fifteen feet high, are known as Doklowede Poles, and are in the keeping of Dan Katsik in a new building at Klukwan. They were made to stand at the four corners of a house. Two of them (the left and the centre) represent the Shark, and the two others the Killer-Whale. The Shark is characterized by its carved gills, large mouth, and long spine. Here its rows of teeth place it in the category of sharks called Toothls, one variety of two. The Killer-Whale here appears in an unusual semi-human or quadruped form, with a high dorsal fin in the centre of which, instead of the perforation, is a human face. This fine decoration seems to be from the same hand as the other carvings in the Raven and Whale Houses, that is, of a Wrangell craftsman, about 1875.

The Fin of the Killer-Whale Pole (Nass) of Sispegut, the head-chief of the Gispewudwade at Angyadæ on the Nass River. The erection of this pole brought about a conflict of power between two factions: the Gispewudwades, who were the first occupants of the country, and the Wolf invaders who, in league with other newcomers, the Eagles, craved the first rank. Actually the existence of this pole was short-lived.

Description. This tall red cedar shaft contained several figures, which now have been forgotten, since the pole disappeared many years since.

Removal of this pole to Gitiks. This very fine pole, about 60 feet long, was removed at great cost from Gwunwawq, because of floods. It was to be replanted there, but because of the lack of funds at the time, it was only placed on blocks off the ground. Years went by and the people moved down to the mission at Kincolith at the mouth of the Nass. And the pole remained there forgotten. The informant Lazarus Moody of Gitrhadeen saw it in the bush there about 1926 in a state of decay. But the author failed to discover it and heard that it had been chopped up and burned the previous year.

The Pole-of-the-Whale (Nass) (*ptsænem-hlpin*) of Hlæq, member of a Whale clan at Gitlarhdamks. It was the sixteenth in the row from the uppermost along the Nass river front.

Description. It stood in front of the Whale house (*hlpinem-wilp*) of the same chief. The whole pole was carved to represent the Whale, with many human faces encrusted on its body. At the top stood the Beaver (*hrtawl*).

Carver, age. It was carved by Hladerh, a Wolf chief of Gitrhadeen on the lower Nass, about 75 years ago, when the present (1927) Menæsk was ready to get married.

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks.)



Killer-Whale painted boards of southern Alaska

The Human-Being of Larahnitz (Port Simpson) (Gisparhlawts tribe, Gispewudwade phratry) at Port Simpson, according to Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, 1915.

This crest was associated with the Blackfish (*'nærhl*) on the totem pole of Larahnitz, then (in 1915) lying close to the path to Dudward's on the island at Port Simpson. The crest of the Whale, according to its myth of origin, came from the Gidestsu tribe on the coast to the south. Some ancestors are believed once to have been taken down into the sea by the Blackfish.

The Whole-Whale of Lukawl (Port Simpson) (*trahkyæks* — *hlpoon*) painted on the house front of Lukawl, Eagle chief of the Gitwilgyawts tribe of the Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade chief of the Gitsees, at Port Simpson; J. Ryan acting as interpreter, in 1915.

This crest was used by Lukawl on his house front.

The Killer-Whale of Tian (Haida) according to Alfred Adams, Haida of Massett, in 1939, was the special crest of the Tian people. The informant himself, whose chief's name was Kwasas, and whose mother descended from Hippah Island ancestors, was a Raven. Through inheritance he owns: 1. the Raven crest, which is common to all the clan; 2. the Hat-of-Abalone-pearls (*kwuladedzin*), which is Kwasas' particular emblem and can be carved on totem poles and grave stones (a round, cloth-like or skin bonnet with abalone pearls sewn on it, not the Chinese-like conical hat); 3. the Grizzly Bear (*hoo'ts*), whose name is Tlingit; and 4, the Killer-Whale.

The Pole of All-Around-Fins (Port Simpson), (*trharhtkunærhs*) of Tamks, chief of the Killer-Whales in the Gisparhlawts tribe of the Tsimsyans on the lower Skeena, at Port Simpson.

Description. A round pole on the top of which was the Blackfish (Killer-Whale), with a number of fins along its back and its sides. This was a crest of the owner.

Function. It was erected by the last Tamks, in commemoration of his brother, after his death. It was cut down about 1910.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace, Raven-Frog chief of the Gitsees; interpreter, William Beynon. Port Simpson, 1926.)

The Killer-Whale under Human Form (Kwakiutl), wood carving (statue) at Fort Rupert, representing the Killer-Whale under human form, as described by Dr. Franz Boas (21: 381. Pl. 17).

This is a crest of the clan Laalarhsent'aio. It is a plain human figure, about six feet tall, standing along the street in front of a house.

STRONG MAN TLINGIT

The Origin of Konakadet, according to the narrative recorded in English at Wrangell, Alaska, by J. R. Swanton (119a:165-73).

The two versions of this typical Tlingit myth, often illustrated among the Tlingits and the Haidas, published here, are too long to reproduce.

Origin of Gonaqadæt, p. 435, (a summary):

A certain woman disliked her son-in-law very much because he was lazy and fond of gambling. When the people went to camp, he split a tree in two, spread it apart, and caught a lake monster. He put on its skin and then began catching fish and sea animals, which he left where his mother-in-law could find them. She thought she was a shaman, and began prophesying what animal would be left next. One time the Raven called just as her son-in-law was coming out of the monster's skin in front of the village, and he died. When she found who had been bringing in the animals, his mother-in-law died of shame. After that the man's wife had his body and the skin carried back to the edge of the lake. There he came to life and carried her down into his house at the bottom. He became the Gonaqadæt, and their children are the women at the head of the creeks.

The Konakadet Myth, as reported by H. P. Corser.

A man married a high caste girl in another town. The man proved himself to be great gambler. This gave him a very bad reputation. His mother-in-law called him a "worthless fellow," and finally, for the sake of peace, he built himself a hut near a lake, back of the village. (Chief Shakes locates this lake as the one back of old Wrangell, but the legend probably came from a place much farther north.) The young man had heard of a monster that was back of the lake, and he took stone axes, split open a tree and made a dead-fall trap and with it killed the monster, and then crawled into its skin.

To his surprise he found now that he could swim about in the water like a fish. In the daytime he would do this and then when night came he would return home. He told his wife all about it and charged her not to tell his mother-in-law anything about his adventures.

Famine once took the village. The young man, in the skin of the monster, caught a salmon and left it next morning by his mother-in-law's house. She brought it in, in great glee, and claimed all the credit for having secured it. The next day the mother-in-law brought in two salmon, and then a halibut. All the time she claimed that she had brought the fish. The next night the young man told his wife that he was going to get a large whale, and, sure enough, the next morning he brought in the whale. The mother-in-law found it and claimed all the honor for having caught the fish. She asked to be honored as a great shaman, and the people granted her wish. The young man and his wife laughed all the more at her arrogance.

He had told his wife that he must always get home before the ravens called. If he did not come, she might know that he was dead. One morning, she heard the ravens call before he returned. She began to cry and her friends asked her why she was crying and she replied that she knew her husband was dead, because the ravens had called. They all went to the door then and saw on the beach two whales and the monster between them dead. The young man had attempted more than he was able to perform. The load had delayed him so that he could not get back by the time the ravens called. They found the young man in the skin of the monster. The people were surprised and supposed that he had been captured by the monster. Thereupon they called him "Konakadet." They took the body of the young man and placed it in a tree near the lake back of the village, and every evening the mother went there to weep. One night she saw a ripple of water and heard the voice of her husband calling to her, "Get on my back and hold on tight." She did so, and they went to the Konakadet's former home. This is the reason why it is considered good luck if one has seen the Konakadet, and his wife and wife's children, the "Daughters of the Creek," also bring good luck.

There are several other stories of the Konakadet.

The Konakadet Totem Poles, according to Edward L. Keithahn (62:128 and following).

Next to "Raven," the most popular subject for totem pole art was the Gonaqadæt. Known also to the Haidas as "Wasgo," this monster is generally depicted as an aquatic wolf with some features of the Killer Whale.

There are many Gonakadet stories but the most popular one concern a high-born young man who was having mother-in-law trouble. Being the wife of a chief and used to having her own way, she seems to have despised him because she could not dominate him as she would have liked to, and especially was she irked by his gambling. After each meal she would order the slaves to put out the fire so that he could not cook anything for himself. When the gambler would come into the community house long after dark, the woman would remark, sarcastically, "My fine son-in-law has been cutting wood for me." A similar remark would be flung at him at every opportunity.

Although the young man had a kind and loving wife he found that he could not endure her mother's constant nagging forever. At some distance back of the village there was a lake in which the monster Gonakadet was reputed to dwell. Here at the lakeside he built himself a small cedar cabin where he lived alone. But he was not idle since it was his intention to try to trap the monster. First he felled a tall cedar tree into the lake and carefully stripped it of its branches. Then with fire-hardened hardwood wedges and stone maul he split the log nearly to the butt. Next he inserted long crosspieces which sprung the two halves wide apart and held them there at great tension.

When summer came and the villagers left for the fishing grounds the young man went with them and caught many salmon. These he took to his cabin and with them baited his trap. By letting the bright red salmon down into the water on a line the Gonakadet was finally lured into the space between the sprung three-halves, whereupon the monster knocked out the trigger and was trapped. For hours it thrashed out, at times dragging the tree completely under water, but eventually it gave up the struggle and died.

Now the young man removed the Gonakadet from the trap, skinned it and carefully dried the skin. When it was cured he got into the hide and went into the water. As he had hoped, dressed in the skin, he had all the powers of the Gonakadet itself. He explored the lake bottom, finding there a beautiful house which had been the home of Gonakadet.

The secret of his good fortune he kept from everybody but his wife. She was charged to reveal it to no one.

The following spring found all the people's dried salmon used up and the village was faced with a famine. Then the young man put on his Gonakadet skin and swam in the sea every night. Only his wife knew of his whereabouts. To her only he revealed the supernatural powers of his gift. "I will be back each morning before the raven calls," he said, "but if the raven calls before I return, do not look for me, for I shall be dead."

That night he caught a salmon. Before the raven called he brought it to the village and laid it on the sand in front of his mother-in-law's house. Rising early next morning this woman spied the salmon and concluded that it had drifted there with the tide. According to custom, the village was invited to partake of it.

The following night the young man caught two salmon and left them in the same place. When the mother-in-law found these she was overjoyed and wondered what it was that brought her this good fortune. "It must be a spirit," she thought.

The son-in-law now slept during the day, being tired from swimming in search of salmon all night. His mother-in-law would berate him soundly, saying, "Imagine men sleeping all day when there is a famine. If it were not for me going around picking up dead fish the whole village would starve!" His wife, however, knew who was providing the salmon.

The next morning the woman found a halibut before her door, and predicted two halibut would be there on the morrow. The young man, hearing her prediction, fulfilled it by catching two halibut. Then she told her husband, the chief, to forbid anyone to go on the beach until she had gone first, giving as her reason that "she had had a vision." This was only to make sure that she should get full credit for everything that was found. Then she predicted that she would find a seal. As she had foretold, a seal was there in the morning. The hair was singed off, the skin scrubbed white and the seal cooked whole for the benefit of the community.

People now began to regard her as a great shaman, and she did everything in her power to encourage such belief. She ordered a claw headdress made, such as shamans wear, a rattle and an apron decorated with puffin's beaks, and a mask which she named "Food-Finding Spirit." She continually talked about "her spirit" and sang songs about their power. High caste people paid much attention to her and praised her spirits. Popularity made her still more cruel to her son-in-law and she now spoke of him derisively as the "Sleeping Man."



Konakadet of the Kaigani-Haidas

As time went on she called for two seals, one seal lion, two sea lions, one whale. Now she was selling food to the villagers and had so much stored away in boxes that the people were awed by her great wealth.

Each night the task had been getting greater for the young man and he had barely gotten in with the whale before the raven called. To his wife he cautioned, "Do not take any of that food unless she offers it." And then he added, "If I am found dead in this skin, put me along with the skin in the place where I used to hide it, and you will get help."

Then the day came when the mother-in-law called for two whales. The young man caught them, but to bring them in exceeded the strength even of the Gonakadet. All night long he struggled to get them ashore but just as he reached the beach the raven called and he fell dead.

The mother-in-law went out as usual and found the two whales with a strange monster lying dead between them. All the villagers came down to see it. It had claws like copper and a big head with long upright ears. Two great fins stood up on its back and it had a long curling tail. The simple villagers thought it must be one of the shaman woman's spirits.

Just then they heard someone crying and upon looking in that direction saw the chief's daughter approaching, weeping bitterly. "Why does the chief's daughter call that monster her husband?" they asked each other.

When the girl reached the shore she turned on her mother angrily, saying, "Where are your spirits now? You lied! You said you had spirits when you had none. That is why this happened to my husband."

Everyone in the village now crowded about. "Mother, is this your Food-Finding Spirit? Why did your spirit die? Real spirits never die. If this is your spirit bring it to life again."

Then the girl requested the help of someone who was clean. He opened the monster's mouth revealing the body of her husband. "He must have been killed by that monster," said the villagers.

When the young woman and her helpers went to the lake to deposit the body according to the dead man's instructions, there they saw the trap and the tools he had made it with, and then for the first time they knew the truth. All the village went to see for themselves and to pay their respects to the man who had saved them from starving. That is, all but the mother-in-law, for her shame was more than she could bear and she died in convulsions, froth coming from her mouth.

Every evening the bereaved young woman went to the tree containing her husband's body and wept. But one evening she noticed a ripple on the waters of the lake and then she saw the Gonakadet rise. Then it said, "Get on my back and hold tight." She did, and down it plunged.

They still live there beneath the waters in a beautiful house and their children are the "Daughters of the Creek." They reside at the head of every stream and when they are seen or either of their spirit parents, they bring one good luck.

The Duk-toothl Memorial on Wrangell Island (*Tlingit*), as recorded by Edward L. Keithahn (62:126, 127 with an illustration).

Duk-toothl totem pole memorial tells the story of the weakling who became strong.

In old Tuxican, the ancient seat at the Klawak Tlingit, Galwet was a chief of the Takwanedi or "Winter People." Every day he bathed in the sea for strength and his people bathed with him. In the cold, grey mornings he would rise, run down to the sea, and rush in, followed by his clan. Then they would whip each other with switches until their blood ran hot. After that they would go to a certain tree where the Chief attempted to pull a branch out. Then they would go to another tree which the Chief tried to twist from top to bottom. He was testing his strength in preparation for an expedition against the sea lions.

Galwet's nephew was a great disappointment to the entire village. He was weak and cowardly and would lie abed when all the others were bathing for strength. They called him Duk-toothl or "Black-Skin" because he never bathed and was blackened with soot from sleeping close to the fire.¹ One day, however, his aunt took him in hand secretly, told him

¹ According to William Paul (Sr.), N.W. of Juneau, Alaska, this young man was so dirty in his habits that they called him Vomit (*kahaaltse*) (M.B.).

how he was disgracing the clan, that they would lose caste when he became Chief. He promised her that he would make himself strong and worthy of the respect accorded a chief.

However, Duk-toothl continued to feign weakness, and though he continued to lie in bed when the others bathed, at night after all were asleep, he would steal off and do the same thing himself for hours and hours. He remained in so long that he had to float to rest his feet. On coming out he would throw water on the ashes of the fire so as to make it steam and lay his mat on top. That was the only bed he had. The people thought he was a low, dirty fellow, but in reality he kept himself pure and would not lie or steal. He did not say a



Konakadet house posts, at Old Kasaan

word when they made fun of him, though he was strong enough to have done almost anything to them if he had so desired. When they sent him after big pieces of firewood he acted as if they were very hard to lift, and they thought he was so lazy that they gave him very little to eat.

The people went on in this way, bathing every day with their chief, while Black-Skin bathed at night. After they were through, the village people would make a big fire, take breakfast and then go after wood. As soon as the people came up, Black-Skin moved into a corner and slept there.

One night, while Black-Skin was bathing, he heard a whistle that sounded to him like that of a loon. He thought, "Now that I am seen I had better let myself go." So he went toward the place where he heard it and saw a short, thick-set man standing on the beach

clothed in a bear skin. This man ran down toward him, picked him up, and threw him down upon the beach. Then he said, "You can't do it yet. Don't tell anyone about me. I am Strength. I have come to help you."

Toward morning Black-Skin came in feeling very happy, for he thought that he had seen something important. He kept thinking of Strength all the time. He could not forget him, but he was quieter than ever in his demeanor. When they were playing in the house he would pay no attention, and if they said mean things to him, he let them go unnoticed, although he was a member of the chief's family. Anything they wanted they asked him to get, and he got it.

In olden times the boys used to wrestle in the chief's house while their elders looked on, and they would try to get him to wrestle too. Sometimes the little boys would wrestle with him, and he pretended that they pushed him down. Then they would make fun of him, saying, "The idea of a great man like you being thrown by a child!"

The next time he went in bathing, Black-Skin felt very happy, for he knew that he had strength. Anything hard to do, when he looked at it, it appeared easy to him. That night he heard the whistle one more. He looked around and saw the same man, and the man said, "Come over this way. Come over to me." Then they seized one another, and as soon as the short man felt his grip, he said, "Don't throw me down. Now you have strength. You are not to go into the water again. Go from here right to that tree and try to pull the limb out." So he went to the tree and pulled it right out. Then he put it back again. After he had done so, the man told him to go the other tree. "Twist it right down to the roots," he said. So Black-Skin did. Afterward he untwisted it and made it look as before.

Just after he went to bed the people started in bathing. As they passed him the boys would pull his hair saying, "Come on and go in bathing, too." But he paid no attention. After they had bathed they went up to the limb as usual, and Galwet pulled it out with ease. Black-Skin lay in bed listening to the shouting they made over this great feat. Then Galwet ran to the other tree and twisted it down to the very roots. When they came home, they told the story to one another, saying, "Galwet pulled out that limb!" The chief himself felt very proud, and the people of the village were very happy that he had done so, especially his two wives. Then they tried to get Black-Skin out of bed. They laughed at him, saying, "Your chief has pulled out the limb. Why couldn't you? He has also twisted that tree. You sleep like a chief and let your chief go bathing in the morning." They laughed at him, saying, "He is sleeping in the morning because he has pulled out that limb and twisted that tree."

They had been bathing in order to hunt sea lions, so the young men said, "Tomorrow we are going after sea lions. I wonder which part of the canoe Black-Skin will sleep in. He is such a powerful fellow."

And one boy said, "Why, this Black-Skin will sit in the bow of the canoe so that he can land first. He will tear the sea lions in two."

Black-Skin listened to all this, but he paid no attention to them. The whole town was going all day long to see the place where the limb had been pulled off and the tree twisted down to the root. Those people almost lived on sea lion meat, but it was very scarce and only powerful people could get it. For this reason they picked out only the strongest fellows from among those who had been bathing with the chief, to go after them to the sea-lion island. This island was very slippery because the sea lions stayed there all of the time and very few could get up to the place where they were. That is why they went through such hardships to get at them.

The elder of the chief's two wives had had pity on Black-Skin, and would do little favors for him on the sly. So Black-Skin, after he had bathed secretly, came to his uncle's wife and said, "Will you give me a clean coat; it doesn't matter much what it is so long as it is clean, and something for my hair?"

"Are you asked to go?" she inquired.

He replied, "I am not asked, but I am going."

So she prepared food for him and put it in as small a package as she could. All prepared, they got into the canoe. Last of all came down Black-Skin, and, when they saw him, they said, "Don't let him come! Don't let him come!"

Seeing that he was determined to get in they began pushing the canoe out as fast as they could. Black-Skin then seized the canoe, and they struck his fingers to make him let go. It sounded like beating upon a board. Although all of them were shoving it out, he exerted a very little of his strength, pulled the canoe back, and jumped in.

Then the people talked very mean to him, but the chief said, "Oh, let him be! He will bail out the canoe for us on the way over."

So he sat in the place where one bails. The uncle might have suspected something after his nephew had pulled back the canoe, but he did not appear to. As they went rapidly out they said, "Black-Skin came along to tear the sea lions in two."

They asked him, "How many sea lions shall I skin for you?"

But Black-Skin said nothing.

The sea-lion island had very precipitous sides against which great waves came, so Galwet waited until the canoe was lifted upon the crest of a wave and then jumped ashore. He was a powerful fellow, and seizing a small sea lion by the tail, smashed its head to pieces on the rocks. Then he thought he would do the same thing to a large one. These large sea lions are called "men-of-the-islands." He went to the very largest of these and sat astride of his tail, intending to tear it in two, but the sea lion threw him up into the air, and when he came down he was smashed to pieces on the rocks.

Now, when Black-Skin saw what had happened to his uncle, he felt bad. Then he put his hand into his bundle of clothes, took out and put on his hair ornament and his clean coat while all watched him, and said, "I am the man who pulled out that limb, and I am the man that twisted that tree." He spoke as high-caste Indians did in those days, and all listened to him. He said to them, "Take the canoe closer to shore." Then he walked forward in the canoe, stepping on the seats which broke under his weight, precipitating their occupants to the bottom of the canoe. The young men that were sitting in his way he threw back as if they had been small birds. Then the people were frightened, thinking that he would revenge himself on them for their meanness, but he jumped ashore where his uncle had gone and walked straight up the cliff.

The small sea lions in his way he killed simply by hitting them on the head and by stepping on them. He looked only at the big one that had killed his uncle, for he did not want it to get away. When he came to it, he seized it and tore it in two. A few of the sea lions escaped, but he killed most of them and loaded the canoe down. When he was doing this, however, his companions, who were very much ashamed of themselves and very much frightened, paddled away and left him. They said to the people in the town, "It was Black-Skin who pulled out the limb and twisted the tree."

Then the town people were troubled and said, "Why did you leave him out there?" "Why didn't you bring him in?"

Meanwhile Black-Skin took out the sea-lion intestines and dried them. He had nothing with which to make a fire and did not know what to do.

So he lay down and went to sleep, his head covered with his blanket. Then he heard something that sounded like the beating of sticks. Suddenly he was awakened by hearing someone say, "I have come after you." He looked around, but could not see anything except a black duck which was swimming about in front of him. Then he saw the black duck coming toward him, he said, "I have seen you already." It answered, "I was sent after you. Get on my back, but keep your eyes closed tight."

So he closed his eyes and then the duck said, "Now open your eyes."

He opened them and saw that he was in a fine house. It was the house of the sea lions.

It is through this story that the natives to the present day say that everything is like a human being. Each has its "way of living." Why do fish die on coming out of the water? It is because they have a "way of living" of their own down there.

Meanwhile the elder wife of the chief who had helped Black-Skin, was mourning for her husband and nephew. Her husband's body was still on that island. The older people were also saying to the people who had left him, "Why did you do it? A powerful fellow like that is scarce. We want such a fellow among us." Then the widow begged the young men to go back to the island and bring home her nephew and her husband's body but the younger

wife did not care. Finally some other people did go. They found the body there, but Black-Skin was gone. Then they took the body aboard, loaded the canoe with the bodies of the sea lions, and went home. When they heard of it, the wise people all said that something was wrong. The shamans said that he was not dead and that they would see him again. They said that he was off with some wild animal. This troubled the village people a great deal. They felt very bad to think that he had kept himself so very lowly before the low-caste people, and they feared that he was suffering somewhere again when he might just as well have occupied his uncle's place.

Black-Skin, however, continued to stay among the sea lions. To him they looked like human beings, but he knew who they really were. In the same house there was a boy crying all the time with pain. The sea-lion people could not see what ailed him. Black-Skin, however, knew that he had a barbed spear point in his side.

Then one of the sea lions spoke up, saying, "That shaman there knows what is the matter. He is saying, 'How is it that they cannot see the bone in the side of that child?'"

Then Black-Skin said, "I am not a shaman, but I can take it out."

So he cut it out and blood and matter came out with it. Then they gave him warm water to wash the wound, and since the young sea lion belonged to high-caste people, they said to him, "Anything that you want among us you can have."

So he asked for a box that always hung overhead. This box was a kind of medicine to bring any kind of wind wanted. The sea-lions would push the box up and down on the water, calling the wind to it like a dog, whistling and saying, "Come to this box. Come to this box."

So the natives now whistle for the winds and call them.

Then the sea-lion people told Black-Skin to get into it, and as soon as he did so, he saw that he was far out to sea. He began to call for the wind that blows shoreward, and it carried him ashore. Then he got out of the box and hung it out on the limb of a tree in a sheltered place. He did this because the sea-lion people had told him to take very good care of that box and not go near anything unclean with it.

Black-Skin had landed only a short distance from his own town, so he walked home, and his uncle's wife was very glad to see him, feeling as if his uncle had come back. The dried sea-lion entrails he wore around his head. Then he asked all of the town people to come together, and the people who had been cruel to him were very much ashamed, for they thought that he had gone for good. He looked very fine. He eyed his enemies angrily but thought, "If I had not made myself so humble, they might have not treated me that way." So he overlooked it. Some of the people that had left him on the sea island were so frightened that they ran away into the woods. Some of the old people and the goodhearted people were glad that he was back, but he could see that others hung their heads as if they were ashamed. Then he said, "Some of you know how cruel you were to me. You are ashamed of yourselves. But I can see that some of you feel good because you felt kindly toward me. People who are cruel to poor folk will be ashamed of it afterward."

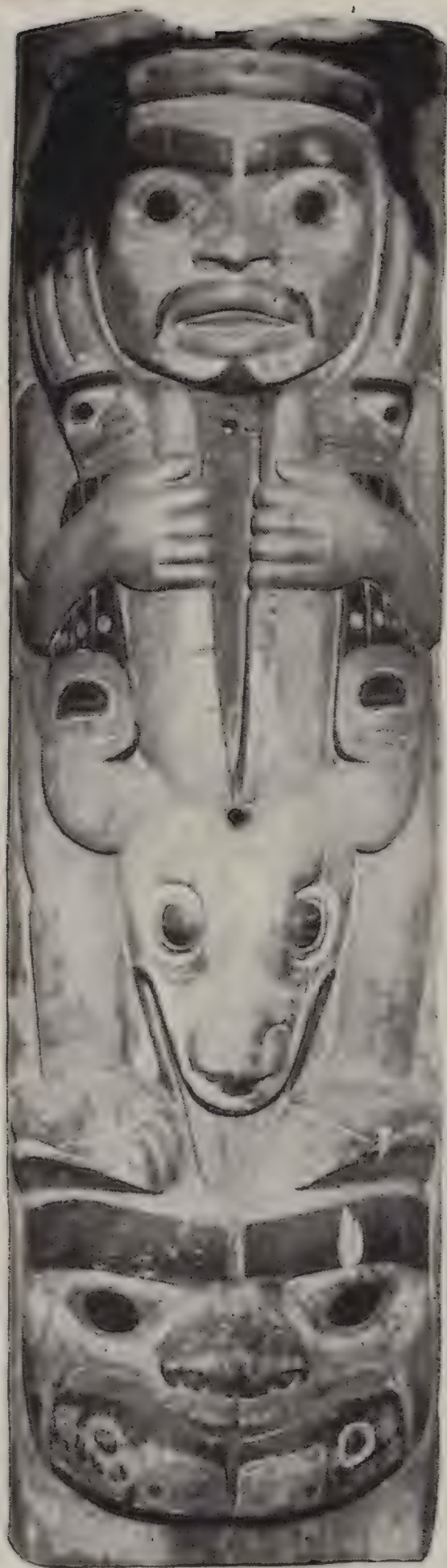
They had thought that he would avenge himself on them, but he talked to them in a kindly manner saying, "Do not make fun of poor people as you did when my uncle was alive."

After this Black-Skin was known no longer by his nickname but by his true name, Ka-ha-si.

(Note: Ka-ha-si appears on many totem poles, always in the act of rending a sea lion in two, and generally with a headdress made of braided sea-lion intestines.)

The Konakadet House Post at Klukwan, Alaska, according to the photograph and information furnished by William L. Paul, of Juneau, and his mother.

This post, one of a pair (the other pole, that of the Raven and Bullhead, is described more fully elsewhere with some information applying to both), stands about ten feet high. It illustrates the tale of Konakadet of the Tlingits, retold elsewhere in this book. Konakadet is here shown capturing the Killer-Whale from behind and under, while biting its tail. The human figures above are presumably duplications of the same witch-like mythical personality, unless the top is that of his mother-in-law.



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Duk-toothl in the Whale House, at Klukwan



Konakadet pole, in southern Alaska

the same Whale House of the Tlingit, are the Double-headed Dragon and the Maiden (or the Grubworm and the Girl); the culture hero, the Raven, cursing the Bullhead; and Konakadet (another native replica of Samson) capturing whales.

The name of Duqtutl means "Black," and the nickname for the same mythical character is Kahadzi (Vomit).

It stands about ten feet high, is beautifully painted, and is shown here tearing a sea lion asunder.

At the bottom, a human-like face presumably alludes to the story of the Grubworm and the Girl (shown on another post in the same house), because of the Double-headed Monster in front of her mouth.

Konakadet and the Grizzly in front of Shaik's house at Wrangell, as recorded by Edward L. Keithahn (62:47, with an illustration).

The Gonakadet and the supernatural Grizzly Bear are the original mortuaries that stood before Shakes' house. Duplicates now stand in exact spot. Gonakadet pole on left held ashes of father and mother of Chief Shakes VI. Ashes of his younger brother were deposited in Grizzly Bear pole to right. (See text for stories of these poles).

The Duk-toohl Mortuary Pole, as described by Edward L. Keithahn (62:122, 123, with an illustration).

Rear view of Duk-toohl mortuary pole, showing cavities for receiving ashes of the dead. Only high caste Tlingits received this type of burial.

Black-Skin at Wrangell, Alaska, as described by Dr. J. R. Swanton, in "The Tlingit Indians" (119: Fig. 433. P. 434).

Figure 111 illustrates the story of Black-Skin or Kahasi. The hero is represented in the act of tearing a sea lion in two.

A Small Konakadet Pole by a Sitka craftsman, now owned by Mr. Edward Keithahn, curator of the Museum at Juneau, Alaska.

About 5 feet 5 inches, now standing in front of Mr. Keithahn's house. Secured from Harry Watson, who had bought it from a Sitka Indian. Restored and repainted by the present owner, it represents: 1. Raven (at the top); and 2. Konakadet, the Strong Man (or the Samson) of Tlingit mythology, tearing a large fish or sea mammal asunder.

The Duqtutl Post (Klukwan), carved and painted post in the Whale House at Klukwan (Tlingit), Alaska, as recorded and photographed by William L. Paul and his mother, of Juneau.

The Duqtutl, whose story is retold elsewhere in this book, is the Samson of Northwestern mythology. His companions, at the other corners within



Konakadet in front of Shaiks house, at Wrangell



Konakadet pole on Shaiks Island,
at Wrangell



Small Konakadet pole owned by
Edward Keithahn, Juneau

STRONG MAN HAIDA

The Mother-in-law Staie, Totem pole from the village of Kayang or Kayan (near Massett). The following information was recorded by T. A. Joyce in "A Totem Pole in the British Museum," (61:90-95, with illustrations).

Description. The figures, as interpreted by the author, are from the top down:

1. The Halibut fisherman sitting in his canoe, paddle in hand, a conical hat with three cylinders on top; the bill of a bird, perhaps the Raven, seems to hang from his shoulders, down his chest. Mr. Joyce interprets this figure as "Yetl disguised as a chief with the fat (tadnskillik) and staff (tuskekiekina)";

2. The Raven whose face is shown without his bill (after having lost it on the hook of the fisherman);

3. The Mother-in-law here called Staie, with headdress, conjuring with round rattles of a witch in her hands; the chevron-like design from her elbows upward over her head is meant for the trap made out of a split tree by her son-in-law to capture whales;

4. The Whale, one of the whales captured by the son-in-law in his trap; its split tail is turned upwards on its stomach and held in its hands;

5. The Son-in-law, here in human form, who has been humiliated by his mother-in-law the witch;

6. The Son-in-law here in the guise of a Whale or a giant Frog, whose strength becomes so great in the whale or whale garment that he can capture whales;

7. The Whale caught by the Son-in-law is being hauled ashore to the house-front of his mother-in-law.

The pole is described by Mr. Joyce as follows: it "is 39 feet high, carved from a cedar trunk, and hollowed out at the back to reduce the weight. Unfortunately, it is somewhat weathered, and consequently all traces of the paint, with which it was probably covered, have disappeared." (It was probably never painted. — M.B.).

Myths of interpretation (here as quoted by Mr. Joyce from information furnished by Dr. C. F. Newcombe, who had collected the pole. It is one of the several variants available of this myth.)

Explanation of the Fisherman and the Raven at the top:

Although the Raven (Yetl) had been originally the creator of all things, yet in after times he often had great trouble in procuring enough to satisfy his personal wants, and frequently had to go hungry. On one of these occasions, he imitated a friend of his, a famous wizard, who was able to swim in the sea like a fish. He dived into the sea, and swam deep



Su'san grave pole of the Haidas,
at Skidegate

down until he reached the neighbourhood of a large village, where the inhabitants were fishing for halibut. Keeping himself well out of sight, Yetl commenced helping himself to the fish on the hooks as fast as they were caught. The fishermen became troubled at the constant loss, not only of their fish, but also of their hooks, which were of the ordinary type used for halibut, and at last one of them determined to try a hook of another shape, consisting of a straight wooden shank with a bone barb on each side . . . It was baited with a piece of the arm of a devil-fish, and let down with a stone sinker. Soon there came a strong bite; when the line was pulled, great resistance was experienced, and the line was dragged hither and thither for a long time. Several other fishermen joined in, and by their united efforts dragged the hook up as far as the bottom of the canoe but no farther, since Yetl (for it was he who had been caught) was holding tight to the sea bed with his claws. Suddenly the line slackened, and the men fell back. When they pulled it in, they found on the hook the upper part of the Raven's beak, but none of them could guess what it was. Later, when the fishermen were sitting together, Yetl, taking human shape, entered the house, and seated himself among the wise men, taking care however to conceal the lower part of his face. Trying to speak, all he could say was "Kaguskunt," a word which is mere gibberish. Pretending not to know what the piece of beak was, he induced the wise men to let him have it, and keeping firm hold of it, replaced it. Directly it fitted, he flew away through the smoke-hole in the roof, and went to another village. Later, however, he again became hungry, so he concealed his nose, which had not yet healed, and once more took the shape of a man; then, armed with the chief's staff (Tuskexiekina), he sat down among the head men, and ate with them, and proved his wisdom by his talk.

Joyce refers to two other records of the same myth, one in Boas (112a:50), ("Txamsem seems identified with the Raven"); the other in Niblack's —78:323. Here the Raven is called *Hooyeh* and the Fisherman *Hooskana*.

Explanation of the other figures on the pole, from the Raven down:

Long ago, there lived in a large town a young man who was always gambling at Sin (the game played with a number of short sticks described by Niblack — 78:343). He soon lost all his property, and thought to improve his position by marrying the daughter of a wealthy chief. In this project he was successful, but as he continued to gamble he soon became as poor as before.

One night, coming home very hungry, he took up a piece of dried halibut and commenced tearing pieces off with his teeth. This made a peculiar ripping sound, and his wife's mother, who was not fond of him, put him to shame before the whole house by saying that he was splitting himself by his greediness, just as men split a piece of wood with a wedge when making canoe thwarts. The man choked with vexation, stopped eating, and nearly wept. Early next morning he went off into the forest alone and ate "devil's club" stems just as the Haida eat fireweed. After a prolonged course of this diet, he developed supernatural powers like a Shaman or S'haga. One night he went down to the beach and began to wish that a whale might come ashore, and soon this happened at the very place where he was sitting. He then rose up, cut a hole in the whale and got inside. The whale swam away and stranded opposite the centre of the town.

In the meantime, while this was happening, his wife's mother, who was herself a powerful Shaman, had a dream in which she saw a fine whale come ashore right opposite the village. In the morning she put on her Shaman's attire, took her magic rattles (*Klinugn*). She then called all her neighbours together, told them of her dream, and they all drank warm seawater. They then went to the beach and found the whale; but when they were about to divide it amongst them, the woman said, "Do not cut it up yet, we must first dance upon it." This they did, the woman using her rattles, the others drumming with sticks, and all singing. When the dance was over they cut the whale, just, as it happened, over the part where the man lay hid. He stood up so that all saw him, and his wife's mother was so ashamed that she cried. The others were glad and kept the story, which has been handed down to this day.

The interpretation of the two figures at the top was given somewhat differently by "Mr. Keen" as quoted by Joyce (p. 93), concerning two similar figures on a model totem pole collected at Massett. It runs as follows:

The top figure represents NEngKilstlas,¹ a mythical hero of the Haida, and nephew of a chief of the same name, who was the creator of all things. This young man could assume

¹ For legend of NEngKilstlas, see Boas. *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Kuste Amerikas* p. 306.

any shape he liked, but his favourite form was that of the raven (hence the raven's head and wings), but he sometimes made himself appear as an old man with conjurer's hat and staff as here represented.

The fifth figure on the pole is that of a young man, name unknown, who married and lived with his wife's parents. One day his mother-in-law (the third figure, with labret, *Staië*, and puffin-beak rattles) heard him eating dried salmon in bed and reproached him with laziness. He was much irritated by her reproaches, and next day took a stone adze, went to the shore of a lake in the woods, and cut down a red cedar so that it fell into the lake. He then returned to the village, caught one of a group of children and killed it. Coming back to the lake, he made a rope of cedar bark and tied it to the body of the child. Then he split open the head of the tree which overhung the lake and wedged it, thus constructing a large fork, between the prongs of which he dropped the body of the child. Before long this human bait was taken by a huge mouse; this he drew up, and then knocked out the wedge so that the fork closed upon his prey and killed it.

After skinning it, he dressed himself in the hide and went out into the sea hunting for whales, several of which he caught and killed.

Meanwhile his mother-in-law had become a conjurer, and one day she saw her son-in-law in his mouse shape, swimming ashore with a whale which he had caught. The people of the village were alarmed, but the woman said she knew the animal since she was a conjurer.

When the mouse came to land, out walked the man, and confronted his mother-in-law. In this way her false pretensions were exposed, and she was so overwhelmed with shame that she died.

The figure at the base of the pole represents the mouse; the second and fourth figures are the whales caught by the young man in the mouse's skin.

With that part of the legend which deals with the capture of the mouse, it is interesting to compare the story of the poor little boy, *Masemstiontse'etsku*, related by Boas. (112a:146 foll.) Here the hero is chased by a huge frog which comes out of the lake, and which he ultimately catches in a trap made of a tree split and wedged in the same fashion as that mentioned above. He then puts on the frog's skin, and catches fish in the lake, and later fish and whales in the sea. A similar trap is also mentioned in the story of *Ts'ak* (*ib.* p. 133).

Other information (furnished by Mr. Joyce)

This pole was acquired in 1898 by Rev. J. H. Keen, missionary at Massett, who furnished a very finely made and complete model of an Indian house with its totem pole carved and painted in approved fashion by a native workman. With the model, Mr. Keen also sent the story supposed to be represented by the figures on the pole. By a peculiar coincidence, the pole of this model is an exact facsimile of the more recently acquired and full-size pole from Kayang, with the exception of one small particular at the base. The difference is this. At the base of the large pole is the figure of an animal, of whose identity more anon, squatting on his haunches and holding in his mouth the tail of a whale, the head of which rests upon his two hind feet. In the model pole, immediately under the chin of this animal and cutting into his lower lip, is a circular hole forming the entrance to the house; there is no trace of a tail in his mouth, and between his hind feet appears the head of some small animal, somewhat similar to that of the frog (*Tlamkoston*).

Dr. Newcombe recorded, in 1903, one of the "legends" quoted above concerning this pole from "Chief Weah of Massett, through the medium of the Chinook language" (Chinook jargon).

An old photograph of this pole standing in front of a large abandoned potlatch house was found in the albums of the National Museum of Canada, with the mention that it is of "Masset Inlet, Indian Village" (Anthropological Division: VII. B. 65). Another pole, presumably older, is shown to have fallen nearly to the ground in front of the other pole. A tall flag pole stands to the right.

Strong-Man Su'san, given in brief by J. R. Swanton (97: 226).

A youth's mother-in-law said something that displeased him. So he went to a small lake behing the town of Gwaisku'n and caught a sea grizzly bear, which he skinned. Every morning after that he went out to sea in this skin, caught a fish or some sea-animal, and left it where his mother-in-law could find it. After a while she began to act as a shaman, and prophesied that her power would show itself on the following morning. Then all waited for it on the beach; but when the sea-bear had come to shore, the shaman's son-in-law walked out of it, and he died of shame.

Edensaw's Su'san at Kyusta (Haida), with its pole and house posts, described by J. R. Swanton (97: 125, 126. Pl. IV).

A model of a house at Kyusta belonging to Edensaw, chief of the Stastas family, the uncle and predecessor of the carver.

It was named Myth-House, and was originally intended for Edensaw's son when he should grow up. Later the builder changed his mind. At the time of its construction there was a great potlatch, to which all the Massett, West Coast, Skidegate, and Kaigani Haida were invited. After all were in, the chief had a big canoe brought up and broken over the fire for kindling wood.

All the figures on the main house-pole of this house, except the three watchmen at the top, illustrate the following story:—

There was once a youth at Gwais-kun, a town belonging to the Stastas, who lay in bed so many days, instead of going to work, that his mother-in-law made a remark which caused him to feel ashamed. Then he got up and went into the woods. In a lake back in the forest lived a lake-monster (*su'san*) similar to the Wasko, which used to go after black whales every night and bring them ashore. Assisted by Bird-in-the-Air, the hero split a cedar-tree in halves, fastened the two together at their ends, spread them apart at the centre by means of a cross-piece and laid them in the water just over where the *Su'san* lived. For bait he fastened two children to a rope attached to the end of a pole, and dropped them between. When the *Su'san* came up, the hero knocked out the cross-piece and caught it. After that he put on the *Su'san* skin and hunted fish of various sorts, which he left in front of his mother-in-law's house. Finding these things left there every morning, the woman persuaded herself that she was a shaman. When he finally showed himself, she was so overcome by shame that she died.

At the bottom of the pole is a black whale representing those which the *Su'san*, next figure, used to catch. Above the *Su'san* comes the mother-in-law of the hero; and above her, Bird-in-the-Air. Next is shown where the *Su'san*, or the man wearing its skin, caught a whale; and finally come the children that were used as bait.

Only the greatest chiefs are said to have had three watchmen at the top of their house-poles like this.

The figures on the corner posts of this house are the following, from bottom to top. The first two are, in order, a bull-head and a grizzly bear, the second of which is probably intended as a crest. The succeeding figures illustrate a favorite episode in the Raven story. This is where Raven, in the form



Su'san pole, at Skidegate



Kayang totem pole, Massett



Qagwaai, the Strong-Man, at Skedans

of a halibut, tried to steal bait from the hooks of Halibut-fisherman. Finally he was caught, pulled to the surface, and put over a fire. Then the skin began to shrink, and caused him so much pain that he thought, "I wish that every one would run over to one end of the town!" So all left him except the small boy who was watching him, whereupon Raven came out and flew away. In the design the beak is represented coming out from the halibut's side. In another attempt upon the fisherman's hooks,—which some say was made after the above, some before, — Raven's beak was pulled off, and Raven came back to the town holding his hand over his nose to conceal the deficiency. This has been represented in the final group.

The Myth of Qagwaai, the Six-fin-back Whale of the Haidas of Moresby Island, as told, in 1947, by Luke Watson, a wood carver of Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands.

Dzilaquns, the great lady, was living at the head of Cumshewa Lake with her small son. When he went out by himself one day, the little boy made a bow and arrows for his kit, and he tried to shoot small birds. Then he went home and said, "Mother, I have heard somebody calling me. I can give help

on the south side of this island. Don't you think I should go and see what it is about?" His mother answered, "Don't do that, son! You might go down there and never come back."

Next day the little boy went out again with his bow and arrows, after having said to his mother "Help is badly needed down there, I am going." He walked down to Skata Point when the tide was low, and as he sat under a tree, he looked out to sea. An eagle flew in front of him, landed on the beach, picked up something out of the lagoon, left it flopping on the beach, and flew away.

The boy looked at the fish which the eagle had dropped. It was flounder-like, a small halibut. Something grew to one side of the flounder's mouth, and inside the body he could see a gold strip. He shot an arrow at the fish, killed it, took it up the beach, and sat once more under the tree. Then he decided to skin the flounder, from the head down the body. A voice from the woods bade him, "Don't do that!" He looked around, but could see nobody. After a while, he tried to skin the fish, but this time from the tail up. He skinned it, without the voice interfering. When the skin had dried in the sun, he folded it and put it under his arm.

Then an idea occurred to him. He stretched the skin, made himself a garment of it, and put it on. Thus clad, he could swim like a flounder under the water, and he travelled in the direction of Cape St. James, at the southern end of the islands. It was from there that the voice had come, calling for help. Behind Ninstints Island was a large village from which a woman was crying for help. The boy approached her through the bush, without showing himself. He realized that those people were starving to death. Some Ninstints men embarked in a canoe and went some distance to get mussels. After having dug some up on a beach, they were returning when they found themselves pursued by six Finbacks (whales). Before they reached safety, they were overtaken by the Finbacks, devoured, and chewed up. That is why the voice of the woman again called for help. In a cradle she held a child, a boy, who was screaming from hunger. There was nothing to give it. The little boy with a bow and arrows followed them into the house, where only a few inmates were left. While the mother, distracted, was crying, the boy threw away the child, and placed himself in the cradle in its place. The mother mistook him for her own child, and he grew very quickly.

As the Ninstints were still starving, the boy from abroad decided to go to the rocks where the others had looked for shellfish. With his (supposed) mother and father, carrying his bow and arrows, he went to the beach. While they were gathering mussels, he took his bow and arrows, and with a blunt arrow he hit the side of a dug-out canoe like a drum, and cried out, "Qagwaay, Qagwaay!" twelve times. His mother looked down at him, and shook her head to him, "Don't say that!" clapping her hands each time. Both his father and mother, much excited, took the boy along and jumped into the canoe. They pulled away from the rocks, rowing backwards. When they turned their head they saw the real Qagwaay swimming after them, mouth wide open towards the rear of the canoe. The boy took an arrow and, when the sea monster came close enough, he poked at its head. It dived down, and they thought they had escaped . . . But the Qawgay reappeared and chased them. Once more it opened its large mouth, ready to gulp them down, canoe and all. The boy jumped into the mouth, and disappeared with the monster

into the deep. Inside, he grasped his bow and arrows, wished for his power, and managed to kill the monster by an arrow from within.

Cast up on a fine beach, Qagwaay came out of the Whale, skinned it, and dried the skin in the sun. Then he put it on himself, and in this way tried to swim out to sea. Now he possessed the same power as the monster and could go long distances.

From here he travelled southward, as far as Tasu Inlet. There he heard a voice coming from the shore: "Come in, and stay with me, to-night!" He went in with his fish skin on. There stood a big house, the door of which was opened. He walked in. The monster of the house gave him a large box to lay his head on. As soon as his head touched it, the box burst up. At this the host, becoming angry, cried out, "Stone Door, rock yourself, and Smoke Hole, toss yourself!" At once the house closed fast and locked itself. Qagwaay was entrapped, there to be killed while in the form of the Whale. He looked around, and wondered how to save himself. By and by he perceived a narrow opening at the bottom of the Stone Door. Then he remembered the halibut skin, very small, which he still had with him. He put it on, thus changing from a large and bulky whale to a small, flat halibut. No sooner was he transformed than he introduced his thin halibut tail in the crack under the Stone Door and gave it a big push. He smashed it to bits. Salt water started to rush in, enabling him to swim out.

From there he travelled past Tasu, went around the Island to the west side, and he arrived at Chathl Inlet, now with his Qagwaay skin on. He intended to swim into the Inlet, but the huge Crab Qostan stood at the entrance of Canoe Pass (at the west end of Skidegate Channel). He did not know how to pass it by. The Crab, aware of his approach, had already spread its long legs to capture him. He tried to rush through, but was caught fast. He could not move, let alone pull himself away. The Qostan was squeezing him to death, for he was already at the end of his powers. Just in time he remembered his halibut skin, and put it on while in the embrace of the monster. Reduced to a small size, he slipped between the long legs of the Crab and escaped, leaving the large whale skin in the trap.

After this narrow escape he swam under his halibut disguise to Skidegate. From here, with his halibut skin still on, he went to Lone-Hill Point or Flagstaff Point (*darhua*). There once more he heard voices ashore. The large Bullhead (*qoat*) lay there in wait for him, his horns sticking out. "Don't come near me," he cried out challengingly, "or I'll fix you!" But with only his halibut skin on, he thought it best for the night to strike out for the deep sea.

Eventually he circled around, entered the bay of Skedans (*hlgai*), came ashore, took his halibut skin off, and hung it to dry on the limb of a tree. Then he sat down on a drift log. The rays of the sun warmed his back and he felt sleepy. Suddenly a sharp noise startled him. It was the Eagle stealing the precious skin from him. He tried to give chase to the bird, calling on the white Weasel for help as the Eagle remained pretty close to the ground. But the Weasel could do nothing, and Qagwaai felt badly about his loss. Wishing again, he called Tatlaqadelaw, a bird. Tatlaq . . . flew after the Eagle, took the halibut skin away, donned it, and went after the Eagle to attach it. But a voice came from the woods below: "Don't touch the Eagle! Your grandfather lent you this skin. Now it is being taken away from you."

So Qagwaay ended the chase and went back, a human as before, to his mother Dzilaquns. She gave him a new name: Crystal-Ribs (*qudangrhywat*).

This story is carved on totem poles.

Luke Watson, my informant, saw the Jelly-fish (*kyance*) totem pole, which illustrated an episode in this myth. It stood on Kongate Island on the east side of Ninstints at Anthony Island (at the southern end of Moresby Island). He had heard more parts of it but had forgotten them. At one point (omitted here) appeared Person-of-the-Water (*gitkun'aks*) — in Tsimsyan), a sleepy character with two little fellows, his nephews on each side of his face, ready to open his eyes for him, whenever there was food for him to eat.

Watson had a miniature pole, still unfinished in 1947, which he was carving to represent the Crab encounter of Qagwaay. At the bottom of this miniature is the Bear with a bird from the creek (called *kandeltsutsige*) in its mouth; above is the Kyange (Jelly-fish).

The Young Outcast, the Halibut Skin, the Killer-Whale, and the Monster Crab (in two versions, both in abbreviated form, in 1947, by "Captain" Andrew Brown, an Eagle clansman of the Eagles at Massett).

There used to be an Indian village, in Brown's camp. There lived a tribe of Indians, who ousted a boy and his granny from their tribe, for committing what his people considered treason.

The boy used to play in the water day after day. One day, an eagle dropped a small halibut by the boy. When the boy brought the halibut home, the granny was much pleased, but when she tried to cut the head off, the surrounding bushes began to chant, "Don't do it, don't do it!" When she tried to split it, the same thing happened. She finally started to split it from the tail, and the surrounding bushes showed their approval by their silence.

When the skin was dry, the reef outside Dawson Harbour, which was the chief of the district, came to him and asked him to do it, saying, "Go to Naden Harbour and destroy the monster crab that blocks the entrance to the harbour."

The boy immediately obeyed. He approached the monster in the shallow waters from its rear, bit it to pieces, and spewed its pieces into the harbour. To-day those pieces have been transformed into the crabs from which the Haida Indians still make a living, as prophesied by the chief Rock of Dawson Harbour.

The figure on the totem pole represents the Killer-Whales, which were once invited to a feast given by the Naden Harbour chief. The stories go on to say that the Killer-Whales made fun of the chief, and, in his anger, he ordered the crab monster to destroy all the Killer-Whales, except those that managed to escape over the narrow strip that forms a spit at the entrance.

When the boy returned from destroying the monster, he was playing on the beach. Then the eagle swooped down, and retrieved the halibut, saying, "Your grandfather only loaned you the halibut".

THE SEA WOLF WASKO

The Myth of Wasco, in connection with the Sen-i-coot-quin-nie house near Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, according to James Deans (36: 59-61).

There was a belief amongst these people, that whosoever could kill Wasco and wear his skin, would become as strong, and be able to catch whales as he was, more so while clad in Wasco's skin.

In order to try what could be done, one man had been scheming to catch him, and that man was Coon-ahts. He had left the others to make a trap and catch Wasco. This they did not know. A trap to hold such an animal must have been very large and strong. Coon-ahts found that Wasco, going and returning, always walked in the outlet. A strong beam placed across the stream, to which a number of ropes with a running noose were attached, could not fail to catch him in one or other of them. Looking along the stream for a suitable place he found a tree growing close to the river. Then he felled a stout tree across the river, close along side of the standing one, to which he bound it firmly with a strong rope. Then he crossed over the stream and felled two stout trees. These he bound together like an X. Then he raised the two upper ends, dropping the two lower ones into holes he had dug for them. After having them firmly placed, he raised the end of the cross-beam and dropped it into the shears. His next step was to get a number of strong ropes. These he formed into running loops, tying them to the cross-beam, each hanging low enough for Wasco to run his head into one or other of them while passing underneath. When everything was secure, he went home. Returning in a day or two, he found that Wasco had strangled himself while passing beneath. Coon-ahts then got Wasco out of the water to skin him. Having done so, he took the skin and fitted it on himself, so as to look like the real Wasco. When fully dressed a feeling came over him, which he was unable to resist, urging him to go out to sea and try to catch whales. Ever after, when any of the people wished whale meat, all that Coon-ahts had to do was to get into the skin and off to sea.

Tradition mentions two sorts of traps. One I have already given. I shall now describe the other. In this one, as in the other, Coon-ahts made a pair of strong shears, then he went back and felled a tree so as it would fall into the X, with its top projecting over the stream. He trimmed off the branches, and cut the top to a required length over the animal's trail. From the tree he hung a very strong noose, in such a position that Wasco could not help running his head into it. The ropes he used were made from cedar saplings. When all was ready Coon-ahts hid himself and awaited the outcome. After awhile Wasco came along and ran his head into the noose. Soon he strangled himself. Then Coon-ahts left his hiding place and skinned him. These are the two traditional stories.

In the village of Skidegat, on the east side of the road from the shore through the middle of the village, stood a house named Sen-i-coot-quin-nie, house of contentment or the contented peoples' house. In the miniature village (at the Chicago World's Fair, 1893), this model house is No. 19, and also stands in the middle of the village. On the totem pole are three figures — first, Wasco, whose head is shown, and a whale as if on its back; second figure is a scannah, and the third, is a female doctor or medicine woman in full dress. She forms a continuation of the above story, which is as follows:

Long ago a Skaggy woman lived at Kie, near Skidegat. At that time the people were very much in want of food. She came amongst them in her full regalia, with her clechadarran, or circle of puffins' beaks in each hand, as is shown by the carving. Knowing them to be in want, she promised to bring them within three days food enough to satisfy their wants. Day after day passed until the afternoon of the third, when a number of whales appeared. When they got in shore, where they could be seen, there were three of them. Seeing the whales, she harangued the people. "You see," she said, "what I can do; according to promise I have brought you not one or two whales; just look and see for yourselves; there are three of them and enough for every purpose." When she had finished her oration, Coon-ahts, who it was had brought in the whales, threw off his skin, jumped up and said: "It was I, not you, who brought in these whales." Hearing this, the old woman was so ashamed at being made a liar before all the people that she dropped dead where she stood.

The pipe along with this story shows Wasco with his load of whales. The three men on top of the totem pole attached to this house in the miniature village, and the man on each corner post are the taden skeel of the family, adopted through their connection with the Skidegat family. The family crests were first, the wife's which was a scannah of the raven phratry, and that of the husband which was a wasco of the eagle phratry.

Stone-ribs of the Haidas, given in brief by J. R. Swanton (97: 187, 188).

A Sea-Lion-Town man's younger brothers all disappeared, and the man bathed for strength. He caught various fishes, and at last a supernatural fish that tries the strength of people. After that, he had an encounter with Spirit-of-Strength and overcame him. Then he went to a small pond back of the upper oil-works at Skidegate, and killed a monster called the Wasko, that inhabited it. Before this, occurred the episode of the duck-grease, elsewhere related. He obtained his brothers' bones out of this monster's belly and restored them to life, but they soon disappeared again. Then he went to the end of Maude Island, where the supernatural beings were holding a contest to see who should support the Haida country, and by means of his wasgo skin obtained the position for himself. After that, the supernatural beings began to settle down.

Stone-Ribs, the Son of Djilaqons, was born from a woman in Tlkadan, in the Ninstints country. There he overcame the five-finned killer whale (Qagawai) that used to destroy people, and obtained its skin. Then he travelled all around the Queen Charlotte Islands under water, having adventures with and overcoming the Ocean-People as he went. From some of these he obtained their skins, which he could assume at any time. According to this account, Stone-Ribs passed through Skidegate Inlet; according to the second story, which I obtained from a Ninstints man, he went all the way around by Virago Sound and Rose Spit.

Upward was chief at Skedans in the time of supernatural beings. Once he learned that his wife was going with Stone-Ribs, and, when the latter came in one night and was asleep, he cut his head off. After this, Djilaqons came down to get her son's head back, but was not powerful enough; and on her way home she was stopped by Upward and compelled to marry him, although both were Eagles. Some time afterward Upward found that his wife was going with a kind of owl, and, disguising himself in his wife's clothing, he revenged himself upon them both. By and by Weegyot came after Upward, and the latter concealed himself in the clothing of the land-otter women, who passed him back and forth. At last he went through the smoke-hole in the form of ashes, in spite of which he was caught, pulled to pieces, and eaten by the shamans who had found him; but those who had eaten him died soon afterward.

The Sea Dog, as described in a narrative from the Queen Charlotte Islands recorded by Archie W. Shiels and communicated to Edward L. Keithahn (received from Mr. Keithahn in 1947).

A young man went hunting to Gulga Lake (Skidegate Lake) and disappeared. News came back from the lake that a monster named Wasko lived there and killed people. So his brother decided to look for him. Early one morning the brother took two children with him to the lake. When he arrived there he pulled two cedar trees by the roots, fastened them at the butt end with cedar limbs, did the same at the top, and held the trunks apart by means of a stick. He laid it in the lake, bound the legs of the two children and placed them as bait between the trunks. When they were afloat, Wasko came up to the surface in the space between. As he came up, he knocked the stick out and was caught by the head, but he pulled the trap under. It emerged at the surface as if thrown upwards, and broken to pieces. Failing the first time, the sea hunter went home and stood the two children up in front of the house (they were dead) with a pole, keeping them as a bait for Wasko for the next day.

Early the next morning he took the two children and went to the lake again. When he arrived there he looked round for a while. He pulled out a large two-headed cedar, stump and all. After he had split it, a wren jumped around him, chirping "Te! e! te! e!, my sinews!" Then he went to get it, pulled out its sinews, spliced them together, and fastened the butt end and the top with them, and put all into the water.

After the children had been suspended as bait in the trap, the Wasko came up for them. Then the monster knocked out the cross stick and carried the trap down. After a while he floated up with it, dead. The hunter pulled him up on the shore and was going to cut him on the top of his head, when there was thunder and lightning; the same thing happened when he started on the back. But when he started on the lower part of the back, and continued to cut on the monster open along the belly, his younger brother's bones burst out from it. Then he fitted together his younger brother's bones and spat upon them as the medicine Man-Woman had shown him. Immediately he stood up, revived, and said: "Sit down where you used to." They were glad to see each other again.

This Haida lake monster is represented with the head of the Wolf and the fins of the Killer-Whale. It went after whales at night, and could bring back as many as ten at once upon its back, behind its ears, and in the curl of its tail.

The Sea Wolf of Skidegate on the Queen Charlotte Islands, as given by Henry Young, of Skidegate, in 1947. (This brief narrative was communicated in writing, as presumably dictated by the informant to someone in his tribe.)

At Hunter's Point on the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands, lived a man and his wife. His wife came from Skidegate. When, every day, that man walked to the point, he would hear something whining. Once, he looked for the voice, and found two puppies in the hollow of a tree. He took them home and raised them, they grew rapidly, until they were real large dogs — Waskos or Dogs-of-the-Sea.

One morning he missed them and looked for them. Towards noon, he saw them off at sea, returning home with three whales each, a whale in the mouth, one between the ears, and the third held on the back with the tail. Every morning the dogs hunted for whales, and brought back more than was wanted by the tribe.

The man and his wife used to smoke the meat and put the fat in cedar boxes to store away. There was so much of it that the surplus soon began to rot. So they brought a lot of the whale meat to the wife's parents at Skidegate.

Once they were storm-bound at Skidegate for many weeks, and there was no more food left. The man's mother-in-law had dried raw salmon eggs put up in a seal stomach. As they were short of food, the man asked his wife to tell her mother to open this seal pouch and let them have some salmon eggs. But this she would not do. She was a miser.

The first fine day they hastened to go back home, and the mother-in-law also went with them. As soon as they passed out of the Skidegate Channel, they saw some whale fat floating around on the sea. The mother-in-law had her daughter ask her son-in-law to pick some up. But he refused, saying that this fat was the waste of his dogs. When they reached Hunter's Point, the mother-in-law was very surprised to see such large dogs, both of them lying in front of the house.

Piles of whales were lying on the beach. As she marvelled at this, the mother-in-law told her daughter now to cut open the pouch of dried salmon

eggs and use them. But the son-in-law would not accept them, because she had refused to cut it open when he was hungry. For this reason he put rotten whale grease on the Chinese slippers and mussels which his mother-in-law relished, so that she could not eat them, being too rancid.

One morning when the dogs went out to sea again, the mother-in-law out of spite got up very early and heated stones in a pot and let it boil. Then she poured out the liquid into the sea. This conjured a big storm keeping everybody home-bound. Nobody could travel.

The man became worried about his sea dogs. To watch for them, he went up the mountain. At last, he saw them coming back. He watched them until they reached the shore. There it was impossible for them during the storm to climb the rocky shore; the place was a steep cliff. So they changed their course towards Skidegate Channel, and went as far as Lawn Hill Point where, exhausted, they dragged themselves ashore, and turned into two big rocks, where they have remained to this day.

Animal Skins as a Means of Transformation, among the Koriaks of Siberia, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:380).

By putting on the skins of animals, the wearer transforms himself into an animal (pp. 131, 135, 156).

Big-Raven and Eme'mqut put on their raven coats and fly up (p. 142).

Creator puts on his raven coat, turns into raven, and flies away (p. 149).

Coast of Southern British Columbia. — A man puts on a seal-skin, and turns into a seal (Boas, *Indianische Sagen*, p. 121).

Mountain-sheep say that they are men dressed in sheep-skins (Ibid., p. 169).

Two boys put on the skins taken from killed birds, and fly off (Ibid., p. 170).

O'meatl puts on a raven's coat and flies away (Ibid. p. 175).

Coast of Northern British Columbia. — A boy catches a bird, skins it, puts the skin on, and flies (Boas, *Tsimshian Texts*, p. 10).

Ts'ak puts on skins taken from killed birds, and flies off (Ibid. pp. 126, 127).

Chief's son puts on a gull-skin and flies off (Ibid. p. 179).

Athapaskan. — A woman puts on a bear-skin and becomes a bear (Farrand, *Chilcotin Indians*, p. 21).

A man puts on a cloak of marmot-skins and is transformed into a marmot (Boas, *Traditions of the Tsetsaut*, p. 464).

SEA MONSTERS

Being-of-the-Sea (Gitrhahla) (*gyædem-tse'oigyæt*), belonging to 'Nees-mulrh, a Gispewudwade chief of Gitrhahla. This family is related to Tawi-wælp of Kitkata, a southern coast tribe of the Tsimshians.

Description. The first crest on this pole was the Being-of-the-Sea (*gyædem-tse'oigyæt* or *hagwelaw'q*), a human-like sea monster with the head of a fish; the second was the Grizzly Bear (*medeek*.)

Age. It had fallen down before the informant was born.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, an old Gitrhahla chief; interpreter, William Beynon, 1939.)

The Snag and the Bear, totem of Clads-ah-Coon in Skidegate, Haida town, at the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago (1893), according to the description published by James Deans (36:90, 91).

The second column, at the middle of a Haida house, is a Haida carving. This house formerly stood in the middle of the Haida village of Skidegate's Town, so called from its chief always taking the title of Skidegate. His house belongs to a man whose name formerly was Chooeah, or raven. After the death of an uncle, his mother's brother, he inherited the uncle's property, and consequently took the uncle's name, which was Clads-ah-Coon. This house was the first house in the village belonging to the Cathlans-coon-hadry (point of the waves people), who came and settled in the town of Illth-cah-getla (hut between streams) called Skidegate's Town, as above mentioned. These people were driven from their home by tidal waves and by ravages of war. When they settled at Skidegat they lived all together by building their houses in a row; their descendants live all together in the same style as today. The figures on the post are: lowest, the bear with man's head downward; second is the spout-fish (lown); on each side of it is the chemouse (*tsem'aus*) of the Simshians, which is a symbolization of a river snag, a floating snag or often a tree. To an Indian sailing down the rapid streams of the Pacific slope these snags are dangerous, and a superstitious dread has painted them as monsters of the worst kind; so, in order to be safe, they adopted them as a crest. The Haida tribes borrowed this crest from the Simshians. The next figure is a head with large eyes. It is shown as holding on with its mouth to the tail of the lown. This is the head of a bear as is shown by the *tan gue* (bear's ears) placed on each side of the head. From this head upward is a large dogfish. It is shown as having a woman on its back. Above the woman's head is another bear's head, with *tan gue*. Above all is the tail of the dog-fish, shown between two little images. The following I consider to be a correct reading of the carvings on this post: First, the bear with a man's head downward; amongst the natives of southern Alaska this symbolized a strange custom. When any one built a house, a slave was killed and his blood sprinkled on the post, his body generally being buried beneath it, the bear on the post being the crest of the man who built the house, and the man being the slave who was killed. I have been unable to find that such a thing as killing a slave for such a purpose was ever done amongst the Haida. In this case I speak knowingly, as I helped to dig up the post, and I found that no slave had ever been buried there. In fact the man who built the house says he killed no slave.

The Snag and the Grizzly, Haida totem pole of Tladjankona, at Skidegate, seen at the Field Museum, Chicago, in 1916. 42 feet tall. Collected by James Deans, No. 17999, about 1893, for the Field Columbian World Exhibition.

The label contained the following information:

It formerly stood in front of a house at Skidegate, owned by a man named Tladjankoña, a chief of the old village of Gahlinskun near Cape Ball. The figures, from above downwards, are as follows: 1. At the top are two watchers (*rhæda-gia'-han*), and between them is the dorsal fin of 2. the Killer-Whale (*s'kana*) eating a drowned man. Its body is furnished with hand-like flippers and with a turned-up tail showing on the head of 3. Tcamaos, a mythical fresh-water drift log, the lower part of which is supposed to be alive and to have the power of swimming against current. In the mouth of the Tcamaos is the tail of a 4. Sea Centipede (*cha'hun starhemai*) which lives under large stones and has supernatural powers. 5. The lowest figure is the Grizzly Bear (*huadji*), eating a boy.

The Snag and the Sea Lion, of the Sqoahladas (Haidas), described by J. R. Swanton (97:131. Plate VIII, Fig. 3).

Plate VIII, Figure 3, illustrates a pole which was used for several members of the Sqoahladas family in succession. Both of the principal designs represent the tca'maos, or "tide-walker," which was supposed to have the power of taking on several different forms. Above he is represented as a sea lion "with blow hole and dorsal fin." Below he is in the shape of a black whale. Instead of representing a dance-hat, the banded shaft between the two is in this case the piece of driftwood or the "tide-walker".

The Weegyet Pole of Skidegate, now at the American Museum of Natural History, N.Y., described by J. R. Swanton (97:131, Figure 11).

The original of the memorial column shown in Fig. 11 was one of those obtained by Dr. Newcombe for the American Museum of Natural History. It was owned by a Skidegate man named Moses McKay, whose family, the Seaward Sqoahladas, was Raven. Below is represented Tsamaos, the personified snag referred to elsewhere. It is said that if this creature became angry, it would upset canoes by falling upon them or by raising a huge wave. It has no difficulty in ascending rivers against the greatest obstacles, even passing under log-jams if necessary. The special name of this being is Weegyet, which would identify it as a form of the "trickster" Raven. The upper figures on this pole represent persons who have been drowned by tca'maos and changed into killer-whales. When represented in their supernatural capacity, the dorsal fins of Killer-Whales were often perforated, as in the present instance.

The Water-Stick, Haida house post from Tanu on the Queen Charlotte Islands, seen at the Field Museum of Chicago (in 1915). It had been collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe in 1903 (No. 87838). Its label contained the following information: "representing the Tsamaos or Water-Stick, a personified snag, the Haida stories of which were derived from the Tsimshian." It "is a crest of the Raven clan to which [the owner's] wife belonged."

Tcamaos. Haida totem pole from Xaina at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, seen at the Field Museum, Chicago, in 1916. 48 feet high. Collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe, in 1902. (No. 79721.)

The label contained the following information:

"This is the upper part of the Tcamaos, a mythical Tsimshian water monster, the round upper portion of which floats above the water while the lower, with the head, is submerged."

The Sea-Grizzly. Haida totem pole from Xaina, Queen Charlotte Islands, seen at the Field Museum, Chicago, in 1916. In the Ayer Collection (No. 19339). The label referred to the: "3. The Sea Grizzly Bear (*cha'-hun-Huadji*)."

The Naden Crabs (Naden Harbour). At the head of Naden Harbour there is a small island called Chief Rock. Chief Rock had many servants. One of these servants was a big crab; so big and powerful was he that no living creature could hope to survive after a meeting with him.

Whenever a totem pole is erected by anyone he must also give a big potlatch, or people will class his children as slaves. One day Chief Rock planned to erect a totem pole and give a big potlatch at the same time. He invited many friends, and among them were the Whale-Killers from Rose-Spit. As the Whale-Killers entered Naden Harbour, they saw a pillar of smoke rising from Chief Rock's place. One of the servants overheard a Whale-Killer make a funny remark about the smoke, and at once notified his master of it. Chief Rock became angry and ordered his servants to punish these impudent Whale-Killers. As soon as the order was given the big crab went into action. He at once blocked the entrance to Naden Harbour, which was near his living quarters. Seeing that they were trapped, the Whale-Killers tried to get past the crab by brute force. In a short time half of their number was killed, and only those who wriggled their way over dry land escaped.

Stories of the crab's invincibility had reached as far as Dawson Harbour near the west mouth of the Skidegate Channel, where people of the Eagle clan had made their homes. These people moved to more suitable hunting grounds, but left behind one of their sisters and grandson.

Stranded at the old village with his grandmother, this young boy had nothing to do but play on the beaches day after day. One day he saw an eagle flying towards him, and as the eagle had something, he waited to see what it was. The eagle dropped a medium-sized halibut which it got near the rock at the mouth of Dawson Harbour. The boy, delighted at being given a halibut by an eagle, picked it up and brought it to his grandmother. She was overjoyed at seeing food once again, and picked up a knife to cut off the tail. But the trees, rocks, and the waters protested so much that she tried to cut the head off instead. Again the trees, rocks, and waters protested. So she began to skin it carefully. This time there was no protest. She skinned the whole halibut with the head and tail on, and hung it up to dry.

When the skin was dry the boy had an urge to put it on and play in the water. He went right into the water with it and, helped by some strange power, swam swiftly around the world.

When he finally came back to the Rock at Dawson Harbour this Rock spoke to him, saying, "You are now fast and powerful. Go and conquer the invincible crab at Naden Harbour".

The boy in the halibut skin started off around the west coast and reached Naden in a short time. He saw the crab at the entrance, and sneaked along the ocean floor. In this way the crab was unable to see him. The crab was unaware of him until he started to chew at him from behind. By this time the crab could not do anything about it, and the huge and powerful crab was a pushover for the little halibut.

After having chewed up the huge crab, the halibut spit the pieces into Naden Harbour, saying, "May these pieces turn into small crabs, and be a means of livelihood to the people in the future."

The Si-sa-kau-las of Kingcome Inlet, now in Stanley Park Vancouver, described by the Rev. G. H. Raley (118:18, 19).

This pole commemorates the Legend of See-wid. See-wid was a young chief living at Kingcome Inlet. He was weak physically and lacked the qualities required for leadership, so at an opportune moment, one of his tribesmen assumed the position of leader and arrogated to himself authority, which, by inheritance, rightly belonged to See-Wid. Humiliated by his failure, See-wid lived a secluded life. One day, strolling along the beach, thinking of his misfortune, he heard an unusual sound and noticed ripples disturbing the surface of the sea. He said to himself, "Even the water is laughing at me." Drawing nearer, he heard a voice call him by name, "See-wid, would you like to come with me?" Neither caring where he went, nor what happened to him, he willingly followed the voice into the centre of the ripples, which by this time took the form of a whirlpool. He was drawn down, down and down, till his feet touched something hard, and he found himself on the flat roof of a house built upon the floor of the ocean. The sea-chief who lived there, hearing a noise as of something falling on the roof, went out and found See-wid. The chief invited him into his house and adopted him into his family. The inhabitants of the town became See-wid's friends and taught him how to acquire strength and wisdom and how to use them.

After a lapse of years, this voluntary exile began to pall on him, and he became possessed of a great longing to visit his own people. When he could no longer hide the fact that homesickness was breaking his heart, the sea-chief gave him permission to return home.

Before he departed, the sea-spirit gave him three totems, whose magic power were for protection on his journey and afterwards to be crests for the use of his people. During the journey home he had many a thrilling adventure, and at his destination was received as one from the dead. Many seals were eaten in honor of his safe return. See-wid presented the gifts of the great sea-spirit to be used by his tribe as crests, and that is the reason the whale, sea-otter, and sea-bear are symbols on the totem pole.

This particular pole, before it was obtained by the Arts and Historical Society of Vancouver, for Stanley Park, was owned by Si-sa-kau-las, formerly of Kingcome Inlet, an aged and worthy chief who inherited the right to use the pole from his ancestor See-wid the hero of the legend.

The Crab Myth in Siberia, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:20).

According to a third tradition, related to me by an Opuka Koryak, Miti was the daughter of the sea. This name designates a large sea-crab found in the Pacific Ocean. From what follows, it might seem that it is the spider-crab. Miti remained on the shore after high water. Big-Raven found her and took her for his wife.

THE RAVEN MYTHOLOGY

The difference between a story of *adaorh* (in Tsimshian) and a tale was never a matter of doubt among the tribes of the north Pacific Coast. For example, the veracity of an *adaorh* in the Salmon-Eater tradition stands unquestioned. Such narratives really hold more than a grain of truth and reflect tribal recollections like the passage of Wolf clan ancestors under the receding Stikine Glacier. But the fictitious character of tales like those of the Raven, the Thunderbird, the Whale and the Dragon with Two Heads is obvious to most listeners. These belong to the realm of pure mythology.

How the Raven Stole the Sun, an ætiological myth of the Tlingits and the Haidas.

How the world was created by the supernatural Raven has been told for ages by the native tribes of Siberia and northwestern America. But the Raven, in this northern Genesis, did not draw nature wholly out of chaos; he was a transformer rather than a creator. In his primeval wanderings through chaos and darkness, he chanced upon pre-existing things — animals and a few people — and changed or multiplied them into their present state. His powers were not coupled with wisdom and integrity, for he often lapsed into the role of a jester or a cheat, covering himself with shame and ridicule.

His mythical adventures have always proved an incentive to native fantasy and story-telling. In the 1870's, Albert Edward Edensaw, for instance, was known to have made them his own to relate among the northern Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, close to the frontiers of Alaska. And his "famous story" required "two or three days to tell in full, in his big totem-pole house." Who knows but he might not himself have contributed something to its contents and quality. For this kind of lore is ever in formation and quite alive. Charles Edensaw, his nephew and successor (1860-1924?), knew this story from earliest childhood; to him it had become a family heritage. Early in life he must have begun to illustrate its episodes by means of argillite (black slate) carvings, for, in his repertory, it is better represented than any other theme.

Among the episodes of the Raven myth illustrated in argillite by Charles Edensaw are: the Raven born in the form of a child to the Fisherman's daughter and playing with the ball of light — the Sun — in the lodge; the Raven, once more in his own feathers, stealing the ball of light and throwing it into the sky; the Raven, bent upon playing a trick, diving to the bottom of the bay and taking a halibut from the Fisherman's hook, or simply pulling at the hook, there to lose his beak and be shamed, because of the Fisherman's giving a quick jerk; the Raven stealing fresh water in a bucket from the

hidden spring of the old chief Kannuc; the Raven drawing mankind out of a clamshell; the Raven taking the Salmon away from Tsing, the Beaver, its owner, and carrying away with him the whole Beaver house; and the Raven locked in struggle on a sandy beach with the Crab.

That the elder of the Edensaw craftsmen, Albert Edward, had made this ancient tale popular among his people, and that his nephew Charles was the first to express it in sculpture, is remembered by the present-day elders in their tribe — among them Alfred Adams, of Massett — who often witnessed the storytelling and the carving. Even without this information we could not fail to notice the lack of illustrations of the Raven myth previous to 1875 or 1880, that is, before Charles Edensaw's time. But once initiated, the theme became so popular that it was also taken up by his imitators, particularly the totem-pole carvers of the Kaiganis and northern Haidas, and the Fort Rupert Kwakiutls.



Raven, at the top of totem poles

An episode in the creation story was of the theft of the Sun (as related to me, in 1939, by old "Captain" Andrew Brown). In the utter darkness at the beginning, the old Fisherman, sitting in a dug-out canoe, spent his time fishing, while his only daughter stayed in the lodge, smoking fish, or gathered salal berries in the wild fruit patches. One day, as she was picking berries, she swallowed, with the fruit, a salal leaf. And this made her pregnant; soon she realized that she was with child. The supernatural Raven had noticed her, in his wanderings, and had changed himself into a salal leaf in her path; he wanted to be born to her, for her old father secreted in his lodge the ball of fire which he had long coveted.

After the Raven was born to the Fisherman's daughter, he began to whine for something in the wooden box hidden in a corner of the lodge. Weary of the whining of the child, the old man bade his daughter bring forth the box and open it for his grandson. Within the box was another box wrapped up in a spider web; in this box, another; in the inner box, a smaller

one. Eight boxes she opened in turn, throwing the lids off, while her little son beside her gazed on, awaiting.

The lid of the last box no sooner came off than the lodge was flooded with light, and the child jumped upon the ball of fire in the open box. Holding it in his hands, he ran about the house and, entranced, began to play with it, tossing it from side to side. This episode is represented in at least two of the finest Edensaw carvings, both in small totem-pole form; one at the National Museum of Canada; the other, in a somewhat smaller pole, of the Lipsett collection — in Dr. Ryan's part of it — at Vancouver.

Other episodes in the Raven myth are illustrated in a number of argillite carvings, but not in large totem poles.

As Charles Edensaw was an outstanding personality among the Haidas on the Queen Charlotte Islands, it was his duty to help in preserving tribal arts and lore. So, in the course of two or three evenings, he used to tell at great length the ancient myth of how, in the beginning, the great Raven had fashioned the world. A highly talented carver, perhaps the best in his generation, Edensaw was fond of illustrating the deeds of the Raven in the carving of large poles and in argillite — a soft black slate which can be secured in a single quarry at Slate Chuck Creek near Skidegate.

Well equipped with steel tools he had wrought from the white man's files, Edensaw would carve the Raven stealing the Sun from the box in the old Fisherman's lodge; or the Raven after he had lost his beak, to his own shame; or some other part of the creation myth. After having told an episode in the cycle, Edensaw would show to his listeners the piece of argillite or the small totem pole into which he carved the Raven, and he seemed quite satisfied at his own performance both as an entertainer and as a carver able to illustrate his own tales.

Edensaw and his contemporaries from 1900 to the present, dropped most of early models to concentrate on small totem poles for the curio trade. Like their elders they sailed away from home in the summer, with their stock of carvings which they renewed every year, at first to such places as Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Wrangell, Juneau, and Sitka, and later, to Prince Rupert and Ketchikan, where they found their customers.

Although the significance of small totem poles is readily taken as totemic, actually it is not; this in spite of their resemblance to authentic totem poles of large size. The figures cut into their shaft — bear, eagle, raven, thunderbird, black-fish, shark, etc. — are not meant for the totems or emblems of whoever carved them or of their relatives. They are used at random, without significance, unless they happen to illustrate well-known folk tales, like that of the Raven stealing the sun or of the Skidegate family that once made the Thunder its own possession.

The best-informed Haidas of the present day confirm this opinion as to the trends of the art as represented in our museums. Alfred Adams, an elderly native with much experience, recently said, "This work of argillite carving never was of any use to the people themselves; it was made for outsiders; it was merely commercial. Yet, in spite of that, Edensaw did not believe in modernizing his style; he followed the old fashion".

The purely commercial nature of this remarkable art was evident to both J. G. Swan and Dr. G. M. Dawson, who visited the Haida country in the early 1880's. Swan, in the *Smithsonian Contributions of Knowledge*, expressed his view that "these Indians so far have disposed of all their curiosities and other products in Victoria before coming to the American side . . . Hereafter they will bring their wares to Port Townsend, having found by experience of the past summer that they can dispose of all their manufactures there".

The best of them — Skaoskeay and Gonkwat Tsinge, in the 1870's and 1880's — were the contemporaries of the Impressionists in France. Their successors, Edensaw, Tom Price; and others, could have exhibited their work at the Paris Salon which, at that time, was loath to hang the canvases of Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne. If these painters can still be counted among our moderns, why not the carvers of Bear Mother and of the Raven stealing the Sun? In a proper perspective, the first might be considered European "moderns," and the others, American "moderns," belonging to our continent, in our own time.

How the Raven Obtained the Sun, according to a tradition recorded among the Haidas by James Deans (36:26, 27).

The tribes on the rivers Nass and Skeena . . . say that long ago, an old chief lived, with his only daughter, where the Nass now flows, who had all the light in three boxes. These Cauch [qaq] the raven god wanted to have in the worst way, and for a time tried to get hold of them without success. At length he hit on a plan. He noticed that the daughter went to the well every day for a supply of water. While there she often had a drink. So he turned himself into the needle-like leaf of the spruce tree and floated on her drinking water and was swallowed by her. In due season she gave birth to a son who was none other than Ne-kilst-lass or Cauch, who by this means was born into the family. He quickly grew up to be a big boy and became a great favorite with his grandfather, who spoiled him by letting him have all he asked for. One day he asked the old man for one of the boxes, in order, he said, to play with it. This the old man sturdily refused to grant. Being determined to have all of them, sooner or later, the raven raised such a row in the family as only a spoiled youngster could, that the old man had no peace, till at length he got angry and pointing to a box he said, "Here, take that one and play with it until you get tired." So the raven quickly took the box and rolled it about until he had it outside, when he took it up and dashed it to pieces, letting out a flood of light, because it was the sun box he had obtained. So he took the sun and placed it on high, where it has been giving light to the world ever since.

Having got the sun box his next step was to secure the other two. Knowing well he could not play the old game, he thought of another. He had heard that the old chief had gone up the river fishing for oolakens; so he made for himself a false moon, and took a canoe, and went up the river to meet Settin-ki-jess, the old chief's name. While the chief was fishing he usually took the moon out of its box in order to give him light, because he always fished after dark. Before getting near to the chief's house the raven god hid the false moon under his coat of feathers. When he reached the place where the chief dwelt it was quite dark. The chief said to the raven, "How do you see to get about in the dark when you have no moon?" "Oh, well enough," replied the raven, "I have a moon of my own," at the same time raising up his feathers and letting out a little light. When Settin-ki-jess saw that his moon was not as he believed it to be, the only one in the world, he lost all conceit of it and the stars, and left the two boxes lying about. His neglect was the raven's opportunity who opened the two boxes and let out their contents, which were placed in the heavens, where they have been ever since and will be to the end.

Engraven on one or two of the totem poles attached to the little houses in the miniature village I sent to the Chicago World's Fair, was a raven shown in the act of flying up with something in his beak, painted blue and as big as a dollar. This represents a version of the Hidery story of how Choo-e-ah, the raven god, got the sun. According to the story, he heard that a great chief living in a distant part of the country had the sun in a box, so in order to get it he went to the chief's house, and after a while found where the precious sun was kept.



Raven-Sleeps-on of Qawm

He said nothing to any one about his plans, so when all were asleep he opened the box and taking the sun in his beak was about to fly out of the smoke-hole in the roof (the name, in Hidery parlance, is *kinet*), when he noticed it was closed. So he called to some one on the roof, "Ah, kinet; ah, kinet; open kinet, open kinet." So they opened the smoke-hole, and he flew away with the sun and placed it on high.

How the Raven Brought Light into the World, Tlingit myth
recorded by J. R. Swanton (119a: 3, 4.)

There was no light in this world, but the Raven was told that far up the Nass was a large house in which some one kept light just for himself.

Raven thought over all kinds of plans for getting this light into the world, and finally he hit on a good one. The rich man living there had a daughter, and he thought, "I will make myself very small and drop into the water in the form of a small piece of dirt." The girl swallowed this dirt and became pregnant. When her time was completed, they made a hole as was customary, in which she was to bring forth, and lined it with rich furs of all sorts. But the child did not wish to be born on those fine things. Then its grandfather felt sad and said, "What do you think it would be best to put into that hole? Shall we put in moss?"

So they put moss inside, and the baby was born on it. Its eyes were very bright, and moved around rapidly.

Round bundles of varying shapes and sizes hung about on the walls of the house. When the child became a little larger it crawled around weeping continually, and as it cried it pointed to the bundles. This lasted many days. Then its grandfather said, "Give my grandchild what he is crying for. Give him that one hanging on the end. That is the bag of stars." So the child played with this, rolling it about on the floor back of the people, until suddenly he let it go up through the smoke hole. It went straight up into the sky and the stars scattered out of it, arranging themselves as you now see them. That was what he went there for.

Some time after this he began crying again, and he cried so much that it was thought he would die. Then his grandfather said, "Untie the next one, and give it to him." He played and played with it around behind his mother. After a while he let that go up through the smoke hole also, and there was the big moon.

Now just one thing more remained, the box that held the daylight, and he cried for that. His eyes turned around and showed different colors, and the people began thinking that he must be something other than an ordinary baby. But it always happens that a grandfather loves his grandchild just as he does his own daughter, so the grandfather said, "Untie the last thing, and give it to him." His grandfather felt very sad when he gave this to him. When the child had this in his hands, he uttered the raven cry, "Ga!" and flew out with it through the Smoke-Hole. Then the person from whom he had stolen it said, "That old manuring Raven has taken all my things."

Another version of the same myth recorded in English at Wrangell, Alaska:

All of the beings Nascakiyaihl had created, however, existed in darkness, and this existence lasted for a long time, how long is unknown. But Raven felt very sorry for the few people in darkness and, at last he said to himself, "If I were only the son of Nascakiyaihl, I could do almost anything." So he studied what he should do and decided upon a plan. He made himself very small, turned himself into a hemlock needle, and floated upon the water Nascakiyaihl's daughter was about to drink. Then she swallowed it and soon after became pregnant.

Although all this was by the will of Nascakiyaihl and although he knew what was the matter with his daughter, yet he asked her how she had come into that condition. She said, "I drank water, and I felt that I had swallowed something in it." Then Nascakiyaihl instructed them to get moss for his daughter to lie upon, and on that the child was born. They named him Nascakiyaihl also. Then Nascakiyaihl cut a basket in two and used half of it for a cradle, and he said that people would do the same thing in future times. So they have since referred its use to him . . .



Raven and his Son, at Saxman

After a while the baby began to crawl about. His grandfather thought a great deal of him, and let him play with everything in the house. Everything in the house was his. The Raven began crying for the moon, until finally they handed it to him and quick as a wink, he let it go up into the sky. After he had obtained everything else, he began to cry for the box in which daylight was stored. He cried, cried, cried for a very long time, until he looked as though he were getting very sick. Finally his grandfather said, "Bring my child here!" So they handed Raven to his grandfather. Then his grandfather said to him, "My grandchild, I am giving you the last thing I have in the world." So he gave it to him.

Then Raven, who was already quite large, walked down along the bank of Nass river until he heard the noise people were making as they fished along the shore for eulachon in the darkness. All the people in the world then lived at one place at the mouth of the Nass. They had already heard that Nascakiyaihl had something called "daylight," which would some day come into the world, and they used to talk about it a great deal. They were afraid of it.

Then Raven shouted to the fishermen, "Why do you make so much noise?" If you make so much noise, I will break daylight on you." Eight canoe loads of people were fishing there. But they answered, "You are not Nascakiyaihl. How can you have the daylight?" and the noise continued. Then Raven opened the box a little and light shot over the world like lightning. At that they made still more noise. So he opened the box completely, and there was daylight everywhere.

How the Raven gave the World the Stars, the Moon, the Sun,
according to the Tlingit traditions recorded by Edward L. Keithahn
(62: 89, 90).

Yethl's effort to get light for the earth was the adventure that provided material for several famous totem poles. According to one of several versions, Yethl's world was one of the darkness, for another magician known as Raven-at-the-head-of-the-Nass had the sun, moon and stars boxed up in his house. Yethl intended to steal the sun, but the problem was how to get into the closely-guarded house.

From "Frog," Yethl learned that the magician had a daughter. "Mink," the girl's personal servant, told him of a spring where the maiden went daily for a drink of water. By transforming himself into a hemlock needle and dropping into her drinking water, Yethl was swallowed and in due time was reborn as the magician's grandson. Thus he gained access to the house.

"Young Raven," as Yethl is known in this stage of his adventures, was reborn in human form, but his Raven ancestry was revealed in his sharp, blinking eyes. He succeeded in endearing himself to his unsuspecting grandfather, who gratified his every whim. When he cried for one of the boxes hanging from the ceiling, he got it, and when left alone for a moment, removed the ropes that bound it and took off the cover. There were the stars. Yethl rolled them about like marbles and then playfully tossed them out through the Smoke-Hole where they took their places in the sky.

But the stars were not bright enough to light the night, so Yethl cried again and again for another box. At length his grandfather gave in and took down the box containing the moon. As before, Yethl watched his chance, and when alone, removed the moon and tossed it out through the Smoke-Hole. It soared up into the heavens, and took its place among the stars.

Yethl now knew that the remaining box contained the sun, so again he wailed until the grandfather, fearful that the child would die, took down his proudest possession, and gave it to the infant.

This time, as soon as he was alone, Yethl changed himself back into a Raven and, taking the box, flew out through the Smoke-Hole. He apparently resumed human form as soon as he was safe from pursuit and walked northward looking for people. He found men at length on the far side of a river and asked them to take him across, telling them that he had daylight. But they would not believe him, nor would they help him across. At last, out of patience, Yethl opened the box, and blinding light sprang forth. The people were terrified. Those wearing the skins of animals rushed into the woods and became "Forest People." Those having garments made of sea animal hides plunged into the water and became "Sea People." Those wearing bird skin clothing flew into the air and became "People of the Sky." That is why Indians still regard all of these beings as humans in disguise, but who, on occasion, may resume human form.

How the Raven brought Light into the World, according to informant J. Bradley, of Port Simpson. William Beynon recorded this myth in 1922.

After the flood, the Raven started to travel round the world to see how many people were saved.

At that time the world was in darkness, and the Raven was looking for the chief's house in which the light was kept. He came to the house of the chief who was supposed to have the moon in his possession.

The moon was kept in a large box containing ten smaller boxes, and in the innermost box was found the moon sewn up in a bag made of hide.

This chief had a daughter who was secluded in a compartment. No one could see her. The Raven flew around the girl's compartment but did not see her. He stood outside and waited. Soon he saw her coming out of the house. He turned himself into a pine-needle, fell into the water she was drinking, and was swallowed. The young woman became pregnant, and gave birth to a boy. He grew very rapidly, and every day the grandfather took the boy and stretched him until he was nearly full-grown. The child would cry, pointing to the boxes in which the moon was kept. After he had cried a great deal the chief took the boxes and untied them. He gave the boy the moon ball to play with. Every day the child would go under the Smoke-Hole of the house, but this was always closed when he went playing with the moon ball.

One day he was playing with the ball under the Smoke-Hole. No one was in the house, and the hole was open. He turned himself back to the Raven, and, taking the moon ball, he went through the Smoke-Hole and flew away. He travelled for a long time until he came to a place where he heard the people who were fishing oolakens.

He called out, "Give me some oolakens, and I will let you have the light." The people who were fishing in the dark called out, "You are fooling us. You cannot give us the light. Who does not know you!" This angered the Raven, who now had turned himself into a human being. He took the moon ball and opened it a little. Then the people fishing saw for themselves, and they gave the man many oolakens. When they had done this the man opened the moon ball and gave them daylight. He broke off a piece of the moon and smashed it into smaller pieces, saying, "These will be stars," and threw them into the sky.

After this the man changed himself into a crow, and wanted to travel. So he became an old woman. On seeing a reflection of himself as an old woman, he became ashamed, because of his long nose. He cut off a portion of it, and used it as a labret. This was how the labret originated.

How the Raven obtained the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, as recorded in 1947 by Mrs. Jean Ness Findlay from "Captain" Andrew Brown, of Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands.

First Version:

The world was dark and the moon hidden, and the people could not see, for they had no light. So to get the moon for the world the Raven changed into a baby through his mother drinking water with spruce needles in it. His mother went to the well and dipped out water, every time she began to

drink, the spruce needles came into the water. Dipper after dipper she threw out to get it clear, and at last she had to drink the water with the spruce needles in it. That's how the Raven became a baby. All the time as a baby he would cry, "Moon, moon," for he was to get the moon for the world.

His grandfather said the boy was holy, and the moon was holy, and he was very much alarmed, but resolved to help him. So he got the box containing the moon, and took off all the boxes, one inside the other, as it was very precious, and gave the moon to the boy from the inner box.

The boy played with the moon, rolling it round the house and practised putting it in his mouth while no one was looking, as he wanted to fly away with it and give it to the world. After a time he cried for them to make a hole in the roof of the house through which he could fly.

The grandfather, thinking the boy was holy and sacred, made a hole in the top of the roof. The boy put the moon in his mouth and flew away. He rested on a tree, and the people from the moon country chased him; they wanted the moon back. They followed him a long time and a long, long way, but he flew away from them. The first place he came to was the Nass River during the oolaken season where the people were fishing for oolaken in the dark. "Let me have some oolaken," he called to them, but they refused to give him any. Again he called: "Let me have some oolaken, and I will give you light." They were surprised at the offer. "You cannot give us light," they said, "it belongs far away, and is a holy thing." They didn't believe him, for it was too good to be true.

He called again, "Give me some fish, and I will give you light." He showed them a corner of the light of the moon which he had covered with his robe. Amazed at the brightness, the people in one canoe gave him fish, then another and another. After the Raven had eaten all he wanted of the fish, he took the moon from under his robe and dashed it on a rock. It fell in pieces. The big piece he threw up and said, "This will be the sun for the daytime, and this," he said, taking up the second big piece, "will be for the night. The small pieces are the stars. And the benefit of these will be for the people forever." That is how the Raven obtained the sun, moon, and stars for the people.

Second Version :

The world was dark and the moon hidden. In order to get the moon for the world the Raven changed into a baby through his mother drinking water with spruce needles in it. The mother went to the well and dipped out water. Every time she was to drink, the spruce needles appeared. She threw out dipper after dipper to get clear water, but at last she had to drink the spruce needles (that's how he became a baby). All the time as a baby he would cry, "Moon, moon," for he was to get the moon for the world. His grandfather said the boy and the moon were holy, and was very much alarmed. He resolved to help him. He brought out the box containing the moon and took off all the boxes, one inside the other, as it was very precious. He gave the moon to the boy from the inner box, and the boy played with it, rolling it around the house. He practised putting it in his mouth when no one was looking, as he wanted to fly away with it and give it to the world. After a time, he cried for them to make a hole in the top of the house (through which he could fly). His grandfather, thinking the boy was sacred and holy,

made a hole in the roof and the boy put the moon in his mouth and flew away. He went from the house and rested on a tree. The people from the country where the moon was, chased him, wanting it back. They followed him a long time and a long way, but he got away from them. The first place he came to was Nass River during the oolaken season, where the people were fishing for oolaken in the dark. He called to them, "Let me have some oolaken," but they refused. He called again, "Let me have some oolaken, and I will give you light," and they were surprised at the offer. They said, "You cannot give us light, it belongs far away and it is a holy thing." They didn't believe him, because it was too good to be true. He called again, "Give me some fish, and I will give you light." He showed them a corner of the light of the moon and they were so amazed at the brightness that one canoe gave him fish, and one after another gave him oolaken. After the Raven had eaten of the fish, he took the moon from under his robes and dashed it on a rock. It fell in pieces. The big piece he threw up and said, "This will be the Sun for the daytime." Of the second piece he said, "This will do for the night," and of the small pieces he said, "These are the stars." The benefit of those will be for the people, meaning the people of the latter day will still have light. That's how the Raven got the sun, moon, and stars for the world.

Third Version :

One time a party of fishermen went out fishing. The Raven followed them, but they did not know. He wanted to get the bait off the hook, and in trying to get it at the bottom of the sea he was caught on the hook. Not wanting to be seen by anyone as he was the Creator, and ashamed to be found in so disgraceful an attempt to take the bait, he hid himself under the canoe and held himself so strongly there that his upper beak was pulled off. When the fisherman arrived home, the Raven came marching in to visit them, clothed as a very old man taking the white moss or lichen from the trees and bushes. The people were very much alarmed at the peculiar figure coming from the sea. They asked him, "Old man, see, we have found a beak at the bottom of the sea. Tell us what it means." So he told them: in order to escape the plague or punishment that was coming to him, they must leave the place and camp somewhere else. The people clothed anything sacred in feathers or birds' down, so they clothed the beak in feathers and placed it on the roof of a house and deserted the village. During their absence, he recovered his bill, which had been his reason for getting them to leave. And he was once more the Raven, and continued creating.

Second figure (often seen on the same carvings) is the butterfly, the interpreter or spokesman while the Raven was creating things around the world. Top figure on pole is the brown bear, his brother-in-law. Raven and Brown Bear are cousins.

How the Raven stole the Moon, as related by Andrew Brown, an old Eagle clansman among the Haidas of Massett; here given in brief form (in 1947).

The Raven (after he had lost his bill on the hook of the halibut fisherman) went to a place where the chief had the moon. There was no way of taking away the moon from the chief. So he transformed himself into a baby, and let himself be born to the daughter of the chief.

The chief greatly loved his grandchild who cried for the moon for days



Haida poles from Queen Charlotte Islands

and days. Finally the chief ordered that the moon be given to the child. The latter cried for an opening in the roof. Finally the chief ordered that a small opening be made in the roof. When the opening was made the boy transformed himself back to a Raven and flew away through the roof.

He flew to a place now known as Shannon Bay where he saw the people getting fish called oolaken. He said to them, "Give me all your oolaken, and I shall give you the light of the moon." The people didn't believe him until he showed them the moon that he kept under his wings. The people then gave him the fish, and the Haida legend relates that he ate all the oolaken there. This is why there are no oolaken there to-day.

He then threw the moon up to the skies. That's why we have the moon.

The Origin of Light:

How the Raven Yaihl stole the ball of daylight, according to a tradition recorded by William Beynon from Edmund Patalas of Kitkata, a southern Tsimshyan tribe, who had received it from a former Neeswærhs, a Haida chief of Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands. Variants of this myth are also told by the Tlingits and the Tsimshyans. The Raven is called Yaihl among the Tlingits; he is the equivalent of Trhaim-

sem or Weegyets among the Tsimsyans.

The myth of the origin of Daylight originated at the source of Nass River. The people were suffering a great hardship, and all was in darkness. But it was known that a great chief at the headwaters of that river, who controlled the light, was a harsh tyrant, and wanted everybody to suffer. Yaihl, the Raven, who helped the Haidas, saw the difficulties the people were in and made up his mind to go to Nass River. As he had to fly a long way from the Queen Charlotte Islands, he took many small pebbles with him before he left on his journey. These he would drop when tired. An island would spring up upon which he could rest. He tried this first at Frederick Island, then at North Island, and again at Dundas, continuing in this way right up to the mouth of Nass River. The Raven flew until he came to the clouds above the Nass; above these clouds all was light, but beneath, it was dark.

The Raven, a supernatural being, decided to transform himself into a pine needle. The chief's daughter would come out to draw water at the waterhole. Soon she did, as she was thirsty. She was just about to drink, when she saw the pine needle in the water. Though she wanted to blow it away, it kept drifting to her mouth. In her impatience she finally swallowed it. Soon she became pregnant, and eventually gave birth to a boy. The chief of the skies was very happy about his new grandson. Every day he took the child and stretched it, causing it to grow quickly, and soon it began to crawl about.

The boy began to cry; he would not be satisfied. As he cried, he called out, "Mæ, mæ," and the chief was at a loss to know what to do. All his wise men could not help him. The Raven, who actually was the boy in disguise, caused one of the wise men to say, "Chief, it seems that he wants the ball of light. Give it to him to play with in the house. See if it quietens him." Then the chief took down the box containing the ball of light, and gave the ball to the boy to play with. Taking the ball, the child rolled it about and threw it to one side, and then the chief put it away. The boy was satisfied, and now the chief could sleep. Every day the boy would call for the ball, and after playing with it only a short while, would toss it aside when it would be put away in the box. This continued for some time until the chief and his wise men began to relax their watch on the boy when he played with the daylight ball.

The Raven began planning to get to the door and fly away with it. One day, the door being open, the raven started rolling the ball about, edging toward the door. Just as he stood there, he assumed his Raven form and, grasping the ball in his claws, he flew out, down the river.

It was the season of the oolaken; the people were fishing by the light of their torches. The Raven, who had now rested on one of the tree tops, became hungry and asked for oolaken. The fishermen said, "Come, lazy one! Get your own oolaken. We are having great difficulties gathering enough for ourselves." "If you do not give me any, I will break the daylight ball, and you shall all become blind." "Listen to the Raven! Where could he get the light ball?" They jeered. Now these were ghost people; no other in darkness could go about to gather oolaken. The Raven was now angry. He took the daylight ball and said, "Be careful! I shall break it, and your people will all perish!" They laughed and said, "Come, Raven, break the ball,

that we may better see what we gather." So the Raven took the daylight ball and pecked a hole in it, thus bringing daylight to the world, at the headwaters of Nass River.

The ghost people all perished; other folk came from all directions to gather oolaken. That is how Raven brought daylight to the world.

How the Raven threw the Moon into the Sky. Version recorded at the Haida village of Skidegate, in 1947, by Miss Alice Philip, of Vancouver, British Columbia.

The Raven knew that a certain chief had the Moon in his house, but the chief guarded it so carefully that no one ever saw it.

One day, the Raven was flying over, when he saw chief's daughter go down to the stream for water. Immediately he changed into a seed. The girl drank him, and by and by she had a baby. Baby grew (it was the Raven), and kept looking around for the Moon. But the chief kept it out of sight.

One day, Baby started to cry. And he cried and cried. Nothing would stop him. At last the chief asked, "What do you want?" and Baby answered: "I want the Moon." The chief said: "No, you can't have the Moon!" So Baby cried and cried and cried. At last the chief could not stand any more. So he said: "All right, I will show you Moon."

The chief put everyone out of the house, closed up the Smoke-Hole, and brought out the Moon for Baby to see, just for a little while. Then the chief put the Moon away where (Baby Raven) could not see.

After a while, Baby started to cry again, and he cried and cried and cried. The chief was angered, and said, "What's the matter?" Baby said: "I want the Moon!" The chief answered: "No, you can't have the Moon." But Baby cried and cried and cried. So the chief had to give Baby the Moon, to stop him.

Baby played with the Moon, and then gave the Moon back. So the chief let him play with the Moon whenever he cried. But always the chief would put everyone out of the house, and closed up the Smoke-Hole.

One day, when he let Baby play with the Moon, he forgot to close up the Smoke-Hole and right away Baby changed back to Raven, took the Moon in his beak, and flew up through the Smoke-Hole.

He flew over the mainland, and saw men fishing for oolaken up the Skeena River. The Raven said to them, "I have the Moon. You give me oolaken, and I will show the Moon when it is dark, so that you may fish." But the men did not believe the Raven. He was too lazy to fish, and always tried to get fish without working.

So when it was dark, the Raven showed the Moon for a little while, and the men were surprised: it was so light, that they could fish.

Next day, they gave the Raven oolaken, and he showed the Moon for a while at night. Next night, more oolaken, and more Moon. And so on until he got so many oolaken that he did not want the Moon anymore. So he threw the Moon up into the sky. It has stayed there ever since.

How the Raven Stole the Moon, communicated by Archie W. Shields to Edward L. Keithahn, in 1946, (Mr. Shields had obtained this narrative from "a man who carved totems on the Queen Charlotte Islands.")

In the very early days when the world was new, it is said there was no light in the land, for the Moon was the private property of one man. The Raven heard of the Moon, so he searched for it. Finally he located it. He then planned to steal it, scouted round the moon-owner's house, and sized up the situation.

The owner of the Moon had a child who had just begun to crawl around. During the absence of the man, the Raven went into the house and killed the baby. Then he transformed himself into a baby and climbed into the crib in its place. It happened that the parents were very fond of the baby, and greatly pampered and petted it. The child [who was the Raven in disguise] began crying and wailing as babies do. The parents did everything to stop this crying, but with no success. In his crying he pronounced the word "Moon." The Moon was kept inside a box of stone. Inside this box were four other stone boxes. The Moon was taken out and given to the baby (the Raven) to play with. He stopped crying and rolled the Moon on the ground. Then he began to cry again. He wanted to have the Smoke-Hole in the roof opened. The grandfather opened it and he stopped crying. When nobody was looking in his direction, he picked up the Moon and flew out the open smoke outlet.

He flew with the Moon to Nass River, when he came upon some oolaken fishermen. He asked them for some oolaken, but they told him that as he was not able to give them light, he was not entitled to any oolaken. So he let out a piece of the moon from under his wing to show that he could give them light. The fishermen were delighted with this and gave him boatloads of fish which he devoured. Then he broke the Moon into pieces by his power. There were many small pieces which he threw into the sky, and so the stars were made. There were also two larger pieces from which the Moon and the sun were formed.

The Raven and the Sun in Siberia among the Koriaks, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:378).

Raven-Man swallows the sun because Big-Raven declines to give his daughter to him in marriage, whereupon the earth is plunged into darkness. Yine-a-neut, Big-Raven's daughter, tickles the Raven-Man who swallowed the sun: he opens his mouth, and sets the sun free (p. 252).

Pacific Coast: This corresponds to the episodes of the raven cycle of the Pacific coast, in which the Raven liberates the sun (Boas, *Indianische Sagen*. P. 360, No. 157).

The Raven Myth in Siberia, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116: 17, 18, 19, 355).

THE TRANSFORMER OF THE WORLD AND THE ANCESTOR OF THE KORYAK — Big-Raven (*Quikinnaku*, or *Kutkinnaku*) is the augmentative form of the mythical name of the raven. In some myths he is designated as Raven-Big-Quikil. The Kamchadal call him Kutq.

The Maritime Koryak of the western shore of Penshina Bay call Big-Raven also Big-Grandfather, as may be seen from the myths recorded at the villages of Itkana, Kuel, and Paren; while the Reindeer Koryak of the Taigonos Peninsula call him Creator, as is evidenced by the myths recorded on the Taigonos Peninsula. The identity of Creator with Big-Raven and with Big-Grandfather is also recognized by the Taigonos Koryak, in some

of whose tales the last two names are also found. On the other hand, we find in texts recorded in other localities, sometimes the name Big-Raven, then Creator or Big-Grandfather; and sometimes in the same tale we meet with two names.

It may be pointed out here that the Chukchee make a distinction between Raven (*kurkil*) and Creator. The former appears as a companion and assistant of Creator when creating the world.

All the tales about Big-Raven belong to the cycle of raven myths which are popular on the American as well as on the Asiatic shores of the North Pacific Ocean. But while the Kurkil of the Chukchee, and the Raven of the North American Indians, play a part only in their mythology, particularly in the myths relating to the Creation of the world, and have no connection with religious observances, Big-Raven plays an important part in the religious observances of the Koryak. Steller calls the Kamchadal Kutka "the greatest deity of the Kamchadal, who created the world and every living being." Like the heroes of the other raven myths, Big-Raven of the Koryak appears merely as the transformer of the world. Everything in the world had existed before he appeared. His creative activity consisted in revealing things heretofore concealed, and turning some things into others; and, since everything in nature is regarded by the Koryak as animated, he only changed the form of the animated substance. Some things he brought down ready-made to our earth from the Supreme Being in heaven. Big-Raven appears as the first man, the father and protector of the Koryak; but at the same time he is a powerful shaman and a supernatural being. His name figures in all incantations.

The raven, nevertheless, plays some part in their cosmogony. He swallowed the sun, and Big-Raven's daughter got it out from his mouth, whereupon she killed him. This suggests the tale of the liberation of the sun told by the Indians of the north Pacific Coast. In another tale the raven and the sea-gull appear as shamans, bringing Ememqut, the son of Big-Raven, back to life several times, after he had been killed by an invincible giant who keeps his heart hidden in a box.

Almost all of the recorded Koryak myths, with very few exceptions, deal with the life, travels, adventures, and tricks of Big-Raven, his children, and other relatives. In this respect the Koryak mythology is very similar to the transformer myths of the Tlingits relating to the raven *Yelch* or *Yetl*.

Big-Raven and his wife Mitti play all sorts of indecent tricks just for their amusement.

The circumstance that almost the entire Koryak-Kamchadal mythology is devoted exclusively to tales about Big-Raven brings it close to the American cycle of raven myths; but some characteristic features from other American cycles are also connected with Big-Raven. We find in the tales relating to Big-Raven and to members of his family a love for indecent and coarse tricks, which they perform for their own amusement, — a feature common to all the tales current on the whole Pacific coast.

To Big-Raven are ascribed not only greediness and gluttony, features characteristic of the heroes of the raven cycle, but also the erotic inclinations of the Mink, as well as the qualities of other heroes and transformers of the Pacific Coast, and of the heroes Manabozho of the Algonquin, and Hiawatha of the Iroquois. Thus Big-Raven figures not only as the organizer of the universe and the ancestor of the Koryak, but also as a culture-hero.

In the monotony and lack of color of the tales, uniformity of these episodes, and simplicity of the motives of actions, the Koryak myths remind one rather of the tales of the Athapascans. Thus we find a similarity of form between some of the Athapaskan legends recorded by E. Petitot and those of the Koryak.

The Raven among the Chukchees, according to Waldemar Bogoras (113:319, 320).

The Raven mentioned in different incantations is also supposed to be Valviya'k, "assistant" to the Creator or to the Zenith. One of the shamans distinguished between this Raven and the Raven who restored to the earth the sources of light. The latter was called by him a very mighty "Being," who had dealings with mankind only at the time of the creation, but, after that, transformed himself into thunder, and became invisible.

The Crow Steals the Sun (Loucheux Myth, Dènè); the author's version (111:254).

Grizzly's grandchild had seen the sun when it was put into the bag. He tried to induce his grandfather to let him play with it, but old Grizzly would not listen to him. The boy

cried so much about it, that at last the Black Bear asked his uncle to let the boy play with the sun for a little while. In the end the Grizzly took the sun down and gave it to his grandson, saying, "You must not take it outside of the lodge." So delighted was the boy when he got the sun, that he at once began throwing it up, catching it, and rolling it all around in the lodge. As he missed it once, it rolled outside through the door; and before he could catch it again, the Crow seized it and cast it back into its place in the sky.¹

The Raven Flood Totem (Tlingit), Alaska, as described in a circular of Hall's Trading Post of Ketchikan, with the introduction: "Here is the reading as told us by an old Indian chief."

At one time the Flood completely covered Alaska with water. The top figure on this pole is of the Raven with children in his arms. The circle around his head represents heaven. At the time of the Flood, the Raven rescued these children and flew up into the heavens. When the Flood subsided he descended but found that water still covered the earth. As there was no place to land, he called upon his friend the Frog for help; he was too tired to fly back into the heavens with his load. So the giant Frog rose to the surface of the water and let the Raven light on his back thus saving the children. The two bottom figures on this totem represent the Raven lighting on the back of the Frog. The face of the man in the centre of the pole is of the children's uncle, who was drowned while trying to save the children before the Raven came to the rescue.

How the Raven first obtained the Salmon, according to James Deans, (36:28, 29).

When Choo-e-ah, the raven god, was looking for salmon to put in the newly formed rivers, he was informed Tsing (beaver) had all the salmon, so in order to get a quantity he turned himself into a beautiful boy and went to the beaver's house. When old Tsing saw a nice-looking boy outside, he told him to come inside and live with him awhile. This the boy gladly did. Very soon he gained the old beaver's favor by making himself generally useful. Whenever Tsing went fishing he left the boy at home, and would neither tell him about his salmon nor where he got them. One day, after a meal of salmon, the boy asked him where he got such nice fish. Tsing told him that he had a lake and a river full of them. Hearing this, the boy asked him for a few, if he could spare them, in order, he said, to place them in the rivers and lakes on earth. "No," replied the beaver, "they are exclusively my property, and I cannot part with any of them."

Seeing the state of affairs, the boy said no more, but awaited his own time. After this the boy was more than ever attentive to the wants and wishes of the old chief, who after a while took him to help while fishing. Gradually, more and more, the beaver got less suspicious of the boy, and finally would stay at home and send him. For a long time the boy would return at evening, bringing a supply of better fish than even the beaver himself could bring. All the while the boy was collecting a goodly supply for future use. So one day, when all was ready, he took the fish he had selected and left for the new made rivers, in which he placed male and female salmon. These, in time, filled the lakes and rivers, and afterward afforded a supply of salmon for mankind. This is how Ne-Kilst-lass put the salmon in the rivers, lakes, and streams. Having secured a supply of salmon, his next step was to obtain a supply of oolaken, with which to fill certain rivers.

How the Raven lost and recovered his Bill, according to a Tlingit myth recorded by J. R. Swanton (119a:8).

Raven came to a place where many people were encamped fishing. They used nothing but fat for bait. He entered a house and asked what they used for bait. They said, "Fat." Then he said, "Let me see you put enough on your hooks for bait," and he noticed carefully how they baited and handled their hooks. The next time they went out, he walked off behind a point, and went under water to get this bait. Now they got bites and pulled up quickly,

¹ Compare the tales of the origin of daylight from the north Pacific Coast, in which Raven becomes the grandchild of the owner of daylight in order to be enabled to carry it away (see, for instance, R. H. Lowie, *The Assiniboine*, pp. 101-104).

but there was nothing on their hooks. This continued for a long time. The next time they went out they felt the thing again, but one man among them who knew just how fish bite, jerked at the right moment and felt that he had caught something. The line went around in the water very fast. They pulled away, however, until they got Raven under the canoe, and he kicked against it very hard. All at once his nose came off, and they pulled it up. When they landed, they took it to the chief's house and said, "We have caught a wonderful thing. It must be the nose of the Gonaqadet." So they took it, put eagle down on it, and hung it up on the wall.



Tlingit Sun and Raven totem pole, at Saxman

After that, Raven came ashore at the place where he had been in the habit of going down, got a lot of spruce gum and made a new nose out of it. Then he drew a root hat down over his face and went to the town. Beginning at the nearer end he went through the houses saying, "I wonder in what house are the people who caught Gonaqadet's nose." After he had gone halfway, he entered the chief's house and inquired, "Do you know where are the people who caught Gonaqadet's nose?" They answered, "There it is on the wall." Then he said, "Bring it here. Let me examine it." So they gave it to him. "This is great," he said, and he put up his hat to examine it. "Why," said he, "this house is dark. You ought to take off the smoke-hole cover. Let some one run up and take it off so that I can see." But, as soon as they removed it, he put the nose in its place, cried "Ga!" and flew away. They did not find out who he was.

A version of the same myth recorded in English at Wrangell, Alaska:

While he was under the ocean he saw some people fishing for halibut, and he tried to tease them by taking hold of their bait. They, however, caught him by the bill and pulled him up as far as the bottom of their canoe, where he braced himself so that they pulled his bill out. They did not know what this bill was and called it *gone't-luwu'* (bill-of-something-unknown). Then Raven went from house to house inquiring for his bill until he came to the house of the chief. Upon asking for it there, they handed it to him wrapped in eagle down. Then he put it back into its place, and flew off through the smoke-hole.

How the Raven lost his Bill, as recorded, in 1947, by Mrs. Jean Findlay, from "Captain" Andrew Brown, of Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands.

Long ago, when the Raven had power to change his body into human form and could float and swim under water, he went after a party of fishermen as they were out on the fishing banks. He wanted to get the bait off the hook at the bottom of the sea, and in the attempt was caught on the hook. Not wishing to be found in so disgraceful a fashion, taking or stealing bait, he hid himself under a canoe and attached himself so strongly that the upper part of his beak was pulled off. The fisherman arrived home. Meanwhile the Raven clothed himself as a very old man, taking the white moss or lichen from the trees and bushes. The people were much alarmed at the peculiar figure coming from the sea, and they asked him, "Old man, look! We have found a beak at the bottom of the sea. Tell us what it means." He told them to leave the place and camp somewhere else, in order to escape the punishment or plague coming to them.

When anything is sacred, it is clothed in feathers or bird down. And the people clothed the beak in feathers, and placed it on the roof of a house. They deserted the village. During their absence, the Raven took his beak back which was his reason for persuading the people to leave the village. He was once more the Raven, and continued creating.

How the Raven lost his Bill, as related, in 1947, by "Captain" Andrew Brown, an old Haida of a northern Eagle clan at Massett.

The Raven was our creator, according to the stories among our people.

The Raven went on a tour of the Queen Charlotte Islands. While he was on the tour, he saw some fishermen going out fishing for halibut. He followed them out and stole their bait off their hooks in the water. While he was stealing the bait, the hook of one of the fishermen caught his bill. The fisherman went to his camp at the edge of town.

When the fisherman came home, the people were amazed at the bill of a bird that was found on the hook of the fisherman's line. They were unable to learn of its origin. Finally someone suggested that they ask the old man (the Raven in disguise) that had moved in, at the edge of the town.

He was brought to see the bill, and had an inspiration on how to regain his bill. He told the people that it was a beak of a sacred bird called "Scra Good," and that no one should make any unkind remarks about it, but that it would be placed in a nest on the roof of the chief's house.

That night, while the people slept, he went up on the roof and stole his beak back. He is seen on the totem pole with his hands over his mouth to hide the absence of the beak.

The crow shown on the totem pole alludes to a story of the time when the Raven invited the crows to gather leaves on which to eat the fish. But the crows brought back only the bark of trees. The Raven was displeased with them, so he went out to get the leaves himself. While he was gone the crows ate up the fish. It goes to show that crows were always thieves.

How the Raven lost his Bill, as recorded by Miss Alice Philip at the Haida village of Skidegate, in 1947.

The Raven was hungry. Down at Copper Bay, men were fishing, using blue back for bait. The Raven was too lazy to fish for himself, and he craved blue back. So he caught a flounder, skinned it, and crawled inside the skin to swim down and steal the bait off hooks. They (the fishermen) could not understand what was stealing their bait, but decided to catch the thief. Next time they felt the line pulled, they gave a great heave, Raven in (flounder skin) fought hard, and at last got away, but he lost his beak. Men pulled up the line, and on the hook was a funny black thing. They did not know what it was. They had a consultation in the Long-House around the fire, but could not decide what it was. The Raven came in and sat down in a dark corner with his hand over the place where the beak should be. At last, the men gave up, and asked the Raven if he knew what this strange black thing was that stole the bait. He looked a long time (still a hand over his mouth), then said it was . . . (he made up a name). No one had ever heard of it before, but no one said so, as he would lose face by showing his ignorance. The Raven persuaded them to leave the black thing with him, and when no one was looking, he slipped it back on.

For a while, he did not steal bait, but temptation was too great. He started again. Again the trap was set, and this time they caught him in the flounder skin. They brought him home, and roasted him over the fire. This was a bad spot. Raven knew he had to think fast, as it was hot where he sat down. So he thought and thought. The only way to get free was to draw the people's attention somewhere else. If only guests would arrive! Just then a great many important people arrived, and everyone left the house to give a big welcome. Only a small boy was left in charge of the fire. Raven, very hot, had to get out fast. So he made a big noise, and the boy tried to see what made the noise. Right then the Raven came out of the flounder skin, and flew up through the smoke-hole. The boy was scared, because they would get after him for letting the flounder go. When everyone came back, they asked him where the flounder had gone, and the boy answered that the flounder had a big bowel movement, and nothing was left but the skin. There was the skin on the floor.

The Raven who lost his Bill, as communicated by Archie W. Shields to Edward L. Keithahn, in 1946.

(In his letter of transmission to Mr. Keithahn, dated April 22, 1946, from South Bellingham, Washington, he states: "I am now attaching the history of those poles, which was written by the man who made them over in the Queen Charlotte Islands.")

Nanki'tslas (the Raven) started off afoot. After he had travelled for a while, he came to the town of Ku'ndji. In front of it many canoes floated. The people within were fishing for flounders. They used for bait salmon roe that

had been put up in boxes. The Raven desired some, changed himself into a flounder, and went out. After he had been stealing the salmon roe for a while, the fisherman pulled in his beak, which had come off on the hook. The people who were sitting gambling in rows in the town looked at the beak, one after another. They handed it back and forth to look at it. The Raven [who had gone in] looked at it like the others and said: "It is made of salmon roe. Then he went to the woods, called Screech-Owl, pulled his beak off, put it upon himself, and placed some common thing on [Owl] in its stead.

The people went out to fish again, and the Raven went too. After he had jerked from the hooks many pieces of salmon roe, a hook entered one of his lips. They pulled him to the surface, and into shore. The one that caught him gave him to his child. They ran a stick through him [to roast him over the fire]. When his back became too warm, he thought: "I wish something would make them run toward the end of the town," and then they did so. Right in front of the child, who sat nearby watching him, the Raven put on his feather clothing and flew out through the smoke-hole. The child then called to his mother: "Mother, my food has flown away!"

The Raven with Drooping Bill, according to William Lewis Paul, of Juneau, Alaska.

When the bill of the Tlingit Raven is placed under his chin and his face is human-like, the story is that Raven and the Sculpin once travelled together. The Raven was invited by the Sculpin to visit Whaletown. At one point, the Raven sat on a ball of kelp close to the seashore, and began to split it with his bill. Then he walked down the ladder to the bottom of the ocean and changed to a man, his bill turning to a black beard. After having visited Whaletown, the Raven and the Sculpin returned to earth. From what he had seen, the Raven carved a totem pole, the first totem pole of all time.

This story was told by John Wallace, a carver of Klinkwan.

The Theme of the Raven caught on a Hook, in Siberia, among the Koriaks, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:318).

The Fox people built a new house, and began to cook a meal. Big-Raven saw it through the entrance-hole, and, taking a wooden hook, tried to lift the kettle through the hole. Fox-Girl saw the theft, and struck the hook with a stick. The kettle was overturned, and the broth scalded the heads of Fox's children. Then Fox-Man baited a hook with a piece of meat, and threw the hook upwards. Big-Raven immediately swallowed it, and Fox-Man dragged him down. Big-Raven struggled with all his might; and finally his mouth was torn open, the line snapped, and the hook remained in his jaw.

Coast of Northern British Columbia. — Trhlaimsem steals bait of the fishermen from their hooks. His jaw is caught and torn off (Boas, *Tsimshian Texts*. p. 51).

Coast of Southern British Columbia. — The Raven, O'mætl, is caught on a hook baited with meat. He holds on to the bottom of the boat until his nose is broken off (Boas *Indianisch Sagen*. p. 172).

Coast of Alaska. Yetl, the Raven, steals bait from the fish-hooks, and is caught. He holds on to the bottom of the sea until his nose is broken off, and hauled to the surface (*Ibid.* p. 314).

The Raven swallowed by the Whale as dictated, in 1947, by Albert Jones, at Canoe Pass on the Skidegate Channel of Queen Charlotte Islands.

The Raven was a great traveller. Once he was going about with a red-robin feather on his head, when the wife of Rhausrhana, the great halibut

Fisherman, greatly admired the feather. The Raven told her that he could get many such feathers for her if she really cared for them. As she wanted the feathers, the Raven started with the Fisherman, her husband, to hunt for robins, on an island. When they landed there from the Fisherman's canoe, the Raven rushed ahead of the Fisherman into the woods, filled his hands with decayed wood, and threw it among the trees, wishing it to change into red robins. It did, and the Raven showed the Fisherman where he could get the birds. The fisherman went deeper into the bush, while the Raven hastened back to the canoe and paddled away in it, leaving the Fisherman stranded.

He went to the house of the Fisherman and turned himself into a man just like the owner. The Fisherman's wife believed that her husband had come back, and so had no reason to keep him from fishing in his pond. She did not know the difference when she mistook him for her husband, and he tarried there longer than he should have. When the Fisherman finally managed to return home, he had his servant block the smoke-hole of his house, to keep the interloper from escaping. The Raven, as soon as he saw that he was caught, changed back into his own self, and started to fly about the house, but was unable to find a way out; every aperture was closed. The Fisherman struck him down with a club, pounded him to a pulp, and dragged his carcass around the house for a while. Then he pulled it outside and dumped it into the square hole (called *kwanhlkage*) close by where the people eased themselves. There he was seemingly dead and finished. Later, when the wife came and squatted here, the Raven spoke out and said, "*Tahlutuan gusudika sqit qadeldil*," which was a dirty insulting remark. Informed of it, Rhausrhana fished him out and pounded him on the block once more. Bent upon getting rid of his remains for sure, he threw him as far as he could into the salt sea. The Raven, apparently dead, drifted about for a time. A band of Haidas, coming back home in a dug-out canoe, saw something floating on the surface. One of them remarked, "I wonder why Nangkilashlinga happens to be like this!" Aware who it was, they mistook him for dead, and were going by. Being supernatural, he revived and raised his head, shouting, "Tsikeo! It is because of a woman I am adrift." They left him there, unwilling to meddle.

Then he wished that the Whale would come around and swallow him. And the Whale actually did. Once inside he tortured the monster until in a frenzy it stranded itself on the shore near a number of Haidas. Pleased with their catch, they began to cut it up and eat some of its fat. As they tore a hole into its side, they were startled: the Raven burst out of it, and flew away. What did he shout but another profanity: "Qaqaqae!"

From there he flew to the village of these Haidas. At its edge he changed himself into an old man, and walked to the shore where the men were still busy cutting up the whale. He could hear them, as they were still talking about the foul bird that had slipped between their hands and escaped. He said to them, "I have now changed into an old man, but I am always the same. You know me now, I am bent on destroying you unless you clear out of this place." Frightened, the whole tribe took to their heels, and abandoned their village with all its food and supplies to the great trickster . . .

(The informant added that the Haidaberg tribe in southern Alaska had told him the same story, which is familiar among the Skidegates.)

The Eagle and the Raven among the Haidas, according to J. R. Swanton (97:28).

Among Haida stories are many of visits to Eagle towns, and at Skidegate the Eagle occupies a somewhat important place in the Raven story as Raven's companion, although in Massett his place is taken by the Butterfly. He was called "grandfather" by those of the Eagle clan, just as the Raven was called "grandfather" by the Ravens, not because either was regarded as a direct ancestor, but because they had been prominent heroes of the mythical period and belonged respectively to the Eagle and Raven clans. Eagle received no prayers or sacrifices in recent times, and I did not hear of any being directed to him in the olden days.

THE RAVEN

TSIMSYAN

The Totem Pole of Small-Hat (Nass) or White-Bullhead (fish) of Neestsawl, head of the Ravens or Kanhadas, on Nass River. This pole stood first up the river, in the row of poles at Angyadæ. In 1929, it was purchased by the author for the Royal Scottish Museum, at Edinburgh, where it is now preserved.

Description. The figures from the top are:

1. Small-Hat (*hlkwaræt*). This is an old-fashioned ceremonial hat belonging as an apanage to some of the north Pacific Coast families of various clans. The disks on the hat (*lanemræt*) differed in number according to the owner. The number of disks, it is often said, represented the number of great potlatches or feasts given in a certain period, but this is nowhere corroborated.

2. The man wearing the hat was T'owedtsatukt, an ancestor who had come to the Nass from Wedstæ. This is a village to the south of the Skeena, now belonging to a northern Kwakiutl tribe, where this family originated. It had migrated north, which is very exceptional on the north Pacific Coast.

3. The Raven (*qaq*), the principal emblem of the phratry (the Kanhade) to which this clan belongs. Its special name here is Prince of Ravens (*hlkuwilksekem qaq*).

4. A human figure holding on with hands and knees to the fish, whose head is down. His name is now forgotten, but he is an ancestor whose adventures are told in the myth below.

5. White-Bullhead (*maskayait*), one of the main crests of this clan. Opinions differ as to what this figure really represents. One is that it is the Salmon, a spirit (*narhnoq*) owned as a name in this family (the myth provides the explanation). It is most likely that it represents the Bullhead fish, which is a typical crest of the Ravens, though in other places the Salmon is owned by the Eagles.

6. The Prince-of-Ravens, the figure at the bottom.

Myth (a summary) explaining the fish crest. The people were at Hnik near Redbluffs, Nass River, that year, when the spring salmon began to move upstream. A prince among the people went to the woods to make a spear with which to spear the salmon. He cut a pole, and when he had finished fashioning it, removing the bark and polishing the knots, the bark was still on it as if it had not been removed. He peeled it again, and put it away. The

bark was on it when he went back to use it. This again and again — four times in all. After the fourth, the bark did not reappear.

Early next morning, he went out with several of his clansmen to catch salmon, which were plentiful. Among the fish that he saw in the water was a large and beautiful one. The prince was called to spear it. He did, but the salmon dragged him into the river, for he could not let his spear go. He disappeared, and was given up as lost.

The following year, at the time of the salmon run, the men again went out fishing. They speared a large salmon, and recognized it as the one that had taken their prince away. This time they succeeded in landing it, and placed it on a mat at the rear of their house.

After four days they began to sing, the salmon moved, and changed into a young man, the prince who had disappeared the previous year. This man later became a famous sorcerer and used the Salmon as his *narhnoq* — spirit — in his cures.

Function. Tsawit, whom it commemorates, was a chief in the family of Neestsawl, who was the head of a clan of Ravens at Angyadæ. The pole was erected in his memory soon after Tsawit had been killed in a raid of the Tsimsyans against the Niskæs of the lower Nass, about 1860. Warfare prevailed between the Tsimsyans and the Niskæs for many years in the mid-nineteenth century as a result of trade complications and of older feuds. The Tsimsyans and Niskæs are branches of one nation on the North West Coast, the third branch being the Gitksan of the upper Skeena. Tsawit actually died on a sand bar, near Ahlkusarhs on the lower Nass. He was next in line to the head-chief Neestsawl, who was one of the leading chiefs of the river. As his family had the means, one of the finest poles was erected in his memory.

It is among the oldest in the country, and we know of none exceeding its age — 100 years.

Carvers, age. The pole actually was the work not only of Oyai but also of Gwanes, who assisted him. The carvers both belonged to the Fireweed (*Gisrast*) or Gispewudwade phratry. Oyai was the foremost carver of Nass River, at the apogee of the art (about 1840–1880). Several of the finest poles of the Nass were from his hand, as also was the pole standing next to it, the Kwarhsuh (II) pole now presented at the Musée de l'Homme, in Paris. The informant, Lazarus Moody, stated that it had been erected when he was still very young, about 1863–65.

(Most of this information was given by Lazarus Moody, chief of a Wolf clan at Gitrhadeen. His wife 'Ntsitskaos (grandmother of Scalp) was the owner of the pole.)

The Sleeping-Pole-of-the-Raven (Nass), (*hati'læhlqærh*: on sleeps the Raven) of the household of Ksemrhsan, member of a Raven clan of Gitlarhdamks. It stood fourth from the uppermost pole along the river front at Gitlarhdamks, upper Nass River.

Description. It stood in front of a house named House-of-hewn-boards (*wilp-t'ahlen*), and was a plain (*kan*) round pole with a carved Raven on its top.

Function. Erected in memory of a former Ksemrhsan. No longer exists.

Carver, age. Carved by Gilærhnamrant, member of an Eagle clan, of the Menæsk group, at Gitlarhdamks, about 90 or 100 years ago (before Menæsk was born).

(Informant, Dennis Woods, of Gitlarhdamks, upper Nass.)

Totem Poles and House Posts of Qawm (Skeena), chief of a clan in the Raven phratry, at the fortress (*ta'awdzep*) of the Gitsalas Canyon, on Skeena River.

The house of Qawm bore the name of Thunder-House (*kaleplibem-wælp*). When walking around the house on ceremonial occasions, the members of this household made a noise, and this noise was called the Voice of Thunder. The Thunder-House stood on the Fortress and was the highest there. It was excavated and terraced, that is, it had *da'q* steps inside, four in all. The old Qawm house of this type was abandoned when the informant was a young married man, and his tribe moved from the Gitsalas Canyon down to Port Essington (Spuksuh) at the mouth of Skeena River, about 1875. There were also two other houses of the same clan on the Fortress, those of Neeshaolks on the Fortress farther upstream, and of Lararh'nitz. These households belonged to the same clan as Gulrærh of the Gitsemkælem tribe down the river.

Description. 1. The crests on the pole of Qawm, which stood against the front of the house under the rafters (the height of the pole did not exceed that of the house), was a human being with full figure; its long bill in place of a nose was hooked down and back, like that of the Thunderbird. Actually the Thunderbird crest did not belong to Qawm maternally, but it was introduced here by the father of the builder of the house, Lararh'nitz. Its function here was to show the paternal crest.

2. The house post forming a front corner of the house outside was called All-Hat (*kwawkæt* or *trhakæt*). Actually this was the special crest of Lararh'nitz. It still stands with the end of a rafter resting upon it.

3. Another front corner post on the river side, outside towards the river, was called Kwawræi.

4-7. Four corner posts stood inside the house, alike two by two. Those inside represented Whole-Being (*trahkawlk*) holding a paddle in his hands.

8. A tall totem pole standing in front of the house, away from it, was called Kansuh (Shaking Pole) or On-it-sleeps-Raven or Sleeping-place-of-the-Raven (*halilæhlehlkaq*). It was a tall round pole at the top of which the carved Raven was shown nesting on the heads of several small human beings (probably four) surrounding the top of the shaft. At the time when the tribe abandoned the village, this pole was still in good shape, but later it fell down. It had been erected in 1884. It was restored along with the others by the Canadian Government and the Canadian National Railways about 1930.

Crests on the poles and the posts. The crests belonging to Qawm and his clansmen that may have been represented on these memorials were:

1. Raven (*qaq*);

2. Frog (*kanao*);
3. Starfish (*kamæts*);
4. Whole-Being (*trhakawlk*), which appeared on the house post (*hai'desk*) holding a paddle between his hands;
5. Hair-on-Tongue (*Kausem-doole*), a monster with hair on his tongue.

Age, function. The former chief in whose memory these poles and posts were erected (perhaps only No. 8 was a memorial) could not be remembered; neither could the names of the carvers. The dates of the building of the houses were forgotten. The houses were quite old when the informant lived in one of them; the beams were not sawn but hewn. They may have served two former generations. The carver of the house posts presumably was a Gitsemkælem craftsman on the paternal side of the owner, a member of the Guhlrærh household (an Eagle).

As to the tall and newer totem pole No. 8, it was carved by Qawm's father, Ha'ots, of the Gitsemkælem tribe and of the Gispewudwade phratry. To Ha'ots, considered a good carver, is also to be credited another pole at the Gitsalas Canyon: the Beaver pole (*stsawl*) belonging to Neesha'arh at Gitrhtsærh (across the Canyon). An Eagle sat at the top of this pole, and above the Beaver a box represented a coffin (which was never used).

(Informant Qawm or Simon Wallace, an old chief residing at Port Essington, in 1926. Interpreter, William Beynon.)

The-Raven-Sleeps-On (Skeena), (*halilælk*: on sleeps), belonging to chief Qawm, on the Fortress (*ta'awdzep*) in the Gitsalas canyon of the mid-Skeena River. It had fallen to the ground in the brush, and was restored and re-erected in 1928, under the joint auspices of the Dominion Government and the Canadian National Railways.

Description. It is a tall plain pole, with the only carved figures of human beings near the top, all around. Above them sits the Raven.

Other data. Qawm was the head chief of a Raven clan in the Gitrhtsærh tribe of the Tsimsyan Proper, at the Canyon of the Skeena. Erected in memory of a former Qawm, it was put up when the informant was still a little girl. The name of the carver was forgotten.

(Informant, Rosa Herring, an old woman of the family of Qawm, at Port Essington, 1926.)

The-Sleeping-Pole-of-the-Raven (Port Simpson), or Where-the-Raven-sleeps (*halilæhlkehl-qaq*: whereon-sleeps-the-Raven) of 'Nees-yaran-æt, head-chief of a Raven clan in the Gitsees tribe at Port Simpson. It stood close to the beach.

Description. 1. The Raven (*qaq*) sat at the top; a long section was plain between the bottom and top figures; 2. at the bottom the human figure was the Whole-Person or One-Person (*trhakawlktkemgyet*) standing. Whole-Person is the main crest of this clan; it is described in the clan tradition. His hands were turned upwards and outwards.

One of the house posts represented the Supernatural-Starfish (*narhnarem-kamæts*). Another crest, belonging to the members of a group of an inferior

branch was the Bullhead cod (*qayait*); it was used on house posts or painted on the front of houses.

Mythical origin of the Whole-Person. The Whole-being crest (called *Marhkyawl* among the Gitksan, and *Trhakawlk* among the Tsimsyans) is also ancient, since it belongs in common to the three branches of the clan in the Kitwanga, the Kitsalas, and the Gitsees tribes. Chief Hlengwah gave it first in his list as the most important. Its origin as a carved figure on a pole is accounted for in two narratives. The first, from Hlengwah himself, explains how it once surged out of the sea as part of the supernatural Snag. A section of this clan, at that time, was known under the name of *Mætsenaanurh*¹, and formed part of the now extinct Gitwilksebæ tribe, whose home was above Lakelse and below the canyon on the Skeena. The warriors of this clan went to war against the Nawade (Nawitsee) coast tribe, above Bella-bella. On their way, crossing a lake, they discovered the supernatural Snag-of-the-Water (*kanem-tsem'aus*). Their canoe surrounded it, and repeated attempts were made to pull it out of the water. When they finally succeeded, they beheld a complete human figure carved at the foot of the Snag. And they gave it the name of *Marhkyawl*, "Whole-Man."²

According to another account, from Nees-yaranæt (of the Gitsees tribe), it was first carved at Red-Bluffs (*kwarabal*), near Fishery Bay on the lower Nass, presumably for Hai'mas, in commemoration of his aged brother Nees-yaranæt, whom he had killed in order to assume the leadership of the tribe in his stead. A feud resulted which concluded with a peace ceremony. While the participants were gathered together, they were told, "Return to your houses, we are going to the forest to cut a tree and stand it in memory of the departed chief." To use the words of the narrative:

"It was then that they first carved the crest *Trhakawlk*, meaning All-one-Being, at the top of which sat the Raven. When everything was ready, they convoked all the Tsimsyans and erected the pole. But they turned it the wrong way, facing the hills rather than the river, as was the custom. And the workers seemed unable to turn it, as it stood firmly in the ground. The Gitsees women ran to the pole, intent upon showing their strength, and turned its face to the river. To commemorate this feat of strength, they composed a song, which became traditional: 'Were it not for the Women-of-the-Robins (*ksem-geelakyaw*), chief Weerhæ could not have turned the pole on which sleeps the Raven'. This pole was later destroyed by the Haidas, who then removed the abalone pearls that adorned it."

From the circumstances of the narrative, we presume this event to have taken place some time before 1850; but after the white people had first come to the west coast.

Carver, age. A large totem pole, it was carved by 'Neesgahlohl, of a Wolf clan in the Gitlæn tribe, assisted by 'Neeskyæ, of a Wolf clan in the Gitsees tribe, nearly a hundred years ago, before the informant's time. It was one of the oldest poles. The Gitsees tribe destroyed it, in spite of the head-chief's resistance, in order to go to Mr. Duncan's Christian school at the Mission.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

¹ Hlengwah said that this was then the equivalent of the Gitksan phratric name of Larhsail.

² *Trhakawlk* is represented on a house pole at Kitsalas with a paddle between his hands, in the former house of Larahnitz, at Gitrhtsæth, on the railroad side of the river.

The Bullhead Pole (*ptsænem kayait*) of Neesyaragunæt, chief of a Raven clan of the Git'andaw tribe of Port Simpson.

Description. It represented the whole Bullhead (a fish) head down and tail upwards on the pole, the remainder of which, about 40 feet, was plain.

Age. Erected some time before the informant's birth, it was cut down when Rev. Mr. Crosby built a school at Port Simpson, 60 or more years ago. It was then given to the missionary who, the people heard later, disposed of it to a New York buyer.

(Informant, Herbert Wallace; interpreter, William Beynon, in 1926.)

Totem Pole To-Support (Gitrhahla), (*kaniyæmesk*), belonging to Harhtsarhawntk, Kanhadechief of the same group as La'oi in the Gitrhahla tribe of the coast Tsimsyans. It is said to be still standing outside the mission house, but the author does not remember having seen it as described below. (Photo 87657.)

Description. 1. At the top of the pole is (or used to be — it is now incomplete through decay) the Nest-of-Raven (*nluehlkem-qærh*), or Whole-Raven (*pt'aqærh*), and under it,

2. Being-of-the-Sea or Bullhead (*kayait*), represented by a huge person, with small human beings under each arm.

Mythical origin. A former owner of the Nest-of-Raven was completing his fast before going out to hunt. As he was sitting out by himself, he had a vision. He saw a huge figure emerge from the sea, and going up to it at once, wiped the largest face with shredded bark, and adopted it for a crest. With it he received supernatural powers. Later he made a figure, and two smaller ones supporting the larger one. Hence the name To-Support (*kamyæmsk*).

Carver, age. It was carved, about twenty-five feet high (according to Beynon), by 'Neeshoist (a Gispewudwade of the same tribe), assisted by Hawnem'nærhl (Wolf), both belonging to the paternal side of the owner's family. As it was about 65 feet tall (according to the informant), the whole tribe was required to raise it from the ground and erect it. This was about 60 years ago — that is, about 1890.

This family belonged to the same Kanhade group as La'oi in the same tribe. They were both of the same stock as Trhatsius and others, at Gidestsu to the south.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, old chief of Gitrhahla; William Beynon, interpreter, 1939.)

Standing-Raven (Gitrhahla), (*tkyædem-qærh*) of La'oi, chief of a local or southern clan of the Kanhades, in the Gitrhahla tribe of the coast Tsimsyans. Its name is Where-[the-Raven]-pretends-they-are-injured (*siswilwælegyet*). It still stands in front of La'oi's house, which is called Bullhead (*qayai*).

Description, age. The crests on the pole are the Raven, shown head down with wings folded, and the Bullhead (cod), also head down, with several small human faces on the spurs behind its head and on both sides of

the tail. Three poles of this description — about fifteen or twenty feet high still stand at Gitrhahla (they were photographed by the author in 1939 e.g. Nos. 87655, 87656, 87657). Two of these are a good deal older than the other; it shows signs of decay. The newer one had been partly painted.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, old chief of the Gitrhahla tribe of the coast Tsimsyans; William Beynon, interpreter, 1939.)

The Raven-Frog (Gitrhahla) of Tsawkawm-gishæits, a Kanhade chief of Gitrhahla, a coast Tsimcyan tribe. This chief and his family belonged to a group different from that of La'oi, insofar as they were of purely local stock, the other being affiliated with the Gidestsu Kanhades to the south. They claim relationship with the chief of the same name in the Gitandaw tribe of the Tsimsyans.

Description. The figures on the pole, from the top down, were:

1. Frog (*kanao*);
2. Raven-of-the-Sea (*qagem-tsem'aks*).

Carver, age. About sixty feet tall, it was carved in 1893 by Lawelwæl, of the Eagle clan at Gitrhahla, who was a paternal relative of the owner, and who died about 1914. The pole was cut up, the figures preserved, and the sections were used as the foundation posts of the schoolhouse.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, old chief of the Gitrhahla; William Beynon, interpreter, 1939.)

The Standing-Raven (Gitrhahla), (*tkyædem-qærh*), totem pole of La'oi, chief of a local or southern clan of Kanhades, in the Gitrhahla tribe of the coast Tsimsyans. This Raven group was related to that of Hagwelqærh and Trhadziask in the Gisestsu tribe to the south (northern Kwakiutl). As they tended to be endogamic — that is, to intermarry and practice ceremonial exchanges among themselves — they were more or less outlawed here, particularly because of the influence of the Haidas.

Description. The Standing-Raven crest of this clan was formerly represented on a pole. The mythical Raven was shown with a human face, but with the head and bill of the Raven. According to the myth explaining its origin, it had once emerged from the sea.

Carver, age. It was one of the oldest poles, having been carved (according to the informant, before his birth) about a hundred years ago, by Gilas-kameren of Githrahla. It fell of itself, about 60 years ago.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, old Gispewudwade chief of Gitrhahla; William Beynon, interpreter, 1939.)

The Whole Raven (Gitrhahla), (*ptaqærh*), totem pole of Qamsem-nawrh, a Kanhade chief of the Gitrhahla tribe of the coast Tsimsyans. This chief and his family belonged to the same southern group of Kanhades as La'oi, of the Gitrahlas.

Description, age. 1. The Whole-Raven sat at the top of the pole;

2. The Spirit-Starfish (*narhnarem-kamæts*) was in the centre with a human face on it;

3. Large-Human-Raven (*wee-gyædemqærh*), at the bottom.

It has disappeared long ago; the informant only heard of it from his elders.

(Informant, Oswald Tolmie, old chief of Gitrhahla; interpreter, William Beynon, 1939.)

THE RAVEN

HAIDA

Chief Skowl's House and Totem at Old Kasaan, a Kaigani-Haida village of Prince of Wales Island, southern Alaska, according to H. P. Corser (28:11).

The chief house of the old Kasaan is Chief Skowl's. It is one that has two totem poles just alike standing in the accompanying illustration on each side of the steps in front of the house. They are surmounted with the figures of the Raven. He has the moon in his mouth to commemorate the time he stole the moon from the Creator to give it unto man. Below is the wife of the Raven. After he stole the sun and moon, he went out to and fro on the earth, teaching men to obey certain customs. He was a great joker, so much so that each Tlingit word that means deceit has its root in their word for the raven. The raven, like men of that character, was many times married, and there is a legend that goes along with each adventure.

The lowest figure of all is the whale. This is the Raven's "Jonah" story. One time the Raven jumped into the mouth of the whale. He there made it so unpleasant for the whale that the whale was glad to go ashore and die. The Raven, however, still imprisoned in the belly of the whale, began to sing and this attracted the attention of some Indian braves who were passing by. Their curiosity was aroused and they began to dig into the sides of the whale. Out stepped the Raven, and then, as a thank offering for his rescue, he cut up the whale and divided it among the people, thus making a great feed. The larger of the two poles was erected in 1872.

The totem at the right of the two just described is very similar to the one just mentioned and was erected in honor of Chief Skowl's nephew.

At the extreme right of the village is a totem erected by Chief Skowl for his daughter. She married a white man and so this pole is surmounted by the American eagle.

Back of and a little to the left of Chief Skowl's house is a totem surmounted by the frog mother and her two children, and below is her husband, the sun.

To the left of Skowl's house is the house of darkness. Next is Chief Sunny Heart's House. It was he who gave the memorial totem to Governor Brady to be placed in the park at Sitka.

The totems at the extreme left are grave totems. Those who erected these totems were usually first initiated into the "Dog Eaters" fraternity. They first fasted four days. Then they blackened their faces from the mouth and ears down and displaying the bones of a dog would go around from house to house. When they entered a house they would sit awhile and then would rise and go to the next, preserving perfect silence all the time. Those who were initiated were much respected. They had a very high social standing.

The Raven and Butterfly of Yæhlætætsi, chief of the Eagle-House-People (Haida) on Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, described by J. R. Swanton (97:125. Pl. III. Fig. 4).

The pole illustrated in Plate III, Fig. 4, belonged to Yæhlætætsi, a chief of the Eagle-House-People, who lived in Alaska. It contains episodes from the Raven story. At the bottom is a figure of the beaver who owned the first house, salmon-lake, and salmon-trap, and who adopted Raven. The small human figure on the head of which this beaver has its front-legs is Raven himself. Above is another figure of Raven playing with the crescent moon which surrounds the head of Butterfly, Raven's companion. This refers to the theft of the moon by Raven. Butterfly is introduced only because he used to go about with Raven. The figure above this, with a frog in its mouth, is said to represent the grandfather of Raven at this

time, the frog simply filling up space. Still higher Raven is seen in the act of stealing the beaver's salmon-lake. The lake is the cross-hatched surface curled around two salmon. The frog on Raven's hat is said to be merely for ornament; and the segmented part rising above it is, as usual, a chief's dance-hat. On top of this dance-hat, finally, Raven appears again in the form of a bird holding the moon in his bill, as he flew with it through the smoke-hole.

The Moon Crest of Captain Gold at Skidegate, according to James Deans (36:43, 44).

In the model village at the Chicago World's Fair (1893), house No. 2, or the first painted house was a miniature representation of the house in the village of Skidegate in which Captain Gold, chief of the moon crest, lived as late as 1894. On the front of this house, which is really the southern end of it, are painted the following: First, on top is a painting in a bluish color of a moon with a large hook nose. Under the moon, if I remember right, is a raven, also a man or two shown as if they were falling. The moon and all the figures represented on this house are parts of the following story:

The Moon story. The several parts of this story are rather disconnected, owing to its being adopted by the Hidery, from whom I had it. I shall endeavor to give it in a readable form, keeping as near as possible to the original.

In by-gone ages a large town stood, either on the site of the present Port Simshean, (Simpson) an Indian town in northern British Columbia, or somewhere near it. This town once had a large population which, at the time of the opening of my story, was visited by a sickness so deadly that out of this large population only one solitary being, a woman, was left. The woman was sad and lonely, sad for the loss of her relatives and lonely because, in this plague-stricken town, she had no companions left. In order to see if there might not be a few still left she went from house to house with still the same results — everywhere she went they were dead. With failing hopes she pursued her ghastly search until wearied nature demanded rest. She lay down and quickly dropped asleep.

How long she slept she did not know. When she awoke it was bright day. As soon as she opened her eyes, she began to think seriously what would become of her, or what would she do . . . While engaged in this train of thought, a stranger, a man, suddenly appeared before her. At first she was surprised and somewhat afraid. At length she mustered courage enough to speak, saying: "I thought no one was here. Where did you come from?" "Above," replied the man. "I came from the moon; I have been sent here to bear you company." For a long while these two were the only people in town. As no one cared to come near, or to make their abode in town, they agreed to get married, then go to the man's home in the moon, the woman gave birth to a son, whose father was the man to whom she was married. Before going further I must say, by way of explanation, that the big nose and the blue on the moon, seem to denote rank in connection with the moon totem. After the birth of the chief, the big nose said to its mother, "Let me have the boy awhile." As soon as the big nose got a hold of it, he took it by the head with one hand and by its feet with the other. Doing so, he pulled on it until he lengthened him out to be a big boy.

Here we will leave him and take up another part of the story. Afterward nine men came along — they were strangers looking for a home. As soon as the moon's big nose knew they were strangers looking for a home, he made a little house for them, in which he shut them all and would not allow them to go outside. This sort of treatment caused them to wonder about the outcome of all this. If they asked the big nose to let them out, it replied; "Wait a little," or "Not yet". After they had been shut up a good long while, with no prospect of being liberated, the boy came to them and said: "You do not belong here; this is not your country. You are nothing but slaves and will be so while you remain here." When the men heard this they were very sorry, because, in their own country, they were all free men of good standing. They told the boy: "There are ten in our family, nine sons and one daughter; for each one of us our father built a house. We left our own country because we had to fight. We do not wish to fight again; but will do it sooner than lose our liberties, which we dearly prize."

Hearing these sentiments, the blue of the moon said if one of the nine would get a spear, and pierce one or other through the body, he would give to the other eight their liberty. This they did not seem to have done, because afterward the whole nine of them fell to gambling. The losing ones seem to have accused the others of foul play. Over this they quarrelled and fought amongst themselves until they were all killed. Their sister, who had just arrived, was shocked to see all of her brothers lying dead, whom she had come so far

to visit. The sister, having in her pocket a very potent sort of medicine, put some in her mouth, chewed it awhile, then spat it on each in turn, who jumped up alive and as good as ever they were. After awhile they all fought again; as often as any of them got killed the services of the sister and her medicine soon put all to rights. It appears that the rest of the people began to be afraid of the brothers, their sister, and her life restorer. They seem to have done in all things just as they pleased. In order to get them out of the way, it would appear that the blue on the moon sent to a far country for help against the nine, because, the story goes on to say, a lot of men came from a far-off country in order to fight the original nine. This time they seem first to have secured the sister and put her where she could be of no use to her brothers. The newcomers then went and challenged the brothers, who accepted the offer. The newcomers had the best of the fray, for all the brothers were killed. The sister, being in bondage, could not help them. So this ended the nine brothers, all being killed and their sister a slave, where she could not come to resuscitate them.

The Raven Pole at Skedans, Haida, now standing, gaudily painted, in the municipal park at Prince Rupert. Information received from Alfred Adams and William Beynon, in 1939.

This pole, standing about 40 feet high, belonged to Neeswærhs, a Haida chief whose name is Tsimcyan, and whose Tsimcyan homonym, at Gitrhahla, belongs to the Gispewudwade or Killer-Whale phratry. It was carved, about 70 years ago, by Henry Moody. Of its four large figures or crests, only the second from the top can be identified, that is, the Killer-Whale.

The Gitrhun Pole at Tanu, described by J. R. Swanton (97:124. Pl. III, Fig. 2).

The original of this, represented in Plate III, Figure 2, stood at Kloo, and belonged to Gitkon (a Tsimshian word), chief of Those-born-at-Skedans. The motive is taken from the Raven story, and represents Qingi supporting the people of his town along the sides of his segmented dance-hat to preserve them from the flood brought on by Raven.

THE RAVEN

Tlingit

The Raven Totem Pole from Tongas, Alaska, at Seattle, as explained by J. R. Swanton (98:108-110). Two plates unnumbered, one of "Totem pole at Fort Rupert" (Kwakiutl), Vancouver Island; the second "Totem pole at Seattle."

Every visitor to Seattle, Washington, has been attracted and more or less interested by the great totem pole that adorns its main square, but until recently no authentic explanation of the carvings upon it had been obtained.

During the last year, however, Professor Edmond S. Meany of the University of Washington interested himself in the matter, and after much correspondence obtained an account of it from a Tlingit Indian of Ketchikan, David E. Kininnook, which was published in the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" of September 4 last, (1904).

Recently Professor Boas has received from Mr. George Hunt much longer versions of the myths here illustrated and has transmitted them to me, suggesting that I extract the essential portions and send them to *The Journal of American Folk-Lore* for publication, along with a reproduction of the pole. The accounts were obtained by Mr. George Hunt from its former owner, Mrs. Robert Hunt, and therefore ought to be reliable. It seems that the pole belonged to the *Ganarhadi* (People of Ganarh), one of the principal Tlingit families belonging to the Raven clan.

At the top of this pole is Raven himself in the act of carrying off the moon in his mouth. The story told about this is the familiar northwest coast tale of the being at the head of Nass, who kept daylight and the moon in boxes in his house, and of how Raven stole these by assuming the form of a hemlock needle, letting himself be swallowed by that chief's daughter and being born again through her. But after recounting in the usual manner how the disguised Raven obtained the daylight and moon by crying for them, this version concludes

in the Nass fashion, i.e., Raven lets out the light to obtain oolaken from the ghosts who are fishing from canoes made of grave-boxes. In the Wrangel version these fishermen appear as the original animals who were then in human shape but fled to the woods and into the sea, and became the kinds of animals whose skins they happened to be wearing at the time. Mr. Hunt's version also makes the home of the keeper of daylight a cave, and presents Raven's quest as the result of a council to which he had called all of his people.

The next two figures are said to be a woman and a frog illustrating the familiar story of the woman who teased a frog and was carried off to the frog town, where she married. To recover her, the lake in which the frog town stood was drained. According to Mr. Hunt, the woman whose story is related here was one of the *Ganarhadi* called *Gatarh*, but it is generally told of the *Kitsadi*. Aside from this it differs from other tales of the sort only in making the heroine send her two little sons back to her father's house after a bone to pierce holes in skins, and in making her father's people break a dam in order to drain the lake and kill all of the frogs except her children, after they had done so.

Below the frog carving comes another episode from the story of Raven. First is a carving of Mink, then Raven, next a common whale, and at the bottom "the chief of all birds." It is the familiar tale relating how Raven was swallowed by a whale and lived on its insides until he killed it and drifted ashore, but the version is very elaborate and differs in many particulars from any heretofore published. In the first place Raven is represented as taking Mink along with him as his companion. This is an incident of the tradition of the Kimkink.¹ Secondly, the whale is asked to take them across a bay or strait as a favor, and himself directs Raven to cut out and eat portions of his fat if he will be careful not to touch his heart. After the people outside had cut a hole in order to liberate them it is said that Mink jumped out all oily and rolled in rotten wood, giving his fur the appearance it has to-day, and that Raven did likewise.

The conclusion is quite new to me. According to this the whale drifted ashore at Naikun or Rose Spit on the northeastern end of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and afterwards Raven and Mink started to walk around them. "One day he [Raven] found a great house, and then he thought to himself, 'I will go and see whose house it is?'" And when he went into it there he saw a great man with bird beak on him, and as soon as *Yall* [the Raven] saw him he knew who it was. *Yall* called him by his name. His name is Nasak Yale or Chief of the Birds. Now he [Raven] was the chief of the Raven tribe." Because this person was chief of all the birds, *Yall* had a long talk with him and told him everything that he had done. The chief of all the birds was not pleased with those things, however, so he turned Raven into the bird we see to-day, and Mink into a corresponding animal.

There is substantial agreement between these explanations and those given by Mr. Kininnook. In the second episode, however, the latter makes it a man who married a frog woman, and he weaves the whole story into the myth of Raven by making Raven tell this man to do so. He also seems to identify Mink with Low-Tide-Woman, whom he makes Raven marry in order to obtain things found at low tide. In the version of the Raven story which I collected at Wrangel, Mink also appears in the tale of Low-Tide-Woman but is not identified with her. Again, Mr. Kininnook calls this whale a killer instead of a common whale, and makes Raven marry it in order to get more food, and the lowest figure he identifies with the keeper of the daylight, whom he calls the father, instead of the grandfather of Raven.

This last being is worthy of special attention. The native name that Mr. Hunt gives him, Nasak Yale, and which I write *Nascakiyell*, means Raven-at-the-Head-of-Nass and was given by my Wrangel informant as the name of the keeper of the daylight, moon, etc. He was furthermore asserted to be the supreme deity of the Tlingits and the special object of their prayers. I had supposed this view of him to have arisen under missionary stimulus, but what Mr. Hunt says would suggest that there was some aboriginal foundation for it. Perhaps he was the Tlingit equivalent for the Tsimshian and Haida heaven gods, *Larha* and *Sinsskanagwai*.²

John R. Swanton.

¹ Boas, *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Kuste Amerikas*.

² Respecting the pole figured on the frontispiece Mr. Hunt writes: "This is the totem pole at Fort Rupert, imitation of that taken from Alaska and now in Seattle, put up by its true owner, Mrs. Robert Hunt, who put it over her dead mother as a tombstone." He adds that its true history will be found in the paper written by him, and signs himself "Geo. Hunt, History Collector".

The Raven and Sun Totem Pole, in the account of Wm. Dickinson, "a native and a member of the family that owned the totem" (28:72).

The tradition goes that the Raven, who has always been recognized by the Indians as Chief of the Gods and who was called Yalth, wanted to improve the condition of the earth, but was opposed to Nass-shig-ee-yalth, the King of Light, who had control of the sun, moon, and stars. Yalth had a friend in (*Kity-coum-yee*) Frog, who was an enemy of the King of Light, and the Frog King, Kity-coum-yee, told Yalth that Nass-shig-ee-yalth had a daughter of whom he was very fond and careful. As she was a virgin, she was only allowed to drink from one spring, and must always be in company of a woman attendant. So Yalth asked his servant Nuckshu-yan, the Mink, to aid him to change his form into that of a spirit; this the Mink did, and then, as a spirit, Yalth took his abode in the sacred spring. As usual the daughter of the King of Light came, drank of the waters, and became conceived of a child, Yalth, who was greatly welcomed into the home of Nass-shig-ee-yalth, his grandfather.

As Yalth grew to boyhood he always bore in mind his mission to improve the world. He thought that by making as much disturbance as possible he would be able to accomplish his object. So he played sick and cried very much. Nass-shig-ee-yalth, who was much attached to him gave him everything he asked for. Came a day when Yalth cried for Light, and he would not be pacified without it. So his grandfather ordered one of his servants to open a large chest in his house and take out a small box containing Light and gave it to Yalth to play with. This Yalth did by getting under the smoke hole in the room which served as a chimney. Then he opened and shut the box, first making it light and dark, until all Light had escaped from the box. Thus did Yalth make daylight and darkness.

When Yalth found all the light from the box had gone up into the sky he began to cry so much that he made himself appear very ill. Nass-shig-ee-yalth told his servant to bring him the box containing the stars, as he did not want to see his grandson die.

Then Nass-shig-ee-yalth gave the box of stars to Yalth to play with, but warned him not to throw them up. So Yalth rolled the stars around the floor until he had a chance to throw them through the hole in the roof. When his grandfather scolded him for letting the stars out, Yalth said they had jumped out of his hands. He at once began to cry again, as he realized that the stars would not give enough light. He planned to get out the sun. This he did the next day, after much trouble in the same manner.

■ The next night on looking at the sky he saw only the stars, and they did not shed much light, so he began to cry for the moon [or the sun], the last light left in the chest. After the child had shed many tears, Nass-shig-ee-yalth gave him the moon, but sat under the smoke hole, so it could not get out that way.

Yalth rolled the moon around the room for some time. Coming to the door, he quickly opened it and threw the moon outside. At once he changed himself back into the Raven, took the moon in his mouth and flew up into the heavens and installed it as chief of the night, the stars as its servants. The sun, later, he made chief of day.

After having regulated the sun, moon, and stars, he flew to distant lands, where the people needed his help. After flying many days, he found himself over a great ocean, very tired and hungry, looking for a place to land and rest. He saw *Yagh-ee*, the whale, who was feeding on fish which Yalth could not catch. When the whale raised its head out of the water to take a plunge, Yalth slipped inside, rested and ate fish for three daylights and darknesses. The whale carried him many miles, and, on arriving at the land where the Raven wished to go, threw him up on a nice sandy beach.

Figure (7) shows Yalth, Chief of Gods, after being released from the belly of the whale, landing on the new world.

It was from Old Port Tongas that the pole was taken.

The Raven Totem Pole at Wrangell, according to H. P. Corser (28: 24, 25).

This totem pole is surmounted by the Raven Creator. On the older poles he is represented as a man. The hat is supposed to be a copy of one that the young Raven saw in the Creator's house.

The box is a chief's box, supposed to have spiritual power, and was used in potlatch feasts.

Below is the young Raven, the Creator of man. He is represented as a raven with a man between the wings. This is to show that he could become a raven or a man at will. (M.B. This is the Raven and his son.)

Below is the daughter [sister] of the Creator, and the mother of the young Raven.

The lowest figure of all is Hi-ya-shon-a-gu, the Indian Atlas, who holds up the earth. She was the first mother of the Raven before his reincarnation.

The Raven heard of a spring of fresh water on Dall Island, an island west of Prince of Wales, out in the Pacific Ocean. Up to this time there had been no fresh water, aside from what was on Dall Island. This spring was guarded by an old Man, Ganook, who would not allow even the Raven to have any of it. Ganook is usually represented on totems as a head of what might be a cross between a raven and a goat.

While Ganook was sleeping the Raven played a trick on him, so that he had to go down to salt water for a plunge. While Ganook was away the Raven rushed to the spring and drank all the fresh water that he could and returned to the house. Just then Ganook appeared at the door. The Raven took flight and flew up through the opening in the middle of the room over the fire. Ganook, through the help of the spirits of such openings held him there in the smoke until he was covered with soot. After the Raven escaped he tried to wipe off the soot, but was unable to do so, and so ever afterward he was black.

The Raven then began to fly over the land. Wherever he dropped plenty of water it became a river, and when he dropped a little, each drop became a salmon creek.

The Raven began to try to make man. He tried the stones. These made men who were slow. He threw them down in great disgust. Then he tried making men out of the leaves of the trees. These men suited him and he let them live. The Haida legend differs from the Tlingit in that the Raven found man in a clamshell.



A Kaigani-Haida house post

But leaves fade in autumn, drop away and die, and, therefore, men had to die . . .

The Raven, after he had created [the people] went about to teach them how to live. He taught them how to make war, different arts, and the season for the potlatch. The Raven in his conduct toward the animals appears in the light of a trickster. This is so much so that all words meaning tricks, cunning and the like have the Raven as their root word.

At the time of the flood the Raven, with his mother in his arms, flew up to the sky and stuck his bill in the sky and remained there until the flood subsided. This is given as the reason why the Raven's beak is bent. There is another legend, however, which explains the same phenomenon by saying that the Raven once disguised himself as a fish and that a fisherman caught him and pulled off his nose. Afterwards, by a trick, he found out where the nose was and by another trick secured it and put it back on again, but did not get it on straight.

After the flood the Raven disappears from history.

The Raven and Bullhead house post in the Whale House at Klukwan (Tlingit), according to information given and a photograph taken by Mrs. Paul and her son, William L. Paul, Juneau, Alaska (in 1947).

Emmons has given information on the Whale House. This post, one of a pair (the other illustrates the tale of Konakadet); formerly stood 7 or 8 feet high in the Whale House at Klukwan; it is now preserved in a new building, and belongs to Victor Hotch.

It illustrates the story of the Raven who, in his cosmic peregrinations, once encountered the Bullhead (fish), and called him. The Bullhead, knowing how deceitful the Raven was, remained distrustful; he would not listen. So the Raven (at this moment in human form) took the Bullhead by the horns or spikes and cursed him. He would be nothing but skin and bone the rest of his life. That is what happened to the Bullhead. He is shown as he looks now, at the bottom of the pole: the large



The Sun and Raven pole

mouth of a disgruntled being, two short horns in the place of nostrils, large slanting eyes and a long spiky backbone. As if to make the identity



Raven and Bullhead house post, at Klukwan



The human face of the Raven, at Klukwan

of the Raven more obvious, the bird is shown, wingspread and head down, in front of his own human counterpart. This post is beautifully painted; red and blue predominate in the over-all painting of the carving. It is one of the best on the north Pacific Coast. The carver, who came from Wrangell to the South, also produced, about 70 years ago, the splendid wall decorations in the Whale and Raven houses at Klukwan.

The Four Raven House Posts in the Raven House at Klukwan (Tlingit), Alaska, recorded and photographed by William L. Paul and his mother, of Juneau.

These painted and carved posts, four of them identical, belong to the Ganarhtedi group. About 15 feet high, they belong to Mrs. Mary Williams. They show the Raven in human form, crouching, and apparently in a moment of distress, ribs exposed, in the course of one of his many adventures. Behind him the flat panel represents a large copper shield. This carving seems to be from the same hand as the other house posts in Klukwan, that is, of a Wrangell craftsman, about 1875.

THE RAVEN SALISH

The Raven among the Lkungen. Painted house front of the Salish, in southern British Columbia, according to Dr. Franz Boas (20: 456).

I was told that the chief of Skhtsas, north of the upper end of Harrison Lake, owned a house with a painted front. A carved pole with the figure of Raven on top, stood in front of the house.

Raven and the Bullhead, at Klukwan



THE DOUBLE-HEADED MONSTER

Tlingit



Sisiutl in the graveyard, Fort Rupert

The Chief's Daughter and the Woodworm (*Tluqurh*), among the Tlingit, as recorded in English at Wrangell, Alaska, by J. R. Swanton (119a: 151, 152).

A chief's daughter at the place named Qaqarhduu obtained a wood worm (*tluqurh*) as a pet and fed it on different kinds of oil. It grew very fast until it reached the length of a fathom. Then she composed a cradle song for it: "It has a face already. Sit right here! Sit right here!" She sang again, "It has a mouth already. Sit right here! Sit right here!" They would hear her singing these words day after day, and she would come out from her room only to eat. Then her mother said to her, "Stay out here once in a while. Do not sit back there always." They wondered what was wrong with her that she always stayed inside, and at last her mother thought that she would spy upon her daughter. She looked inside, therefore, and saw something very large between the boxes. She thought it an awful monster, but left it alone, because her daughter was fond of it.

Meanwhile the people of the town had been missing oil from their boxes for some time, for this worm was stealing it. The mother kept saying to her daughter, "Why don't you have something else for a pet? That is a horrible thing to have for a pet." But her daughter only cried.

Now, the people got ready to kill this thing, and they tried in every way to induce the girl to come away from her house. Her mother told her that her uncle's wife wanted her help, but, although she was very fond of her, that was not sufficient to get her out. Next morning she said to the big worm, "Son, I have had a very bad dream." After they had begged her to come out day after day she finally came. "Mother," she said, "get me my new marten robe." Then she tied a rope around her waist as a belt and came out singing a song she had been composing ever since they first began to beg her: "I have come out at last. You have begged me to come out. I have come out at last, you have begged me so hard, but it is just like begging me to die. My coming out from my pet is going to cause death."

As she sang she cried, and the song made the people feel very badly. Then she heard a great uproar and said to her uncle's wife, "They are killing my

son at last." "No," said her uncle's wife, "it is a dog fight." "No, they are killing him." They had quite a time killing the worm, and when she heard that it was dead she sang, "They got me away from you, my son. It isn't my fault. I had to leave you. They have killed you at last. They have killed you. But you will be heard of all over the world. Although I am blamed for bringing you up, you will be claimed by a great clan and be looked up to as something great." And to this day, when that clan is feasting, they start her four songs. This clan is the Kanarhtaidi. Then she went to her father and said, "Let that pet of mine be burned like the body of a human being. Let the whole town cut wood for it." So they did, and it burned just like coal oil.

Another of this woman's songs was, "You will be a story for the time coming. You will be told of." This is where the Kanarhtaidi come from. No one outside of them can use this worm. What causes so many wars is the fact that there are very many people having nothing who claim something. The Kanarhtaidi also own Black-skin. They represent him on poles with the sea-lions' intestines around his head.

The girl's father felt very badly that she should care for so ugly a creature, but to please her and make her feel better, he gave a feast along with tobacco and said, "If my daughter had had anything else for a pet, I would have taken good care of it, too, but I feared that it would injure the village later on, so I had to have it killed." . . .

At Tuxican a girl began to nurse a wood-worm, which grew so large that the people became afraid, induced her to come away from it, and killed it. Since then her people, the Kanarhtaidi, have used it as a crest . . .

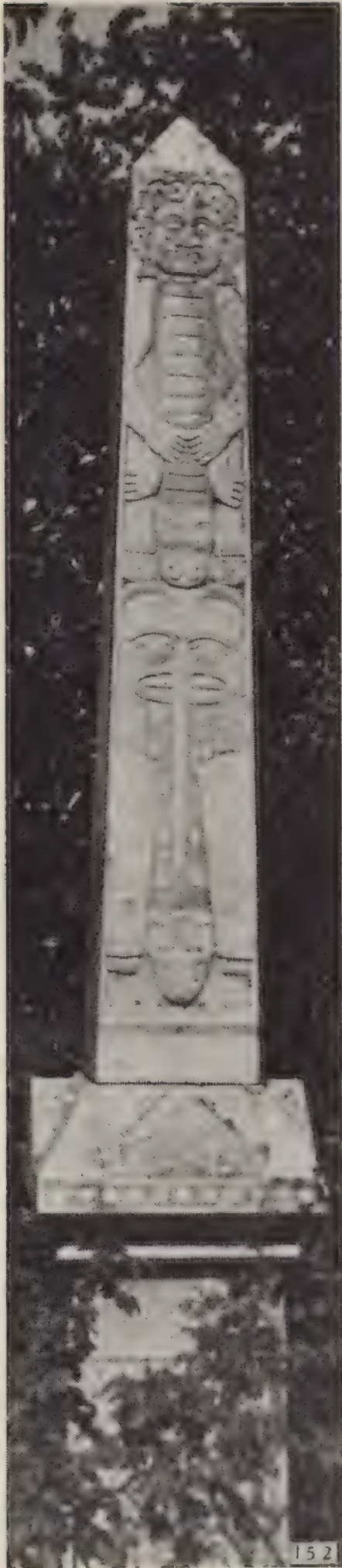
A girl offended a snail and was found next morning on the side of a high cliff with a big snail coiled about her. Then her brothers made wings, flew up to her, and brought her down. Afterward they brought food to the people of that town, and finally they became the Thunders.

The Scrubworm of Klukwan
in Alaska, according to Livingston F. Jones, (59: 190, 191).

On one of these slabs in a house at Klukwan, a man is depicted in violent action among beasts. The explanation is



Woodworm house posts of Klukwan



Marble grave post, Klukwan

that a certain man, impelled by taunts, determined to become very strong. To this end he exercised and exposed himself to the rugged elements. He would get out of bed very early in the morning, break icicles from the eaves of the house, place them under his arms, and then stand in the cold water of the river. He would then call for the Cold (believing it to have personality) to come from the north. Finally he became powerful enough to break the strong part of a tough tree. Then, in time, he went out to fight with whales. He would catch them by their tails and tear their tails apart. Finally he tore the stomach out of one, inflated it, and got inside it and floated off, no one knew where.

While floating around in this stomach (Jonah-like), he composed songs, which are now used as tribal songs by his tribe. This stomach was found (according to the story of the people), and became the property of his tribe. They kept it many years and finally burned it.

In the same village with this curious house totem may also be seen a large mask, the image of the woman who adopted the worm. She suckled this worm as she would a babe, and raised it. When grown, the worm went under the houses and shook them down (an earthquake, perhaps). This woman composed songs that now belong to the Crow tribe. None other than members of this tribe can use these songs.

The tribe had a mask made to represent this remarkable woman. It is now considered a very valuable heirloom. It is ugly, yet no one would be allowed to make fun of it.

It is rather remarkable that while the natives of Klukwan have made so much of this woman who adopted the worm, yet according to their traditions she lived in the vicinity of Wrangell.

The Woodworm House Post (*tluke-assa-gars*) as quoted by H. P. Corser (28: 81. From "The Whale House of the Chilkat," by Lieut. George T. Emmons).

"Tluke-assa-gars," wood-worm post, was a very important happening in the early life of the family that is believed to have caused the separation of the body that first migrated northward. The large upper figure represents Katkutch-an, "the girl who fondled the wood-worm," which she holds in front of her body with both hands. Over her head are two wood-worms whose heads form her ears. Beneath is shown a frog in the bill of a crane. The whole symbolizes the tree in which the wood-worm lives, the crane lights on the outer surface and the frog underneath among the roots.

It is said that in the early days of the village that would seem to have been near Klawock, on the west coast of Prince of Wales Island, there was a chief of the Tlow-nug-ta-di. He had a daughter just reaching womanhood. One day after the members of the household had returned from gathering firewood, the daughter, picking up a piece of bark, found a wood-worm, which she wrapped up in her blanket and carried into the house. After the evening meal

she took it into the back compartment and offered it some food, but it would not eat. Then she gave it her breast, and it grew rapidly. She became very fond of it, as if it were her child. As time went on, her whole life seemed to be absorbed by her pet, which she kept secreted.

Her constant absences grew so noticeable that her mother's suspicions were aroused. One day she detected her fondling the worm that had now grown as large as a person. She called the chief, and they wondered greatly, for no one had ever seen anything like it. As the girl played with the worm she sang to it all the time. . . .

The father told the uncle, who sent for his niece and set food before her. While she ate, he stole away to see the worm, which she had hidden behind the food chests in the back compartment. That evening the uncle called the people together, and told them that his niece had a great living creature *Kutze-ce-te-ul* that might in time kill them all. They decided to destroy the worm. Another reason given for the destruction of the creature was that it had caused the loss of much food, which had been mysteriously disappearing from the grease boxes for some time past.

The following day the aunt invited the girl to come and sew her marten skin robe. In her absence the men sharpened their long wooden spears, and, going into the house, killed the worm. Upon her return she cried bitterly and said they had killed her child. She sang her song night and day until she died. Then her family left this place and migrated north. In commemoration of this event the *Tlow-on-we-ga-du* family display the tail of the worm on their dance dress, on their pipes, etc.

The Woodworm in the Whale House of Klukwan, described by Edward L. Keithahn (62:154,155).

At old Tuxekan a girl of the Ganarhadi while in seclusion at the time when she reached maturity, picked up a woodworm that had been brought in on the firewood and secretly tried to make a pet of it, for she was very lonely. But the woodworm would not eat anything that she offered it and was about to die. Finally in desperation she gave it her breast, where it suckled as if it were her child.

As time passed, the woodworm grew to enormous proportions and the girl had an increasingly difficult time keeping it concealed. At night it crawled about the village through tunnels it had dug and ate the dried fish and grease that the people had put by as their winter stores.

One day, the girl's mother, wondering how her daughter occupied herself, visited her quarters and found the girl singing a lullaby to the woodworm which was now as big as a human being. Horrified, she called the Chief, who took one look and immediately sent for the girl's uncle. Through a ruse they got the girl away long enough to have a good look at the huge white monster which they found hidden behind the food boxes. Now they knew what it was that had been stealing all the winter food. Because of this and through fear that the monster might become dangerous they decided to kill it.

In secret, the men made long wooden spears and fire-hardened the points. Then one day the girl's aunt sent for her, for they were making the marten-skin robe which she was to wear in the ceremony which was to terminate her confinement, and at which time she was to be presented to the village as eligible for marriage.

As soon as the girl was out of the way, the men attacked the woodworm with their spears and killed it. Shortly after, the maid returned and tearfully accused them of murdering her child. She could not be consoled and day after day and night after night she sang the woodworm lullaby until she died.

Because of this event the family took the woodworm as its crest and migrated northward, settling at Klukwan. There to-day, in the Whale House, one may still see the Woodworm interior house post, one of the very finest in Alaska. On it the girl is shown holding the Woodworm in her hands while two others form her head-dress. Also in the Whale House is the Woodworm dish, a fourteen-foot ceremonial food trough, carved many years ago in the form of a giant woodworm to commemorate this event. It has a long, segmented body, feet like a human being, and a human face with round, fat cheeks.

(M.B.) According to William Lewis Paul, of Juneau, the Klukwan people claim that the Woodworm story comes from Angwile Island, south of Hecate Island (near Klawuck). The owners are called Tauku'anede, a branch of the Gararhtaidi. They are said to be

descendants of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimshian, a coast people. There is also a Woodworm tombstone in the graveyard of Klukwan. The Woodworm and the Strong Man (Duktootl) myths go back, it is believed, to the same origin.

They are associated together in two house posts in the Whale House of Klukwan. The other pole shows Duktootl, associated with the Raven, tearing asunder a sea monster.

According to Mr. Paul, these (and other) Klukwan carvings were largely the work of Wrangell carvers.

The Grubworm of Klukwan and the young woman house post in the Whale house of Klukwan, as recorded by William L. Paul and his mother, of Juneau (1947).

Emmons has given a full description of the Whale House. This carved and painted post, 7 or 8 feet high, was meant to stand at one of the four corners in the Whale House; it is now housed in a new building with whatever remains of the Whale House collection, in the possession of Victor Hotch of Juneau.

The Young Woman or the Tlingit Maid is here shown holding in front of her, its head down, her pet the Grubworm or Woodworm or Caterpillar (the Dragon of Asiatic and European mythology). Two decorative human faces appear under her feet. The Grubworm, now presented in its other form which is also familiar along the Pacific Coast — that of the Double-headed monster, is shown on her head, its two heads with horn-like nostrils drooping on either side. The horned figure with wings and long sharp nose, presumably the Mosquito, is a crest associated with the Grubworm people.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED MONSTER

TSIMSYAN

The Caterpillar and the Girl (Patalas), the myth as recorded by William Beynon in 1947 from informant Edmond Patalas, of Kitamat. Among the Tsimsyans, the name of this monster is Hrtsenawsuh, which is an unidentified spirit or monster. Usually the equivalent in English is given as Caterpillar or Grubworm. The informant heard this myth at several feasts of the Kitka'ta tribe, also in a feast at Hlpunem-Kalksap (Village-of-Whales), a village of Metlakatla, where this story was actually dramatized.

The people were living on what is now Kaien Island (then called *krhain*), and near the present site of Prince Rupert was the village of a great chief. (It was where the Co-operative Fish Plant is now.) One day, the tribe was as usual gathering wood for the chief, the dry, rotten wood that was so prized, and piling it up in his house. As it was being stacked, a beautiful grubworm fell upon the ground near the chief's daughter. She took it as a pet, and lavishing her love upon it, took to suckling it. At night she took it to bed with her, and disregarded the wishes of her parents and the wise elders of the tribe who urged her to part with her strange pet. Like every chief's daughter — and she was an only daughter — her parents guarded her closely, never allowing her to stay alone.

As the worm was suckled it grew continuously larger, and very soon it began to burrow into the ground. It kept growing and burrowing, and before long was able to scent the food boxes which were kept underground beneath the houses. On discovering these boxes, the woodworm bored them through and emptied them in turn. This kept on until the monster had devoured all the people's food. They did not know who was consuming their provisions, and still the Princess suckled her pet.

The grubworm was now of an enormous size. How long it was no one could tell, as no more than its head could be seen. Only when it had reached the end of the houses, and was on its last food box, did the people catch it in the act. They found that it had a head on its tail [or was double-headed like the *Larah'wais*], and was thus eating the contents of the last box. They chopped into the ground at once, and cut the monster into large pieces [or segments], as they followed up its length. By doing this they killed the huge Grubworm which was starving them. To punish his daughter, the chief angrily sent his slaves to the people, saying, "Let us all leave this place at once," and they moved to their other villages, leaving *Khraim* vacant. (Even today, a number of depressions can be seen, corresponding to the segments in the mountain ridge behind the deserted site.)

One day, the Tsimsyian villagers of 'Nlawhlkarhsaw (place where canoes land) on Digby Island, saw a canoe approaching. (This was on the present site of the Marine Station on Digby Island.) Previously they had noticed a wooden urinal inlaid with abalone pearl and such as was used by chiefs, drifting along the shore. The young people threw stones at it until it had disappeared. In the rear of the canoe that followed the urinal sat a big man, while two others paddled. As it approached, everyone in the village ran down and marvelled at its strangeness. The giant sitting in the stern shouted out, "My dear men, have you seen my urinal floating about?" At first no one heeded his question, so he repeated it, "My dear men, has anyone

seen my small urinal floating about?" Finally someone replied, "Why should we care for your urinal and keep track of it?" But when they saw the face of the big chief sitting in the stern of the canoe, they realized too late that it was not a human face, and they all fell dead.

The urinal drifted along to the next village, and there the same thing happened. The people ran down to the shore to look at the beautiful thing. The people had urinals, which were indispensable in every household. These utensils were always carried as a precaution, when the folk travelled, to be poured upon any *narhnorhs* or spirits that they happened to meet. The giant's urinal floated past Hrtsewæl, the second village, while the people gathered to watch. As the canoe with the large man in the rear came by, the spirit shouted to those on the shore, "Have you seen my urinal floating about?" The people answered, "What do we care for your smelly urinal!" The big man shouted back, "Come, my dear folk, look at me! I have something to show you." The people on the shore gazed at him, and all fell dead. Only those who had stayed at home were still alive. The urinal kept on drifting into what is now the Metlakatla Narrows, and was going past the village of Miyænhl'ntkyirhsit — (*miyæn* — the head of; *'nttky* — down; *rhsit* — vomit; — the place where what is vomited comes down). The people stopped close to shore where the floating urinal passed by, and the same fate befell them. They were killed by the great supernatural power of this chief, who was the spirit of the great Grubworm that had brought death to the people of Krhain.

Still the urinal kept going past the various villages. Now it approached that of Larhwelgiyæps, where many people came to the shore as it drifted by; so also did the Gisparhlawts people, who had their village on the opposite shore. When the urinal drifted to Larhwelgiyæps the young people stoned it as it passed by, trying to sink it. Then the canoe came up and the big man in the stern shouted out, "My dear people, has any of you seen my urinal?" At first nobody answered him, so he repeated his question. Then those on shore replied, "Why should we pay attention to your smelly urinal?" "My friends, I have much to tell you. Look at me!" And all those that looked fell dead.

Now there was a man on the shore below the Gisparhlawts who knew what had just happened at Larhwelgiyæps. When he saw the drifting urinal coming towards the Gisparhlawts village, he gave warning to the people: "Be careful! Do not heed the canoe that is coming, nor the drifting urinal! It is a dangerous *narhnorh*. All the villagers below us have perished for looking at it. So be very careful!" When the urinal came drifting by the Gisparhlawts village followed by the canoe, nobody paid any attention. No harm befell them. They shouted warning to the next village, and these in turn warned the others. But they were unable to warn the Gitzarhlæhl, who lived at Krhado. When the urinal came drifting by there, the people on shore tried to sink it, but were unable. Soon the canoe came close, and the giant sitting in the stern shouted out. "Did you see my urinal drifting by, my dear friends?" At first no one heeded him, but finally they answered, "Why do we want to see your urinal?" So the big chief said, "Come, my friends, look at me! I have something to tell you." Again the people fell dead at their first glance upon the big chief in the canoe.

The urinal now drifted to the Gitwilgyawts village. When these people saw it, they immediately recognized it as a spirit and, retrieving it, found

out that it was full of urine. Then they saw a canoe approaching, and the man sitting in the stern shouted out, "Have you seen my urinal floating about?" Without waiting further, a Gitwilgyawts man took the contents, and threw them onto the big man in the canoe. He fell over dead, and the Gitwilgyawts then took possession of the *narhnorh*. This is the origin of the house and name of Me'awn among the Gitwilgyawts. It is also a *narhnorh*. The urine had broken the chief's power, and he was now dead, like all his victims.

The Larah'wæse of the Nass, now at the Provincial Museum, at Victoria, explained by Dennis (Rhstiyæ, Eagle, of Gitlarhdamks) in 1927. Presumably collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe about 1903.

This board was made in commemoration of Adaremsem'oiget, a member of the Hhlæq group in the Nass River village of Gitlarhdamks. It was probably carved by 'Arhtimenawdzek (Wolf, of the Gitwinksihlk or Canyon tribe, a member of the Kyærk family). The Double-headed being is a crest of Hlæq.

The Larah'wæse of Port Simpson at the top of a totem pole and painted on a house front, was a crest of the Gispewudwades at Port Simpson, according to Herbert Wallace, interpreted by William Beynon, in 1915.

This monster had Blackfish heads at both ends, across the top of a totem pole or painted on the house front. It showed rows of teeth, but no protruding tongue. It belonged originally to the salt-water branch of the Gispewudwade, but later extended to all the phratry.

The Larah'wæse of the Tsimsyans (*larah'wæse*) as a painted house front among the Tsimsyans, according to Herbert Wallace, Kanhade chief of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimsyans; J. Ryan, interpreter, in 1915.

The Double-headed monster, with teeth showing in the two heads in opposite directions, was painted on a house front of the Gispewudwade phratry; also of the Eagle phratry. A song of the Eagles mentioned the Larah'wæse.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED MONSTER

HAIDA

The Woodworm Myth at Massett, given in brief by J. R. Swanton (97:230).

A woman of the Stikine family Datlawadis suckled a woodworm, which grew to enormous proportions, and, coming up to the houses from beneath, used to steal food out of them. Finally, the people banded together and killed it. The woman's father would not give her in marriage for a long time, until at last an old man married her, when she became old like him. Her husband gave the people a great deal of food; but when he went away for good, the food all changed into snails, worms, and frogs.

The Weenaamaw or Woodworm, as told by Henry Young, an old Skidegate Haida, who had learned it from Roger, a Massett Haida. It was recorded in 1947.

A girl had a white worm as a pet, a worm such as is found underneath rotten logs, and feeding on wood. She would let her pet suck from her breasts, which made the worm grow fast. Then she hid it, and it made its way down underground. Nobody knew about it. When hungry it stuck its



Double-headed Dragon of the Haidas,
Pitt-Rivers Museum, Oxford

mouth up. By and by it had grown to a large size, quite long, and made its way under the houses of other people to feed from the food boxes containing oolaken oil and dried wild berries preserved in grease. Before the people knew it, their food was gone and their food boxes were empty, with holes in the bottom. Thus in every house throughout the village they were near starvation, and still in ignorance of the thief's identity.

One night, an old man lying down in his house heard something eating wood. Next morning, he too found his food boxes empty, and he noticed a hole at the bottom. The women in the house saw this, but could not say who the thief was.

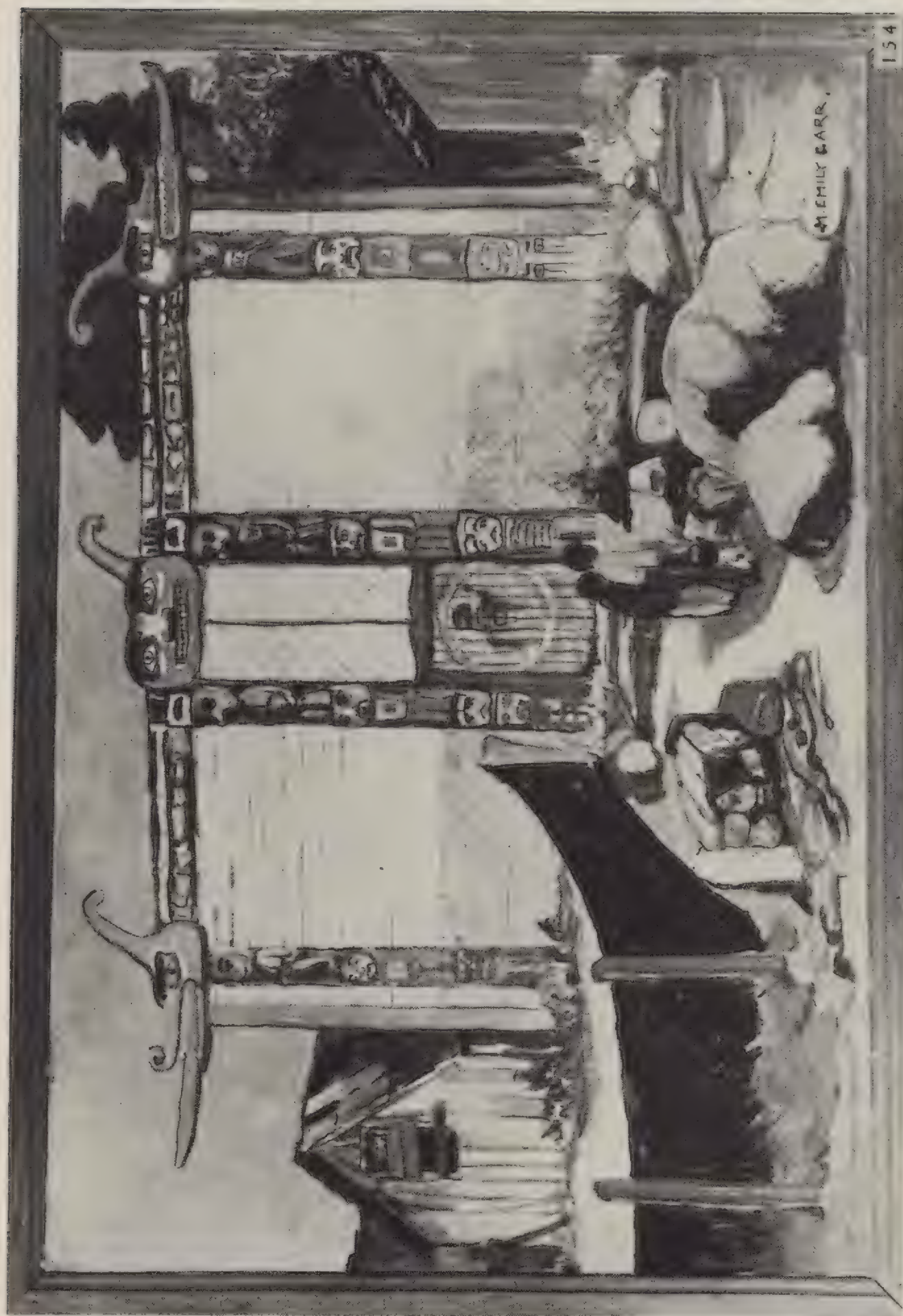
Later the villagers discovered a great big worm while it was gorging on stolen food. They wanted to kill the beast, but on learning that it was the young woman's pet, they hesitated to hurt her feelings. A fellow went and told her: "You are invited to the village." So she went there, a good distance away. They had their chance during her absence. Taking large knives, they tied them on long shafts (*tcatehl*) in the manner of spears. With these they pierced the monster after much trouble and difficulty. It was a huge worm, and only by destroying it could they save their lives.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED MONSTER KWAKIUTL

The Sisiutl among the Kwakiutls,
according to G. M. Dawson (31:20, 24).

The double-headed serpent, *si-si-ootl*, evidently plays an important part in the myths of these people. It is represented as with a cylindrical body, terminating at each end in a serpent's head, and with the appearance of a human face in the middle. It is said to be often quite small, and at times to be found in the sea, but at will can increase to an immense size. To see this creature is most unlucky, and may even cause death. Kan-e-a-ke-luh's brother once saw it, and in consequence his head was twisted to one side. To possess a piece of the serpent, on the contrary, brings good luck and good fortune in fishing and hunting.

Kan-e-a-ke-luh left his home at Cape Scott. He walked eastward along the shore and did not go in a canoe. When he came to Ko-sa he saw a young girl, and asked her to go and fetch some water for



Double-headed Sisiutl of the Kwakiutls (Emily Carr)

him to drink. She refused, saying that a terrible monster named Tsi-a-kish (Tse-a-kish of the Ma-me-li-li-a-ka, said to live beneath the sea and swallow canoes, etc.) guarded the water and killed all who endeavoured to approach. At length, however, she was persuaded to go. She put on her belt, which represented the double-headed serpent *se-sentl* (*si-si-ooll* of the Kwa-wa-ai-nut Indians) and set out. Immediately the monster, which had an immense mouth, swallowed her; but Kan-e-a-ke-luh was close behind. He began to sing a song which caused the creature to burst open and forthwith all the Kos-ki-mo people came out. They walked at first in a one-sided manner, their joints being imperfectly formed, but Kan-e-a-ke-luh remedied this, and thus originated the Kos-ki-mo tribe.

The Sisiutl, as described by Dr. Franz Boas (21:371, 372).

Perhaps the most important among these is the sisiutl, the fabulous double-headed snake, which has one head at each end, a human head in the middle, one horn on each terminal head, and two on the central human head. It has the power to assume the shape of a fish. To eat it and even to touch or to see it is sure death, as all the joints of the unfortunate one become dislocated, the head being turned backward. But to those who enjoy supernatural help it may bring power; its blood, wherever it touches the skin, makes it as hard as stone; its skin used as a belt enables the owner to perform wonderful feasts; it may become a canoe which moves by the motions of the sisiutl fins; its eyes, when used as sling stones, kill even whales. It is essentially the helper of warriors./



Double-headed Sisiutl of Gwayusdums (Emily Carr)

The terminal head, with its horn laid backward, is plainly seen. The upper line behind the head designates the body, from which downward and forward extends one leg, the foot of which is quite clear. One of the central horns is shown over the point of attachment of the leg.

The Pole of Tatentsit, representing the Sisiutl, about 60 feet high, at Fort Rupert. It formerly stood in front of the owner's communal house, which was burned down. The back of the pole, in the lower part, was singed. It was purchased in 1947 for the University of British Columbia, and partly



Double-headed Sisiutl of the Kwakiutls (Emily Carr)

re-adzed and redecorated before shipping, by Mungo Martin. The bottom figure, much damaged, was removed. Martin learned his craft from Charlie James (*Yaqulas*), who carved it over 40 years ago. It is one of the oldest poles at Fort Rupert.

Description. From the top: 1. a mythical woman; 2. the *q'olus* bird — a minor Thunderbird; 3. the Sisiutl or Dragon; 4. the Double-headed Serpent or Dragon changed into a man, who is below, holding a copper (a man who was a Sisiutl before); 5. the Raven (*kwaw'win*), at the bottom.

Historical Notes. It was erected for or by T'at'entsit on the occasion of a big potlatch, to which several tribes were invited to assist in putting it up. The potlatch was in payment of their services. It was not a memorial pole or a commemoration of a death.

Carver. Charlie James (*Yaqulas*), of Alert Bay, but a native of Malelekula. The red cedar out of which it was carved in the round was from Hardy Bay, 10 miles away.

(Informant, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, Fort Rupert, 1947.)

Double-headed Snakes. Carved frontal post, house posts, cross-beams, with the Double-headed Snake, in a legend collected by Dr. Franz Boas, at Fort Rupert (21: 387).

... When the people arrived in front of the house, the mouth of the door of Qawatiliqala's house opened. They jumped in all at the same time, and it bit only a corner of Lolatsa's blanket. Then the posts at the sides of the door spoke, and the one to the right hand side said: "You made them come to your house, Qawatiliqala;" and the post on the left-hand side said: "Now spread a mat and give your guests to eat, Chief." It is said that the cross-beams over the rear posts were double-headed snakes (*sisiutl*), which were constantly playing with their tongues. The posts in the rear of the house were wolves, and a grizzly bear was under each of the wolves. Carved images were all round the house.

The Double-headed Dragon (Pitt Rivers), the corner house-post of the Double-headed Dragon, now at the Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford, England (as seen in *Man*, II, 1902, No. 1).

Description. This post now stands about 8 or 10 feet high, and shows the familiar Sisiutl of the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia (called *lararh'wais* among the Tsimshyan). Here the two heads of the monster are opposed to each other, back to back, facing in opposite directions. They consist only of the head with large mouths and sharp teeth in zigzag form, on both sides of a small human figure sideways. This figure often is associated with the Dragon. It is explained in the myth of the Grub Worm or Caterpillar, the distribution of which centres in the Tlingit and Tsimshyan country to the north.

The Raven and Sisiutl at Fort Rupert. The Raven (*kwawgwenuh*) pole of Kustidzes, Billy McDuff, formerly in front of his Indian communal house at Fort Rupert. A very tall pole, uncarved except at the top. Inside this house a Double-headed-Dragon (*sisiutl*) was painted. On top of it was the Thunderbird (*kwunkunekuleki*). The owner, Billy McDuff, is no longer living.

(Informant, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, Fort Rupert, 1947.)

The Sisiutl Among the Kwakiutls, according to Daniel Cranmer, of Alert Bay (1947).

Sometimes the Sisiutl appeared to the people just as an ordinary salmon swimming up a river. Then in a flash it changed into the Sisiutl, double-headed, with tongues protruding, and horn-like protuberances on the head. They say that the Thunderbird lives on the Sisiutl and always looks for it. Sometimes, it is said, if a fisherman tries to cook this salmon for eating, he dies as if poisoned. The Sisiutl blood is strong, according to a story of the Rhwiuksutinarh (close to a narrow passage near Gifford). Here a trap was once set to capture a Sisiutl. They meant to get the blood of the monster and had long prepared for the affair, the warriors undergoing trials to make themselves tough. After they caught the Sisiutl, they killed it, and drew its blood. There was only a little flesh around its throat. They bathed a newborn child in the blood as a test, and it turned to stone. It was called Stone-Body (*taisemsyet*).

The Large Sisiutl at Alert Bay (Double-Headed Monster), in the graveyard, according to Daniel Cranmer.

Albert Shaughnessy, of the Kingcombe tribe, carved it in 1926 after another large pole belonging to Cranmer's uncle to which the only addition was the Sisiutl. The Raven sits on the pole with its beak bent down.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED MONSTER

NOOKKA

The Mountain-Snake at Clayoquot (*Hai-et-lik*), among the Nootkas as represented on a carved house post collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe, in 1905, for the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago (No. 87328).

The human face [according to the label copied by the author in 1915] represents Wikananish II, a great whaling chief. Much of his success was due to the use of charm consisting of the skin of a mythical Mountain-Snake, *Hai-et-lik*, the lower figure. This he concealed in a box in the bow of his canoe when hunting.

The Hai-et-lik House Post among the Nootkas of Clayoquot, collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe in 1905 for the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago (No. 87329).

The label, as copied by the author in 1915, read: "The lower figure is Chief Wikananish with his Whale charm, *Hai-et-lik*, or mythical Snake, in his mouth."

The Mythical-Snake Post of the Clayoquot Nootkas, Vancouver Island, on a carved house post collected by Dr. C. F. Newcombe for the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, in 1905 (No. 87332).

The *Hai-et-lik* or mythical Snake [or Dragon] commemorates the taking of a whale by the father of *Ai-ata-mocha*, of *Hesquot*, with its help. The whale was eaten at her marriage feast (as copied by the author from the label in 1915).

The Snake, Shark, and Thunderbird, as painted by the Nootkas of Alberni, described in a letter to J. D. McLean, Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, by A. W. O'Neill, Indian Agent, Alberni, Vancouver Island, Dec. 29, 1910.



Captain Jack's inside-house posts, at Friendly Cove

A canvas with paintings made by Indians was used at a potlatch given here recently. When I first saw it, it was hung across the end of a large potlatch house [the custom of painting on canvas in place of former wooden partitions at the back of a house is still preserved among the Kwakiutls].

This [Nootka] picture is supposed to represent and remind the Indians of olden times and more particularly of the greatness of Bob's ancestors, a sort of glorification of his family descent. The Tseshat Indians have been here at Alberni for some 200 years or so . . . The large figure is Bob's great grandfather in the act of attacking what he calls the snake. This animal or reptile is supposed to be the maker of lightning. At night it gives out a luminous sheen from its scales and this man's attention was called to it one night as it was on some rocks close to shore. He went out and attacked it with his spear and broke off some of its scales and after a fearful battle the reptile escaped but left these portions of its scales in the Indians' possession. This gave the Indian immense powers of strength and endurance so that he excelled all others.

The smaller pictures of canoes represent Bob's ancestor in the pursuit of sea otters the skins of which are very valuable and of which he would kill as many as three in one day (worth at present prices about \$1800). Bob's ancestor also formed an alliance with the shark shown in left hand corner at top of picture. He was out swimming one day and the shark seized him and carried him down forty fathoms deep and he had some trouble in reaching the surface, but after that he was doubly strong and could summon the assistance of the shark at any time . . . The mere possession of the scales of the reptile was sufficient to give the great powers possessed by Bob's great grandfather. These powers were bequeathed to Bob's grandfather but lost in some way at his death, though even without the precious relics enough of their power descended to Bob's father . . . The most curious part of the picture is the representation of the reptile which much resembles a crocodile save in its head. The Indians can have had no acquaintance whatever with any animal or reptile at all resembling a crocodile [the Dragon] and it is difficult to guess where they got the idea of the scales.

The large bird shown is the Thunderbird, which made the thunder and is credited with miraculous powers. This figure often appears on totem poles. It is supposed to have had the power of attacking whales and carrying them in its powerful claws to the tops of mountains to devour them, where the bones of whales can now be found according to the Indians.

The lightning reptile vomited the lightning, and in the picture it is shown climbing some rocks towards the island where the Indian village was situated, and but for the valour of Bob's ancestor, would have set the whole village on fire.

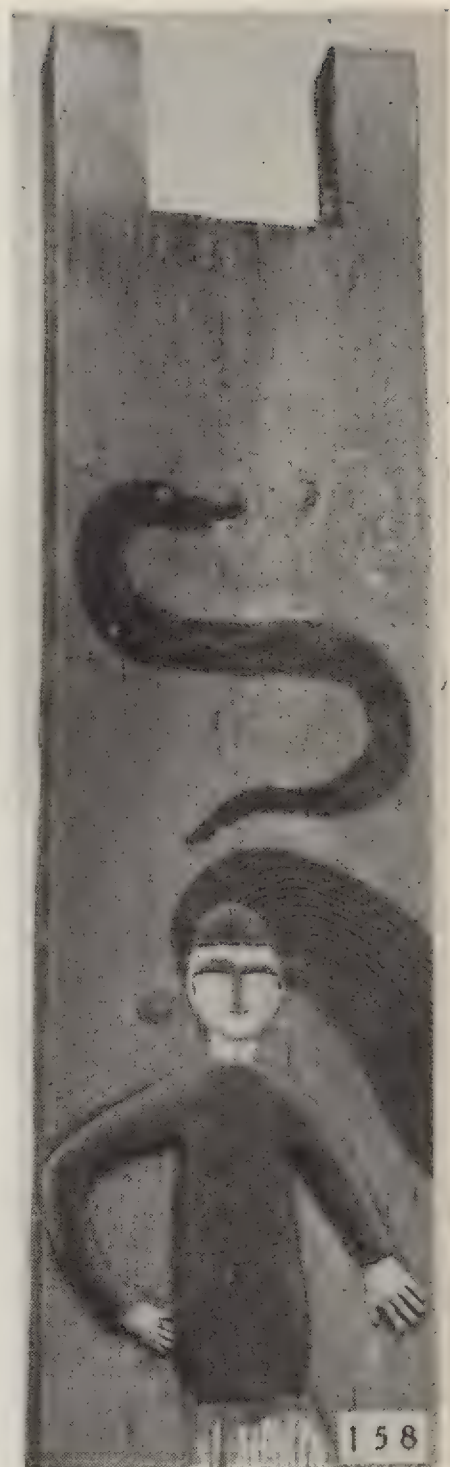
THE DOUBLE-HEADED MONSTER IN SIBERIA

The Several-Headed Monster Among the Koriaks, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:368).

The five-headed kamak (p. 323).

The double-headed reindeer of Earth-Maker (p. 300).

Mongol-Turk. — Among the many-headed monsters of the Old World may be mentioned the fifty-eight-headed monster (*Khangaloff and Satoplaeff*, p. 66), the iron seven-headed strong man (*Khudyakoff*, p. 187), and the twenty-five-headed snake (*Khangaloff and Satoplaeff*, p. 70). Coasts of Northern and Southern British Columbia. — Two-headed snake (Boas, *Indianische Sagen*, pp. 41, 58, 81, 195, 271).



Heitlick or Dragon
of the Nootka

THE CANNIBAL OR MOSQUITO

TLINGIT

The Cannibal Myth, as communicated verbally by Edward L. Keithahn to the author, in 1947.

The Cannibal on the totem pole in Klini's house, the Frog House of Klukwan, was a giant 16 feet tall. Whenever the fisher folk dried their salmon, the giant would come down from the mountains, devour the salmon on the rocks, and the people would starve. Armed men were sent against it, but its skin was so tough that it could not be killed. It now preyed upon the people, devouring them, until half of the tribe was destroyed.

The survivors held a council and decided to protect themselves. They went into the mountains looking for the monster. A community house they saw was billowing red smoke through the smoke-hole. They realized that this was the home of the cannibal. They dug a deep pit such as the hunters do when they hunt grizzly bears. At the bottom of the pit they strung a sinew net. Then they covered the hole with poles and forest debris. In the morning, one of them went to the house to draw the enemy out. When he appeared, his baiter ran away and skipped lightly over the hidden trap, followed by the giant. The big fellow fell in and enmeshed himself in the net. As he was lying helpless at the bottom, the men heaped dry branches on top of him, and set them on fire. When he grasped that they wanted him to die in there, he cried out that it was not in their power to destroy him. He would go on eating them even if they burnt him to cinders. To make sure that he could not accomplish his boast, they kept the brazier burning for four days and four nights. When they let the fire die down, only ashes were left at the bottom of the pit. With a long pole they stirred the ashes, to be sure that nothing was left of the Cannibal. Sparks flew up and changed into mosquitoes, which at once began to bite them and draw their blood.

They realized that the threat had come true. It was Cloo-teekhl or Gurhtihl that had come back in the form of mosquitoes still to bite and harass them. They carved a picture of him holding in his arms an emaciated child, half-frog and half-human. It was the house post of Klukwan. Since that day, the members of Klini's Frog House at Klukwan have fed the carved figure. The Eagle sits under the giant on the post. At the bottom are the Bear and the Wolf.

The top figure belongs to the head of the house; crests at the bottom are the wife's own.

The Cannibal Goo-Teekhl of Klukwan, as photographed in 1893 by Lloyd V. Winter, reproduced by Edward L. Keithahn (62:136).

(E.L.K.) The image of the cannibal giant Goo-teekhl (to left) is fed daily and on all ceremonial occasions in the belief that fortune favors those who recognize his power and immortality. The New Duk-toothl pole (right) was carved by Indians under Forest Service direction when the old pole rotted beyond repair.



Cannibal giant, at Klukwan

The Giant Cannibal of Klukwan
(*Goo-Teekhl*) owned by John Shorty. Recorded and photographed by William L. Paul, of Juneau, Alaska.

About 8 or 10 feet high, it is the companion statue to the Cannibal Giant and the child. The Cannibal, whose face is human, has hands and feet in the style of a quadruped. The smaller woman, in front and unclad, is well and realistically carved. Both of these posts were transferred from an old community house to a modern habitation.

This mythical being, a familiar theme among the Tlingits of parts of Alaska, is shown holding a child in his or her arms; the child seems to be in torment. The greasy spots on the carving are due to the statue still being fed at times with oily foods from the sea. About 8 or 9 feet high, it is one of a pair, in the style of a Wrangell carver, who is supposed, in the early 1880's, to have been the author of both, as well as of carvings of the same quality in Shaiks' house on the Island at Wrangell.

The subject of the Cannibal Giant of the Tlingit is one of the most familiar with the Nimkish and other Kwakiutl tribes of Vancouver Island far to the south, but not displayed among the Tsimshyans and the Haidas. It may have been transferred, like the Raven and the Sun, the Thunderbird and other features, by the Hunt family, whose passage from Tongas and Port Simpson to Fort Rupert about 1840 may account for this transfusion of mythology and crests.

This figure of the Cannibal and the Child was later adapted to marble by a white carver for the graveyard at Klukwan, with the engraved name of *Tool-cutch-a-koo-nook* (a photograph of which was also communicated by William L. Paul).



Cannibal of the Whale House, at Klukwan

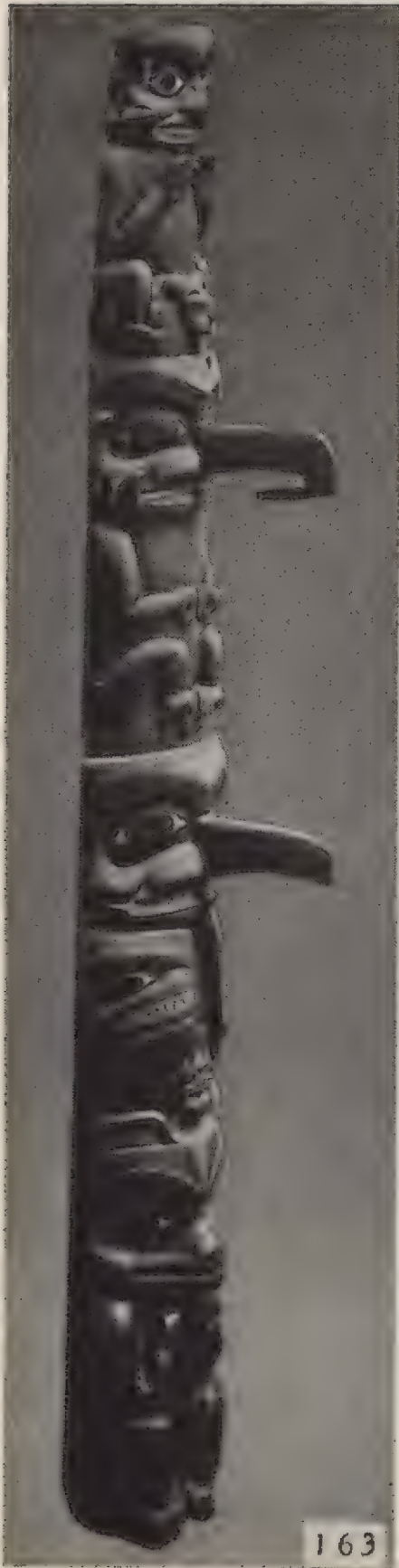


Glass-Nose on a Wolf totem pole of the Niskæs

Cannibal on a tombstone, in the Klukwan graveyard



Totem pole in front of a Tsimshian house, Port Simpson



Totem pole of the Tsimshians, at Port Simpson



Sea-Lion pole, on the island of Port Simpson

THE CANNIBAL OR MOSQUITO

KWAKIUTL

The Tsonoqoa of the totem poles of the Kwakiutls, as described by Dr. Franz Boas (21:372).

A being which figures largely in the clan legends of the Kwakiutl is the Tsonoqoa, a wild woman who resides in the woods. She is represented as having enormous breasts and as carrying a basket, into which she puts children whom she steals in order to eat them. Her eyes are hollow and shine with a wild lustre. She is asleep most of the time. Her mouth is pushed forward, as she is, when awake, constantly uttering her cry, "ũ, hũ, ũ, ũ". This figure belongs to a great many clan legends, and is often represented on house posts or on masks.

The following tradition describes this spirit quite fully:

The first of the Lasqenorh lived at Rhanrh. On the one side of the river lived the clan Wisentsa. One day the children went across the river to play there. They made a house of fir branches and played in it. One of the boys went out of the house and he discovered giantess who was approaching the house. He told his friends, who came running out of the house. The giantess was chewing gum which was as red as blood. The children wanted to have some of the gum. Then she called them and gave them some. They asked her: "Where do you get your gum?" "Come," she replied, "I will point it out to you." Then the children crept into the basket which she carried on her back, and she went into the woods. She was Tsonoqoa. She carried them far into the woods. Then she put the gum on their eyes and carried them to her house. She was a cannibal. Among the children were two sons of the chief of the Wisentsa; Lopekarhstelil was the name of the chief. His wife was Lewagilayuqoa. Then she cried, and sometimes she would blow her nose and throw the mucus on the ground. Suddenly she discovered a little boy lying on his back on the floor. He had originated from the mucus of her nose. She took the boy up and carried him into the house. He grew very quickly; after four days he was quite strong. Then he asked for a bow and two arrows. Now he was called Lendeqoayatsewal. When he had received his bow and arrows, Lewagilayuqoa asked him not to go across the river, but he did so against her request. He followed the trail which he found on the other side. He came to a house and entered. There he saw children sitting on the floor, and a woman named Lopekarhstelil, who was rooted to the floor. The latter spoke: "Don't stay long, Chief! She is gone after water; if she should come back, she would kill you." Then he went out and followed the trail. All of a sudden he saw the Tsonoqoa coming. She carried a bucket in each hand. The little boy climbed a tree, in order to hide in its branches. The Tsonoqoa saw his image in the water and made love to him. She looked up and discovered him. Then she called him to come down. Now he came down to her and that woman asked him: "How does it happen that you look so pretty?" The boy said: "I put my head between two stones." She replied: "Then I will take two stones too." He sent her to fetch two stones and soon she came back carrying them. She put them down. The boy said: "Now lie down on your back." Then the boy put the one stone under her head and told her to shut her eyes. Then he took the other stone and dropped it as hard as he could on her head. Her head was smashed and her brains were scattered. She was dead. The boy broke her bones with the stones and threw them into the water. Then he went into her house. As soon as he had entered, the woman who was rooted to the floor said: "Now do not stay long. I know that you have tried to kill the Tsonoqoa. It is the fourth time that somebody tried to kill her. She never dies. There in that covered hemlock branch (knothole?) is her life. Go there, and as soon as you see her enter, shoot her. Then she will be dead." She had hardly finished speaking when the Tsonoqoa came in, singing as she walked:

I have the magical treasure,
I have the supernatural power,
I can return to life.

That was her song. Then the boy shot her and she fell dead. Then the boy took her and threw her into the hole in which she was planning to roast the children. He washed their eyes with urine and took them home to Rhanrh. They were all alive again. Then Lendeqoayatsewal went back to heaven.

The Wakius Pole of Alert Bay, in Stanley Park, Vancouver, explained by the Rev. G. H. Raley (118:12-15).

This is what might be termed a composite house-pole, in as much as two legends are read into the symbols and both tell of the wise and valiant Chief Nan-wa-ka-wie, who feared naught but the cannibal giant of the "Forbidden Valley."



Tsonoqoa, at Alert Bay

Nan-wa-ka-wie had four grown-up sons, who asked if they might go into the Forbidden Valley to hunt mountain-goat. Their father gave his permission, but warned them to beware of the giant who lived there. Before they departed he placed in the hands of Tawik, his oldest son, four magic articles — a comb, a black stone, skin bottle of fish oil, and a piece of wool — which were to be used only in case of extreme danger.

They ventured forth at noon, and evening found them encamped on a low mountain ridge which divided their father's country from the Forbidden Valley. A view of surpassing beauty met their eyes as they gazed down the valley, through which a river of molten



Tsonoqoa, at Alert Bay

silver slowly wound its way. Upon its bank were houses, and they were quick to notice the smoke rising from them was of different colors. White smoke indicated the abode of the mountain sheep; black, that of the black bear; brown, of the brown bear; and grey, of the terrible grizzly bear. In the distance was a dwelling apart, from the smoke-hole ascended a column of smoke red as blood. This they knew to be the home of the giant cannibal, Bax-ba-kaw-la-nux-si-wie. In spite of his father's warning Tawik led his brothers to it. Their eyes accustoming themselves to the gloom of the interior, they glimpsed through the open door a fat ugly woman and a boy seated on the farther side of the fire. Cautiously they stepped within, and the woman motioned them to a seat on a log near the fire. The boy became restless as he looked at them. Tawik asked the woman what was wrong. Pointing to his leg, scratched by a thorn bush during the journey and down which blood was trickling, she said:

"My son sees blood on your leg and wants it."

The mother tried to restrain her son, but without avail, and he commenced to lick the blood.

Then the young men knew they must make their escape without delay and managed it by a cunning ruse. Tawik took his bow and shot an arrow through the doorway, telling his younger brother to go after it. This he did, and ran homeward as fast as he could. A second and third arrow were shot, and the other brothers were sent after them. Then the woman got suspicious of their absence and asked if they were not coming back. Tawik told her, "They have gone to fetch my arrows." Then he shot a fourth arrow and followed it himself.

When he did not return the woman stepped outside and shouted to her husband, the giant, who was at work some distance from the house, "Bax-ba-kaw-la-nux-si-wie, our good dinner has run away." On hearing this, the cannibal set off in pursuit of the young men.

When Tawik heard his peculiar whistle-like breathing and knew he was approaching, he took the magic comb his father had given him and stuck it into the ground behind him. It was immediately transformed into a tangled mass of thorn bushes, which delayed the giant. So soon as he scrambled through the thicket, he gained on the brothers with every step. As he drew near again, Tawik threw the black stone over his shoulder. This was transformed into a towering cliff, down which the giant had to find a safe place to descend. Reaching the ground, mad with delay, he raced after the youths, and the third magic article, the small bottle of oil, was poured on the ground. This was transformed into a lake. While the giant lost time getting around it, the young men recovered their wind, and fleetly sped on. Once again they heard his heavy breathing close behind them, so Tawik let go the only thing which now stood between them and a horrible death, the magic wool. Floating in the air behind them appeared a dense black fog, through which the giant stumbled blindly. The boys gained distance, for it was clear in front. At last they were on the home stretch, and with a great burst of speed the race for life was won. As they ran through the door of their home, it was snapped closed behind them and securely barred, just as the ogre, beside himself with rage, repeatedly flung himself against it in a vain attempt to force an entrance.

Nan-wa-ka-wie called to him, "Bax-ba-kwa-la-nux-si-wie, fierce one, come again four days hence, and you shall have two of my sons to eat."

With a growl the giant agreed and left them in peace.

Meanwhile, Nan-wa-ka-wie called his slaves and had them dig a deep pit on one side of the fire. This was partly concealed by a settee without feet. The front of the seat rested on the ground; the back overhung the pit and was braced by two wooden props, the remainder of the pit being covered with cedar branches.

After four days the giant returned, bringing with him his wife and son. They were received with savage dignity and given, as the seat of honor, the settee beside the fire. While the feast was being prepared, Nan-wa-ka-wie entertained his unwelcome visitors with stories. The drone of his voice, the heat of the fire, and the weariness of the journey made them drowsy, and the magic sleep song did the rest. Soon his guests were fast asleep. At a sign from their father, the two younger boys, who had been concealed, came forth and knocked the props from the back of the settee and turned it over, throwing the guests into the pit. Some slave poured boiling water on them, while others with wooden tongs took red hot stones from the fire and cast them upon Bax-ba-kwa-la-nux-si-wie, his wife and son, as they died in torment.

The following morning, their bodies were taken from the pit, cut into small pieces and cremated. Nan-wa-ka-wie gathered up their ashes and scattered them upon the wind,

saying as he did so: "Bax-ba-kwa-la-nux-si-wie, you shall pursue men for all time and in all places."

And so it came to pass, that the ashes of the cannibal and his family were transformed into mosquitoes, black flies, sand flies, and all the biting insects which annoy mankind. So it is to this day the giant cannibal has vengeance on the people. And it is said that the four magic articles, so opportunely transformed into the dense growth of underbrush, the steep cliff, the lake, and the fog, can yet be found on the mainland, north of Queen Charlotte Sound.

The Tsonerhwaw Giant in a summary of a long tale given by Daniel Cranmer of Alert Bay. Recorded in 1947.

They saw that Tsonerhwaw is a giant woman with deep-set eyes and almost blind. She is apt to lapse into a sleep if you wave your finger before her eyes in a circle.

Many children once were playing on the playgrounds. One of them, a little boy named Tsemgyarhta, was disliked by the others, and kept out of the games. As he was approaching them while they were playing, he saw a giant. He cried out to them: "What is it I see? A big woman lies close to the tree over there." "Ah! he is telling lies just to have a chance to come and join us again."

They turned away from him and went back to their fun. Once more Tsemgyarhta warned them, but they did not even stop to listen. The giant then came towards them. It is said that as soon as you see this monster, you are scared stiff and cannot move. This is what happened to the young players.

On her back the Tsonerhwaw had a large basket hanging from her neck. She caught the players one by one and cast them into her basket. First among them, at the bottom of the basket, was Tsemgyarhta. The others were on top of him. When the giant had gathered them all she started with her load for her home in the woods. Tsemgyarhta happened to have a little knife. With it he cut a hole at the bottom of the basket through which he slipped out. Thus they all made their escape (the full story gives the details). After this the children loved little Tsemgyarhta and were happy to play with him.

The Tsonerhwaw was used by the chiefs in the potlatches. They carved feasting bowls with her figure on it, her breasts hanging down to her knees. This bowl was about 16 feet long and 3 feet wide, and it was filled with food. The chief would announce: "Here is the dish you can eat out of!" And the food was distributed to the guests. This dish was not an old one; it had been made out of cedar by the informant's uncle. A Tsonerhwaw bowl of Alert Bay was sold to Axel Rasmussen for the Skagway museum. (The informant learned this tale from his grandmother and other grandparents, who were in the habit of telling stories to keep the children quiet.)

THE CANNIBAL OR MOSQUITO

AT LARGE

The Cannibal; its Siberian Origin (Holmberg). The huge cannibal of the Tlingits is a concept familiar among the Tsimshians under modified features. There it is the large Cutting-Nose or Glass-Beak or again Split-Person. The Cannibal or Glass-Beak whose ashes changed to mosquitoes after its incineration, appears frequently on the totem poles of both nations.

It seems to have by-passed the Haidas and proceeded down the coast to the Kwakiutl country, there to retain its Tlingit identity. But this diffusion of a folklore theme presumably is due, like that of the Thunderbird, the Raven and the Sun, and the custom of erecting large totems, to the agency of the Hunt family and of young Tongas-Tlingit women married to white traders who were transferred by the Hudson's Bay Company from Port Simpson to Fort Rupert, about a hundred years ago.

Whatever may have been the precise development of the Cannibal theme in the northern Rockies, it remains strikingly similar to its prototypes in Asia as a few quotations from "The Origin of the Mosquito" by Uno Holmberg. (115:386-389) will show.

The Yenisei Ostiaks declare that a cannibalistic demon woman, Khosadam, living in the farthest north, created the mosquitoes. Many other Siberian peoples have a special myth to explain their origin.

The Ostiak Samoyeds tell of a hero named Itje, whose parents had been devoured by a man-eating giant named Punegusse. He himself succeeded in escaping and making his way to a desert, where he was brought up by his relations. When he had grown to be a strong and heroic youth, he decided to free his people from this demon from the north. He succeeded in killing it, but the demon kept on being born again. He resolved therefore to burn up the carcass of the man-eater, but even in the fire the demon continued to exist. Its jaws ground against each other when the fire had burnt out, and its voice cried out that even when burnt up it would continue to plague mankind. The wind would scatter its ashes into the air, whence they would everywhere suck the blood of men. From these ashes the innumerable mosquitoes of Siberia arise each summer.

In a Samoyed variant a small black bird is born of the flesh of Punegusse. This bird is called "a bit of Punegusse's flesh."

Among the Ostiaks of the river Vach this story runs briefly as follows: A great bird once caught a great pike and gave it to its sister to cook. The latter prepared instead a meal of dog's offal, which so enraged the bird that it flew away until at last it came to the man-eater. Finding the hut empty, the bird ate its fill of a large kettle of fat, but was caught by the man-eater. To save its own life the bird promised its sister in marriage to the giant and was set free. It then hurried home and to save its sister, fastened the door so that only a small hole was left. The man-eater, coming for his bride, tried to get through this hole, but stuck fast there. The bird then killed him with a great knife and set fire to the house. The body of the man-eater was burnt to ashes, but here also the spirit spoke, foretelling that its ashes would each summer be born anew as mosquitoes and would continue to live on the flesh of men.

According to a Yakut cannibal myth, the man-eating giant was burnt up, and from the fragments of his bones all kinds of destructive insects, and also frogs and snails were born. Karaty-Khan vanquishes a demon, grinds it into fragments and throws these into the air, thus giving birth to mosquitoes and other insects.

Far away to the east, among the Goldes, tales of a similar character are met with. These tell of two sisters who lived in the same hut. The women now came forward and broke the demon into pieces with hammers, scattering the pieces in all directions. While doing so, they said: "Man-eater, thou fedst thyself on human flesh, may the pieces of thy flesh and thy bones change into small insects, which like thee shall eat human blood. Of the smallest fragments may gnats be born, of those a little larger, mosquitoes, and of the largest, flies, beetles, etc." Immediately great clouds of insects arose, which spread over the earth.

The Goldes have still another tale related to this: A brother and sister lived in a hut in peace. Once when the brother came home from the forest, he noticed that his sister had altered considerably. He began to suspect that some one kept company with her. For this reason, he strewed ashes outside the hut when setting off again on a hunting trip. While singing she said: "I have lived with the tiger, he is my husband, his spirit is in me; thou canst not kill me, but if thou wilt cut off my little finger, I shall die." The brother cut off his sister's little finger and when she was dead, built a large log-fire and threw the body on to it. While the body was burning, instead of sparks, all kinds of evil spirits in the form of birds and insects flew out of the fire.



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Tsonoqoa, at Alert Bay

Cannibal myths of this description, which are to be found also among the Tungus, and are extremely characteristic of the more northern peoples of Siberia, have been noted down also on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. As in Siberia, North American Indian myths tell of the birth of blood-sucking insects from the ashes of a man-eater. It seems probable, therefore, that these primitive tales have a common origin.

The Cannibal-Woman among the Koriaks, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:352).

The frequent episode in Indian tales of the origin of mosquitoes, flies, frogs, or snakes, etc., from the body, bones, or ashes, of spirits, cannibals, or shamans, is found not only in Yukaghir tales, but also in Mongol-Turk traditions.

I will point out here one more passage, common to the Indian and Mongol-Turk tales. A monster woman or a deity is described in the myths of the Bella Coola Indians as a cannibal, who inserts her long snout in the ears of man and sucks out his brain. She is afterwards transformed into mosquitoes. In a Buryat variant of Gesser we find a similar episode. A monster bee, monster wasp, and a monster snake are sent one after another to the infant they split into small pieces, which become bees, wasps, and snakes.

The Giantess among the Chukchees, and the Koriaks, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:374).

A giantess carries away children in a basket, but they succeed in making good their escape (Bogoras, *Amer. Anthropologist*, p. 623).

Coasts of Northern and Southern British Columbia. — A monster-woman does the same (Boas, *Indianische Sagen*, pp. 57, 110, 224, 241, 249).

The Magic Flight and Strewn Obstacles, among other North American Tribes and the Koriaks, according to Waldemar Jochelson (116:369–370).

Some ornaments are thrown backward in order to detain pursuers (p. 219).

Kutka defecates all kinds of berries in order to detain pursuers; (Steller, p. 263).

Eme'mqut throws some berries into the boat of his pursuers in order to detain them (p. 286).

Coast of Northern British Columbia — The pursuer is detained by throwing in his way some things belonging to his child (Boas, *Indianische Sagen*, p. 210).

Stars pursue fugitives, who throw away tobacco, paint, and sling-stones. The Stars stop and paint their faces (Boas, *Tsimshian Texts*, p. 92).

Also widely known on the Great Plains.

West Coast of Hudson Bay — The father of a girl who is being pursued by her husband tells her to throw backward various things in order to delay the pursuit (Boas, *Baffin-Land Eskimo*, p. 318).

Cumberland Sound — A man pursued by a monster makes a great many berries by means of sorcery. The monster sees them, stops, and eats a great many (*Ibid.* p. 177).

European — In the Greek legend of the Argonauts, Medea and Jason, pursued in their flight by Medea's father, kill her brother, and scatter the fragments of his body on the sea. Her father pausing for the burial of the remains, they gain time for their escape.

The magic flight, or the throwing-back by pursued people of different objects, such as a chip of wood, a stone, etc., which turn into a forest, a mountain-ridge, or a river (pp. 112, 187, 257).

Coasts of Northern and Southern British Columbia — A pursued deer throws back a piece of fat, which turns into a lake; he then throws some of his hair, which turns into woods (Boas, *Indianische Sagen*, p. 187) (See also, pp. 99, 164, 224, 240, 268).

Cumberland Sound — For a similar episode, see Boas, *Baffin-Land Eskimo*, p. 177.

Central Eskimo — A similar episode (Boas, *Central Eskimo*, p. 619).

Athapascan — Pursued men throw parts of a caribou stomach over their shoulders, which are transformed into mountains (Boas, *Traditions of the Ts'ets'at*, p. 260).

Coast of Washington — Wild-cat, pursued by a woman-monster, turns his dog into a mountain, which the old woman has to climb (Farrand, *Quinault Indians*, p. 116).

Samoyed (Siberia) — Two women, pursued by cannibal, throw back a comb and a steel of a strike-a-light, which turn into a forest and a mountain (Castren, *Ethnologische Vorlesungen*, p. 165).

Russian — Episodes of the magic flight are found in the tales of Russians on the Kolyma and Anadyr Rivers, and of the Russianized Yukaghir (Bogoras, *Anthropologist*, p. 673).

THE MOUNTAIN-GOAT

The Mountain-Goat Myth (Gitksan) recorded by William Beynon from Isaac Täens, an old Hazelton chief, in 1920.

The people, after adopting this crest, built a salmon *t'in* (trap) and a huge house. Every year they went to the mountains, and there they hunted the mountain-goat. On one of the trips one of them caught a little mountain-goat. It was crying, and the men took pity on it. He used the fat which he was carrying on himself, and rubbed the little mountain-goat with it; he did the same with his red colouring. Then he turned the kid loose.

The mountain-goats were very angry because of the hunters who were slaughtering their people in large numbers. One day two strangers garbed in robes appeared in the village. They refused native foods offered them, but invited the people of Temlarh'am to a great feast on the mountainside. Children playing nearby saw the strangers eating grass. They told their elders, but when they came out to see, the strangers had stopped grazing, and the elders thought the children were fooling them.

On the way to the feast on the mountainside the people saw a huge house by a clearing, and were invited into it by strange people, among whom was a young man with red paint on his face. He went to one of the guests (the one who had befriended him), and said, "Come, my friend, you shall be my guest." Then the chief entertained his guests with the help of his *halait*. He had food served. The young man with the painted face stayed with his own guest, and when the others were getting ready for bed, he took his new friend aside and said to him, "When you sleep, stay near the end of the wall. I will be next to you." When this guest woke up in the morning, he heard someone telling him not to move. When he looked around he saw the whole side of the mountain fallen away and the house gone. He was worried, for he thought he would die also. But the young man with the painted face said, "I know you. You saved me once, and I will try and do the same for you. I will give you my shoes, with which you will be able to climb down the mountain. When you come to the bottom, take them off, and I will go for them." The guest was at first afraid, but his friend told him to have no fear. He put the shoes on as he was told, and in this way got to the foot of the mountain. Here he saw the remains of all his friends among the rocks. He went on down the mountain, but he was the only one saved of all his people who had been at the feast.

The remaining people at Temlarh'am went to recover the bodies. They knew it was the mountain-goats that had killed their relatives, because the young man with the painted face said to the guest who was saved: "The mountain-goat people are seeking revenge. You saved me once though, and that is why I am saving you."

The Painted Mountain-Goat (Gitksan), communicated by Mr. Coleman, obtained from Gitksan school children of Glen Vowell, upper Skeena River, in 1946.

The boys and girls of the Glen Vowell Indian Day School can see from their windows a sign which they know means: "Be Kind to Animals." The "Umshehahs" or White People who have never heard the old Indian story call it Rocher-de-Boule Mountain. We call it Stekyawden or "The Painted Goat".

A long time ago Indian boys and girls were taught to be kind to animals. They were allowed to kill those they needed for food and clothing, but were never to kill any that they did not need. After a while the people forgot to be kind, and killed many animals that they did not need. Even the boys and girls forgot. One day a mountain-goat was caught and the children took it down to the river.

They made a big fire and threw the goat into it. When it jumped out of the fire they threw it into the river. For a long time they played in this way until the goat was badly burned, cold, and tired. Many older people saw the children, but only laughed at the plight of the poor creature. The Chief's son, Raven-Feather, came along. When he saw the poor goat being dragged about he took it away from the children. "Don't you remember," said Raven-Feather, "that the mountain spirits will be angry if you are cruel?" But the children only laughed at him.

Raven-Feather kept the goat in his lodge until its burns were all healed. The goat's face had been badly burned, and Raven-Feather put some crimson-coloured salve around the eyes. When the goat was better, Raven-Feather took it to its home in the mountains.

While most of the men were away fishing for salmon, three strangers came to the village. They were wrapped in long grey blankets and kept their faces covered even when talking. They invited every one to a feast at the time of the Harvest Moon. The women accepted the invitation and gave them gifts of food. The visitors thanked them and hid the food in their blankets.

One small orphan boy followed the men out of the village. He ran back to tell that when he hid behind a tree the men threw away their blankets and were changed into goats. No one would believe him. When the Harvest Moon came, the visitors returned to guide their guest to a level plain some miles from their village.

A man with crimson circles around his eyes received Raven-Feather and placed him in a seat of honour. All were soon eating heartily of the rich foods provided by their strange hosts. Finally they could eat no more, and fell asleep.

The man with the crimson circles invited Raven-Feather to stay beside him. While they slept the spirits of the mountain changed the surface of the ground, and when the guests awoke they found themselves on top of a mountain. Between them and the grassy plains below were slippery crags on which their hosts were walking.

The villagers tried to climb down, but lost their footing. When Raven-Feather wanted to follow he was stopped. His host, whom he now recognized as the goat he had rescued, took off its shoes and gave them to the boy. With them Raven-Feather was able to follow the goat down the mountain. No one else returned from the mountains. Raven-Feather called the new mountain "The Painted-Goat" in honour of the one who had saved his life.

The Mountain-Goat of Gitrhahla, belonging to the "Royal" household of Hale among the Gitrhahla tribe of the Coast Tsimshians on Porcher Island. Dictated to William Beynon by Joshua Tsiyebesæ, at Port Simpson, 1916.

In the neighbourhood of Temlarh'am (On-where-it-is-good), there was a herd of mountain-goats (*matih*) which the people abused and killed. They did not kill them for food, but would cripple and maim them before letting them go. One day, a young Prince of this village was out hunting and came upon a lot of young men abusing a little mountain-goat (kid). When he saw this he became angry and said, "Stop that! These animals will some day return and kill us all on account of the way we are treating them." He took the kid under his arm, went up the hill, and said to it, "Go, my brother, go home where you belong. Do not forget me!"

(The informant explained: in older times, the people believed all animals were capable of doing supernatural things, and were human beings of a superior kind.) The younger people kept on killing and maiming the mountain-goats, although the older people wanted them to stop.

One day, a young man came into the village, entered the house of the chief, and said, "You and all your men are invited to a great feast to be given by a great Chief up in the hills." The chief agreed to go, and the messenger said, "When the day comes, somebody will come down and guide you all to his house." Now this man was a mountain-goat in human shape. Everybody got ready for the big feast, learned new dirge songs to be sung at it, and never inquired who was inviting them or where this chief was. The mountain-goats had used their supernatural power so that they would not ask. When the day came, a few young men arrived at the village and said, "To-morrow we will go up into the hills to the feast, and enter the house of the chief." Early in the morning the people followed the young men who led them up into the mountains. When they came to a large mountain they rested outside and were fed. Among the invited guests was the young Prince who had saved the life of the kid, and as he sat there among his people a young man came to him and said, "Brother, when you go into the house do not sit at the side among your people but at the end. You will sit near me. I have not forgotten you." The young Prince did not know what he meant or who he was.

After all the guests had rested and had eaten something, they wandered about, as the feast and dances would soon commence. They saw that all the houses were made of rock built into the mountains, and all the people who lived here seemed to move about very quickly and lightly. When the Chief who was giving the feast was ready, the guests were called in and were all seated on one side of the house by themselves. When they had finished eating, a dried meat was served which tasted like that of the mountain-goat. Actually it was the dung of the mountain-goat fixed up like meat. When they had finished eating, dancing began. The dancers now entered and all of them wore mountain-goat head-dresses. They were very realistic; even their feet and movements were similar to those of the mountain-goats. "They are like real mountain-goats," the people said. The dancers now sang a song (informant knew it: Mountain-Goat song) in which the singers told how some of their tribe had been crippled and killed and how they would avenge themselves upon the people who had destroyed them. The guests, knowing that these people were mountain-goats and would seek revenge, looked towards the door, but it had disappeared. It was now a solid mountain wall. They could not escape. The leader of the dancers, a big man who had a larger *kalk matih* and larger feet than the others, ran past the guests and jumped over the fire. After he had done this a few times he shouted, "The time has come when we will show you people what we will do." Another song was

sung (informant knew it), and the dancers kept jumping and dancing from one end of the house to the other. The young man who was looking after the Prince said to him: "When the big dancer says, 'I will kick the mountains,' you hold on to me very tightly, and I will save you. Your people are all to be destroyed. Nothing can save them." So the dancer jumped and ran, and said, "I will kick the Mountains," and as he did the whole side of the mountain fell away, and with it the guests, who were all sitting on that side. Only the young Prince, who had done as he had been told by his friend, was saved. He found that he was holding a mountain-goat kid, and that all the people in the house were now changed to mountain-goats. The kid turned and said to the young Prince, "Follow me, do whatever I tell you, and you will be saved."

The Prince did this. He saw that the roads along which they had come had disappeared, and that they were on the edge of a great precipice over which the people and mountain had fallen. The kid then said to the Prince, "The mountain-goats have killed all your people because they killed and abused us and made us suffer. You saved my life once; I will now save yours." Then he led the Prince away, taking him on his back over difficult places. They travelled for several days, and came to a very swift stream (Skeena) across which they wanted to go to the Prince's village. The Prince did not know how he would get across, so the kid said, "I will take off my skin and give it to you, and you will be able to jump across. My hoofs will keep you from slipping on the rocks. You can jump far with my skin. When you get over, you will throw it back to me." This he did, and the Prince took the kid's skin and became a mountain-goat. He jumped across the river with ease. When he had crossed, he threw back the skin to the kid, who resumed it again and jumped across too. They continued their way, and finally the goat said, "On that hill I will leave you. It is near your village." When they arrived there, the kid said to the Prince, "You know now the power of mountain-goats. You must not kill any more than you want for food. You will make a crest of the mountain-goat headdress. You and your family will keep it and wear it." After this the kid turned away and returned to the hills, and the young Prince went on until he found his village. He saw that it was in ruins with only mourning women about. He thought he had been away only a few days, but learned that he had actually been absent 10 years. He told the women what had happened and they sang dirge songs.

(Informant says these are the dirge songs that are always sung in his house. A good many people know them also at Port Simpson.) Later the women married men from neighbouring villages. This young man was a royal Gispewudwade. (Informant states that this crest cannot be used by any *lekahkiget* house, but only in royal houses. It is not the privilege of the Larhmawn (sea-coast) group of the Gispewudwade — the Gitnagun'aks.)

The Mountain-Goat of Skedans, according to James Deans (36:56-58).

The mountain goat is a crest of the raven phratry. It is not shown on any of the totem posts at the model village (at the Chicago World Fair, 1893). It is shown as a head with two horns on top of the mortuary column erected to the memory of Chief Skiddance of Skiddance. This column stands in front of one of the houses. The figures on it are as follows: The lowest a bear, Skiddance's crest; the second, the head with horns, showing that he was connected with the society of the mountain goat; the third, on top is the moon; on each side of the column are two little figures of a man and woman. The bear signifies greatness, the goat



Mountain-Goat, at Skidegate



Mountain-Goat, at Skidegate

nobility, the moon height. Altogether the inscription reads thus: "Erected to the memory of the great, the noble and the high Skiddance, Chief of Skiddance, by his daughter and son-in-law, the two little figures." This story of the mountain goat does not belong to the Hidery; it is a story of the same totem belonging to the Cowitchian tribes of Vancouver Island. The name in the language of these people is pe-kull-kun, pe white, kull-kun, wild animal.

The story. "There was a time long ago, our fathers tell us, when our people, the Whull-e-mooch (dwellers on Whull, Puget Sound, State of Washington), lived a long way farther south than we their children do now. Northward from the sea coast to the farthest mountains, the whole country as well as the sea was covered with snow and ice, so deep that the summer heat failed to melt it. The old folks tell us that their fathers did not like the land they lived in, but were at a loss where to go. Southward lived a people they feared, because they were stronger than our fathers were; northward the snow and ice as well as the great cold prevented their moving in that direction. While they were discussing what to do, Spaul, the raven god, suddenly came amongst them. After listening to their grievances he said, "I shall soon settle that difficulty." So saying, he turned all the snow and ice into pe-kull-kun, and sent them to make their abode in the fastness of the highest mountains, where there would be plenty of food for them, while their flesh would be food and their hair clothing for the Whull-e-mooch for ever. After the snow and ice had all gone, the climate became warmer and the land drier, which enabled the Whull-e-mooch to move northward to where we, their children, now live and our fathers lived before us."

This tradition is remarkable from the fact that at one time this Pacific slope was covered with snow and ice. This, the ice grooves, which everywhere abound, from the bottom of the



Mountain-Goat totem pole, at Skidegate

sea to the tops of the hills, plainly show. It is not all apparent that the Indians would ever think to associate these ice grooves with a period of snow and ice. It is a tradition of the settlement of this country after the glacial period.

THE SKEEL OR LANEMRAIT CREST

The Taden Skeel of the Haidas (three human figures with tall hats) of the Haidas — their origin, according to James Deans (36:21).

On top of a number of columns is an image with a tall hat marked off into three or four divisions; on others, are two or three images with hats. The single one with the taden skeel, or long hat, is a chief or a person of two or three degrees standing, as is shown by his hat. When there are three images with taden skeel, this, in some instances, shows that the chief who built this house was succeeded by one or two brothers, as the case might be. According to the Hidery legends, these three images were adopted by an old chief, Skidegat, from a very old story, which runs thus: Long ago, Ne-kilst-lass, the raven god, turned himself into a beautiful woman and three men fell in love with her. The three men have been used by the descendants of the old chief who adopted them.

The Lanemrait of the Tsimshians, Haidas, and Tlingits, as explained by Herbert Wallace, head-chief of the Gitsees tribe of the Coast Tsimshians; William Beynon acting as interpreter, in 1915.

The Lanemrait crest belonged with varied number of cylinders to several high families of the Tsimshians, for instance, Neeshlkemik (Gillodzar tribe), and Tseebasæ (Gitrhahla), both of the Gispewudwade phratry, who were at odds among themselves as to who had a right to it. They actually used it, in the detached form of ten cylinders woven out of split roots of spruce trees and in the form of hats with cylinders on their top called Lanemrait. These ceremonial hats bore the name of Big-Lanemrait (*wee'nakemrait*). Other families used somewhat smaller Lanemraits (with fewer cylinders) of their own, for instance, the "royal" Wolf family of Neeslaranows, whose hat displayed eight cylinders under the other name of Merely-Lanemrait (*ksahlanemrait*). Skagwait (Ginarhangeek), head-chief of the Gitandaw tribe, had his Lanemrait of five cylinders on top of his Sitting-Beaver chewing a maple branch, as seen on his monument at Port Simpson. Its name was Remnants-of-Maple (*kanem-kawrhs*). Head-chief Legyarh, head of the Gisparhlawts, claimed the same Lanemrait as Skagwait and displayed it in a *yæok* feast. Each chief had different explanations to justify his right to his own Lanemrait.

The Haidas, who used this crest even more extensively than the Tsimshians, called it *skil*.

RIDICULE OR DISCREDIT POLES

HAIDA

The Imitation Copper-Money, 1832, on the pole of Jefferson at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, a few decades after 1832.

James Deans has the following story to tell about this odd totem pole, quite probably one of the earliest of the Haida village of Skidegate (36:1, 2,).

About 1832, a number of whaling ships used to winter, while on the North Pacific, at Skidegat. These whalers came chiefly from Boston or Maine. On one of these ships was a certain Captain Jefferson, who for some reason made up his mind to leave the sea and stay on shore amongst the Hidery. He seems to have had considerable means. On shore he made his home with a family, where he lived a number of years, and died in the latter thirties at the Indian's house, leaving all his money and effects to his host. According to the social laws of the Hidery, when anyone died, leaving his or her property to another, the one who inherited it had also to take the name of the donor. So this family took the name of Jefferson, by which they have been known ever since. Having thus acquired so much additional property, they became the wealthiest family in the village, excepting the chief. This induced him to build a new house with totem pole, showing higher social standing in the tribe. In order to find something to carve on his pole, he adopted a part of the coat of arms of the chief,

which he thought he had a right to, his wife being the chief's sister. As soon as the chief knew Jefferson's intentions, he told him that on no account would he allow his crest to be quartered. "Skidegat (the chief) won't allow me to take part of his crest, so I will have one of my own made and show him who is richest and at the same time leave no bare space like the poorer people." So when his pole was set up, it had three rows of the tau or copper cross money, one in front and one on each side, in addition to his family crests. When the chief died, Jefferson took down his imitation copper money pole, and in its place put up another with the late chief's coat of arms quartered, including the story connected with it.

The Police Magistrate (1870). The Haida pole at Skidegate belonging to Gathlans, representing the police magistrate of Victoria, and George Smith, clerk of the same town. Recorded by James Deans (36:16, 17).

On the tops of the two front corner posts, in a house belonging to one of the better class, whose name was Gathlans, in the above-mentioned village of Skidegat, a number of years ago, were two images, which could easily be recognized as other than Hidery. On the left of the observer, was one with a long hat and frock coat. The other, on the right, had on a cap with a peak in front. The first represented the police magistrate of this city, Victoria; the other represented George Smith, Clerk of the city. In or about the summer of 1870, this Gathlans left Skidegat, in order to have a few months sojourn in Victoria. While in Victoria, one day he got jolly drunk and in good fighting trim; the noise he made was such that it soon brought along the police, who quickly had him locked up. Next day, feeling sadly out of repair, he was up before the above-mentioned magistrate, Judge Pemberton, charged with being drunk and disorderly. After conviction, he was fined \$50, or six months imprisonment. Not having the money to pay his fine, he was locked up; after a few days, his friends, who had raised the money, came and paid his fine, which gave him his liberty. For the loss of so much money and the insult of his dignity, by being in prison, he was determined to have his revenge, and this is how he thought he had it. Smarting under his supposed insult, he took the earliest opportunity to get home, where he lost no time in setting a carver to make a couple of effigies of the judge and his clerk, which, when finished, were placed on his house-top, in hopes that every passer-by would jeer and mock the originals through their representations. By doing so he fancied he had his revenge. A few years afterwards I visited the village, and while there I saw the images and heard their story. When I returned to Victoria, I gave a short account of it in one of the local newspapers. Some time after, I met the Judge, who inquired if the story was true; when I told him it was, he thought it a capital joke.

The Debtor with his Head Down, (Deans) (36:21, 22).

The Hidery told me that their plan for collecting their just debts when due, was to ask for payment three times, and if still unpaid after that, the debtor was never again dunned. Although he was not again asked for payment, other means were employed for its recovery, as follows: seeing that nothing could be done by dunning, the creditor had a gayring erected in front of his house, on which was carved an image of the debtor with his head down, while on the column beside the image, in order the better to show who the debtor was, one or all of his crests were carved. The Hidery tell me that this scheme never failed; often, when the debtor saw what was being done, he came and paid all in order to save himself from the disgrace. All of the Indians are very proud and quickly resent an insult.

The Kidnapper. The Tlingit totem pole of the trader who had kidnapped two native children, formerly standing (about 1885) at the Kaigani (Haida) village at Skowl Bay, Prince of Wales Island, Alaska. Described by A. P. Niblack (78:326, 327. Pl. LV).

The top group represents the head of a European, with whitened face and long, black whiskers, flanked on either side by two figures representing children in sitting posture, wearing tall hats. These hats in Kaigani are called *Hat cachanda*, and each have four *skil*. The group represents the following legend, either commemorating an actual occurrence or else being a nursery tale originally invented to frighten refractory children, becoming in time, through repetition and misconception a veritable tradition. Many years ago the wife of a chief went out in a small fishing canoe, with her two children, near the summer camp to get the pine boughs, on which salmon spawn is collected. She drew up her canoe on the beach, and warned the children not to wander off. On her return they had disappeared. She called to them, and they answered her from the woods with voices of crows. Always when she sought them, two crows mocked her from the trees. The children never returned, and it was said that the white traders had kidnapped them and carried them off in their ship.

The face with the beard represents the trader, and the two figures, the kidnapped children. The figure next to the top, with the instrument in his claws across his breast, represents the crane (*he ko*), and the legend, or rather an incident in a legend, is roughly as follows: The crane was formerly an expert with tools, but they were stolen from him by a mischievous character (*T'skan-ahl*), and ever since he has been bewailing his fate. The cry which the crane now utters is, "I want my tools." The next figure below is *hoots*, the bear, holding between his paws the butterfly. At the creation, when the great [Yaihl], the benefactor of man, was looking for fair land for man to occupy, the butterfly hovered over his head as he flew. When he came to the country now occupied by the Haida, the butterfly pointed with his proboscis to the good lands, and said: "Where the bear is there are salmon, herbs, and good living." So that is how the Haida came to the Queen Charlotte Islands, and why bears are so abundant. This is similar to the story told Judge Swan by Edniso (Edensu) of Masset, British Columbia. The next figure is the giant spider sucking the blood and killing a man. One of the numerous adventures of *T'skan-ahl* was to kill the giant spider, which was such a mortal enemy to man. *T'skan-ahl* overcame the spider and threw him into the fire, but instead of burning he shrivelled up and escaped as a mosquito, carrying away with him a small coal of fire in his proboscis. Now instead of killing men he can only suck a little blood, but in revenge he leaves a coal of fire in the bite. My informant, a Kaigani, stated that it would take three days to relate all the adventures of *T'skan'ahl*. The lowest figure is *Koone*, the whole representing the totem of the owner of the column.

RIDICULE OR DISCREDIT POLES

TLINGIT

The Three Frogs of Shaiks Island. The ridicule pole on Chief Shaiks' Island, at Wrangell (Tlingit), Alaska, according to Edward L. Keithahn (62:49).

The best example of a Tlingit ridicule pole extant is the one recently reconstructed at Wrangell on Chief Shakes' Island. It consists of a T-shaped roost on which are perched three huge frogs. These are said to represent three Kiksadi women (whose totem is the Frog) who allegedly cohabited with three of Chief Shakes' slaves. After a time Shakes presented the Kiksadi chief with a bill for the keep of the three women who were living in his household. The Kiksadi chief would not pay, however, holding that the women had disgraced themselves by marrying beneath their station and had been ejected from the tribe, hence he was not responsible for them. Shakes was not satisfied, so, according to custom, he had the ridicule pole carved with the idea of forcing payment. Whether or not the debt was ever recognized and paid is unknown to-day. But when the pole was reconstructed from early drawings there was considerable feeling aroused and threats were made to destroy the carving before it could be erected. In other words, some of the natives took the attitude that a "note" once paid had been re-written and payment was again being demanded.

The Murderer. A Ridicule pole at Kake (Tlingit) to show contempt for a Russian murderer, mentioned by Edward L. Keithahn (62:49, 50).

Kake village had a ridicule pole erected to show contempt for a Russian that had killed one of the tribesmen. The Russian was carved realistically at the top of the pole, and beneath it was a raven attacking a halibut. The halibut represents the white man and the two figures no doubt conveyed the threat (or promise) that the deed would be avenged.

The Robber Woodpecker. A Ridicule totem pole at Sitka (Tlingit) to shame a white trader, mentioned by Edward L. Keithahn (62:49).

It is said that at Sitka a ridicule pole was once erected to shame a white trader who had been "adopted" into the Raven phratry with considerable ceremony and had been given presents. According to custom he should have given a potlatch in due time, repaying his benefactors with interest. Failing in this, a pole was constructed, at the top of which was the white man in the form of a raven, and beneath this was the robber woodpecker angrily protesting that the white man was a bigger thief than he was.

THE WHITE MAN
TLINGIT

The Abraham Lincoln Poles of the Tlingits at Tongas (Eifert); the Tongas pole was seen and photographed by the author at the abandoned village of Tongas, in 1927.



Abraham Lincoln totem pole, at Tongas

The following information is found in an article by Virginia S. Eifert (Editor, Illinois State Museum), in *Natural History*, Feb. 1947: "Lincoln on a Totem Pole — the strange story of how the Tlingit Indians honoured the man who freed the slaves."

A 50-foot pole, illustrated: "Abraham Lincoln as commemorated by the Raven clan, on his high perch on a small Alaskan Island."

This story goes back to 1867. It is a story of rivalry and feud between the Ravens and the Eagles. The Eagles were aggressive; they had grown rich in the Indian slave trade. When the news of the freedom of the slaves in



Abraham Lincoln carving being removed by U.S. Forestry Service



Captain Swanson's Tlingit wife, at Ketchikan

the United States was spread to Alaska by a U.S. Revenue cutter, the Ravens decided to make the best of it, to the detriment of their rivals the Eagles. They erected at the time more than one memorial in honour of Lincoln, and preserved the tradition within the clan. No one knows (according to Virginia S. Eifert) what happened to the original Lincoln pole. Three of the old Lincoln totems are still known to exist, one at the Museum at Juneau, one at Saxman, and one, in the Illinois State Museum, shown in the *Natural History* articles.

(M.B.) The Lincoln figure at the top of the Tongas pole was recently removed to the Museum at Juneau, and photographed here by the author. It is about 5 feet 6 inches high. The label describing it is: "The Lincoln totem pole was erected at Tongas village about 1870 by Tlingit Indians of the Raven phratry. Abraham Lincoln, whose emancipation proclamation produced the 13th Amendment abolishing slavery, was thus honored by Indians who, in 1867, came under its provisions and were freed from slavery suffered at the hands of other aggressive tribes. The figure of Lincoln was cut from its 50-foot pedestal and presented to the Museum by the U.S. Forestry Service, under whose direction a duplicate of the original was erected at Saxman in 1940."

Chief Skoolka's Gratitude, at the Haida village of Howkan, Prince of Wales Island, Southern Alaska, as reported by Lieut. George T. Emmons (American Anthropologist, Jan.-March, 1914, p. 66, 67. figure 7).

In the Haida village of Howkan, on Prince of Wales island, is still preserved the totem pole of Chief Skoolka, upon which is represented the uniformed figure, with a long beard, of a military official of Sitka who had extended some kindness to a former member of this family (figure 7). The beard and uniform identify the white man and the official. No attempt at a likeness could have been attempted, as the artist, who lived at a later period, could hardly have seen his subject.

Chief Skowl's Russian Priests, at the Kasa-an village of the Haidas, Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, as represented by A. P. Niblack, (78:327, 378).

There are two classes of poles: (1), commemorative proper, and (2), mortuary. It has been explained, in the description of Fig. 292, that the upper group of figures commemorates a real or supposed incident in the kidnapping of two Indian children by the white traders. It is the generally accepted opinion that these columns are in no sense historical, but purely ancestral or totemic. This claim is entirely too sweeping. Fig. 293 shows the details of a column erected in front of the feast house of the famous Kaigani Chief Skowl at Kasa-an. This is in the rear of the living house, on the back street, so to speak. In front of the latter is his totemic column, a tall, slender, finely carved one, surmounted by Skowl's crest, the eagle. Just below it is carved figure of a [white man, perhaps a priest] man with right hand uplifted and index finger pointing to the sky. It signifies that in the heavens God dwells — the God of the white man. Below this is the representation of an angel as conceived by the



Totem poles of Chief Skoolka, a Kaigani-Haida



The totem pole of Chief Skowl, at Kasaan

Indians from the description of the whites, and then comes a large figure intended to picture a Russian missionary with hands piously folded across the breast. This group of the figure with uplifted hand, the angel, and the missionary, commemorates the failure of the Russian priests to convert Skowl's people to their faith, and was erected in ridicule and derision of the religion of the white man. Below this group is a magnificent carving of a spread eagle, and at the bottom of the column a figure intended to represent one of the early traders on the coast. Skowl was always an enemy to the missionary and resisted their encroachments to the last, being remarkable for his wealth, obesity, and intemperate habits. He weighed at the time of his death, in the winter of 1882-83, considerably over 300 pounds. As a young man, his physical prowess, wealth, and family influence, made his tyrannical rule at Kasa-an one long to be remembered, as he did much to keep his people to the old faith and to preserve amongst them the manners and customs of his forefathers.

Chief Skowl's Totem Pole, according to Edward L. Keithahn (62: 148, 149).

The Chief Skowl totem pole which so plainly shows European influence, was erected by the great Haida chief, Skowl, at Kasaan in the early 80's and has since been removed to Ketchikan's city park. It was ordered carved to commemorate the baptism of the chief and his family in the Greco-Russian Church at New Archangel (Sitka). The unusual art style is derived from that on cards picturing saints, cherubs, and so forth, given to Skowl by the Russian bishop.

The eagle surmounting the pole is Chief Skowl's totem. Beneath it is the figure of a Russian saint. The third figure, apparently emerging from the clouds, is the face of the Archangel Michael, and beneath it the Russian bishop. Next comes another eagle, beneath which is the figure of Skowl's son-in-law, Vincent Baranovich, an Austrian by birth, hailing from Trieste, Dalmatia. Baranovich was an English subject, and, together with Skowl, held in contempt the "Yankee Government"; so it is unlikely the lower eagle represents the United States which had recently purchased Alaska.

Skowl's daughter, Mrs. Vincent Baranovich, largely financed the carving, and it was no doubt for her sake that her husband's figure was included. He died in 1879, and Skowl in the winter of 1882-83.

The Greek Orthodox Church Certificate at Kasa-an (Haida), southern Alaska, reported on by William Beynon, of Port Simpson, in 1927.

A Kasa-an pole with scroll fretwork was said by an old Indian woman to have been carved by her uncle, who wanted to display on it a Greek Orthodox church certificate in his possession, of which he was inordinately proud. Beynon's informant still possessed this certificate. The pole since has disappeared.

Captain Swanson's Tlingit Wife, now standing in the park at Ketchikan, recorded in 1939.

A totem pole, now in the park at Ketchikan, Alaska, is supposed to stand for Captain Cook, who made landfalls on the North Pacific Coast in 1778-1779. Other poles in the neighbourhood are surmounted by carvings representing white men in overcoats, top hats, and long trousers, one of these being a sailor at a steering wheel. Native chiefs in paraphernalia and conical hats, standing or sitting on Haida chests, are numerous particularly among the Tlingits.

The native memorial to Captain Cook challenges attention only because of its historical portent, for in itself it is not an important piece of craftsmanship. Small and merely affixed to a thick-set mast, it consists of the upper half of a human figure facing forward and resting on a boat placed sideways and dotted with portholes. The accuracy of this local ascription to Captain Cook is at first sight questionable, as the carving lacks stylistic authenticity.

Captain Cook never touched the Alaskan seacoast except in the Eskimo area within Bering Sea far to the north. The figure itself is decidedly that of a woman, whose delicate hands are clasped in front. The close-fitting bodice is buttoned in the middle; it ends at the neck with a collar and at the wrists with narrow cuffs and trimmings. The long hair is parted near the centre and smoothly combed sideways.

No Tlingit ever saw Captain Cook, possibly no other British seaman, before the coming of Captain Green in 1792, and in the following year, of Captain George Vancouver. While making a careful survey of the coast Vancouver sailed with his ship within the wide inland waters now known under the name of Portland Canal. There he brushed past the estuary of the Nass River and encountered a party of Tsimshians who may not have seen white man before. While on his way from the Nass northwards through the islands and canals to the present site of Wrangell, where he missed the mouth of the Stikine, he probably came across the southern Tlingits, who do not seem to have remembered his passage, as the Niskæes do in a tradition which I have recorded among them. All told, there is no more reason to ascribe the memorial now at Ketchikan to Vancouver than to Cook.

This intriguing carving has a better chance of portraying Captain Swanson's Tlingit wife, about whom old Mrs. Tamery, of Wrangell, in 1939, had the following story to tell the author:

"The first white sailor ever seen, ["remembered" would be a better word], in this country, landed at Tongas, on the present seacoast border between Alaska and British Columbia. There he took to wife a young woman of the Ganarhadée tribe, who bore a child by him. Yet he soon went away without her. Afterwards she married Hahskap, a chief, who adopted her girl child as his own.

"This daughter of the white sailor grew up and became a beautiful young woman, whose complexion was like that of her father's people. Her name was Huyhta. After her mother died, one day Captain Swanson anchored his ship in front of the village and came ashore. As soon as he saw her he wanted to take her aboard, just as the earlier white man had taken her mother. The adopted father refused at first to give her away, because he still remembered how her mother had been forsaken. To gain her, Captain Swanson promised to bring her to Victoria and marry her there, as a white man would. This was enough for him to win her, and she went away with him. This foreigner was different from the first, for he treated her as a grand lady. She always travelled with him on board ship, and everybody knew her as Mrs. Swanson. She came back to this country with her husband and her two children, a son and a daughter. As she was famous, I often heard of her, and once when I was young I met her, at Metlakatla, Alaska. She looked like a very old woman, quite small, but still graceful, and the people said that she was nearly a hundred years of age. For a time she lived abroad with her daughter, but was far from happy there, because she always longed to return to her tribe at Ketchikan, and one day after she had become feeble minded, she came back to die with her mother's people."

In this light the feminine figure on the Ketchikan pole lends itself to reinterpretation. It may have been meant to commemorate the passing of Mrs. Swanson. Unlike the dusky "pillow mates" of sailors, she was not forsaken by her white husband, who remained fond of her to the end of his career at sea.

The John Swanson Pole at Ketchikan, Alaska, according to John Hix, Hollywood, California, in a letter to the author, dated October 2, 1942.

. . . I came across an interesting item concerning [a] totem pole erected in honor of a white man. I understand that the totem, which still stands, was erected many years ago at Ketchikan, Alaska, to the memory of John Swanson, a trader for the Hudson's Bay Company. Swanson married an Indian bride, and the clothes worn by the trader on his wedding day are nailed to the pole, which is crested by an eagle and adorned by carvings of the clan to which his wife belonged.

THE WHITE MAN HAIDA

The Leaf-and-Flower Pole of the Haidas of Yan opposite Massett, on the Queen Charlotte Islands, as described, in 1939, by Alfred Adams, of Massett.

Description. This pole, about 25 feet high, contains the following figures: 1. The Eagle, at the top; 2. two stems with leaves and flowers in low relief rising in curvilinear, about one third of the length of the whole pole; 3. two Grizzly Bears sitting erect, one above the other. A hollow-back pole.

This pole belonged to chief Gayaw, a member of the Stlinlanaws clan of the Ravens, formerly of the Tiyan tribe on the northwest coast. Yan means "true" or "real". These flowers and leaves, represented in low-relief carving in the upper half of the pole, were called Valuable-Leaves (*rhilkwaiyas*), and belonged as a crest to Gayaw and his family.

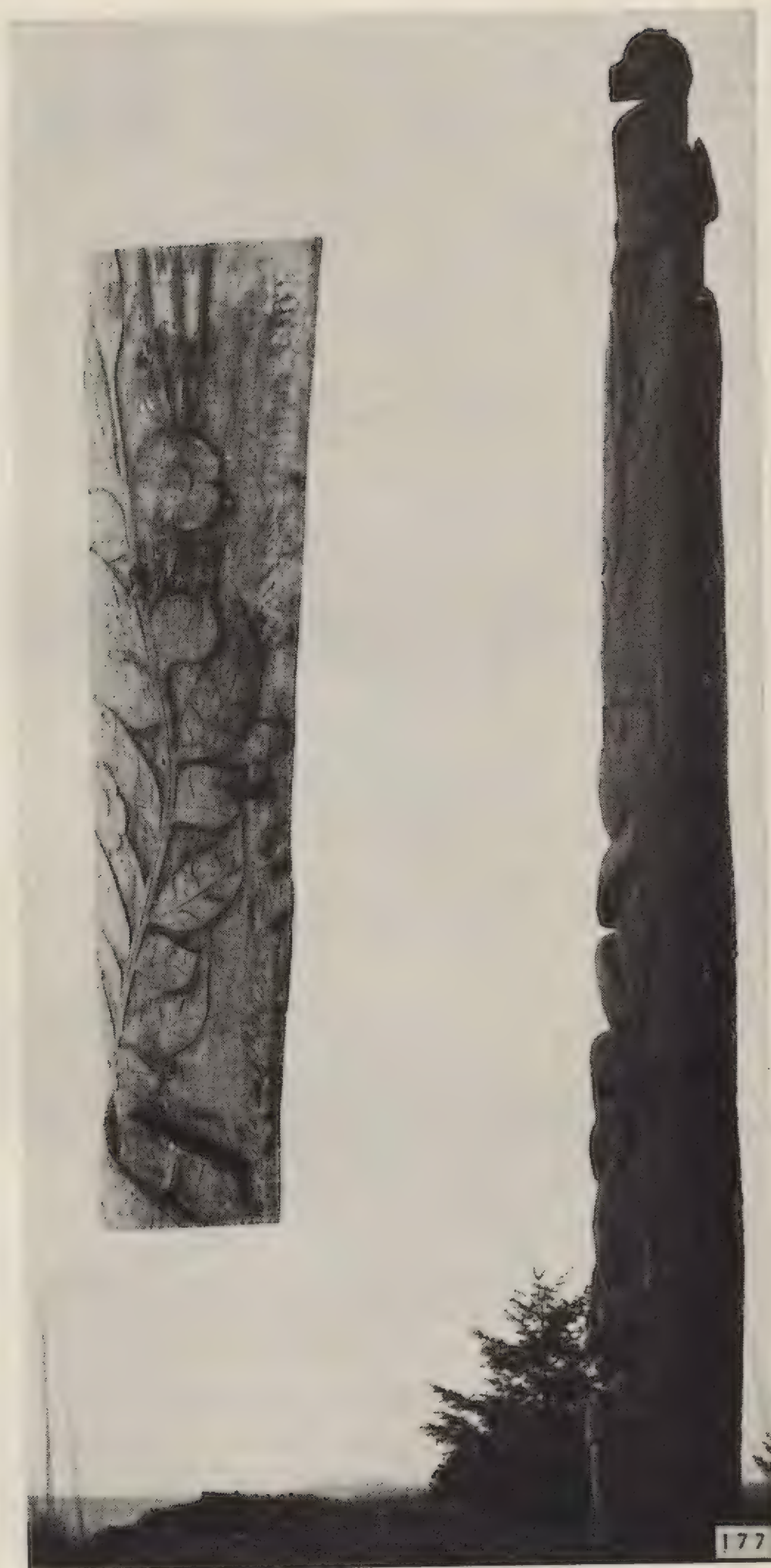
Long after Victoria was established, the Haidas of the Tiyan tribe, particularly the family of Gayaw, journeyed several times by dug-out canoe to Victoria, and acquired wealth there (because of the sea-otter trade, Tiyan village being located in the best area for sea-otter hunting). These people greatly admired the garden flowers in the white man's town, and when they came home, were the first to adopt them as a family emblem and have them carved on their totem pole.

This pole, during World War II, was cut down without permission by members of the Royal Canadian Air Force (who then occupied a military air field across the channel near Old Massett), and removed to their station. Later on, the withdrawal of military forces from the Queen Charlotte Islands, this pole, together with another from Yan, was taken to Prince Rupert along with military equipment, and was about to be removed privately by a member of the Air Force when the Indian Agent at Prince Rupert objected, and had the poles removed to the grounds of the Municipal Library at Prince Rupert. There they were to be reerected, in 1947. Unfortunately these were previously disfigured by a coating of gaudy store paint. They seem never to have been coloured previously.

"BARBECUE" POLES

The "Barbecue" Raven, pole of the deserted Tlingit village of Auk, about ten miles from Juneau, Alaska.

This totem pole, *circa* 50 feet tall, was carved about ten years ago by Tlingit craftsmen under the WPA plan for Alaska, and erected for the U.S. Forest Service. Because it was made for the white people and bears no real meaning for the Tlingit, it is humorously designated by them with the name "Barbecue Raven".



The Leaf and Flower totem pole of Yan

Its figures (from the top down) are: 1. Raven, 2. two Dragonflies; 3. Six small bird figures in insets down the long shaft; 4. A human figure (at the bottom).

According to Mrs. William Paul of Juneau (in 1947), this pole is an imitation of one belonging to the Crophy (Jake) family, the "Blanket People" (*klinaide*), one of the leading groups in the Raven phratry. Frank Sinclair, a Tlingit of the Huna tribe who carved it for the Forestry Service, would say "That's the White-man's totem pole. It means nothing to us". The story of the Crophy family was recorded by Mr. Linn Forest, of the Forestry Service. The bird figures down the pole represent: Robin, Chikadee, Blue Jay, Owl . . . They illustrate a myth already recorded by Lieut. G. T. Emmons (in "The Whale House"), and by Dr. Swanton. The Raven, according to the Tlingit myth, had gathered the salmon and many small animals about him. At his request, they brought fresh leaves to him, but he said, "Not the right kind of leaves!" and sent them farther and farther away . . . The human figure at the bottom of the pole represents the Big Dipper (eight stars) called Yarhtæ.



A new totem pole of Wrangell



The new Frogs, at Shaiks Island, Wrangell



The "Barbecue" Raven of Auk



The Dook-tul pole, at Klawock



Grizzly Bear of the Kaigani-Haidas



Bear Mother and Cubs, at Klawock



The new house front and totem poles on Shaiks Island, Wrangell

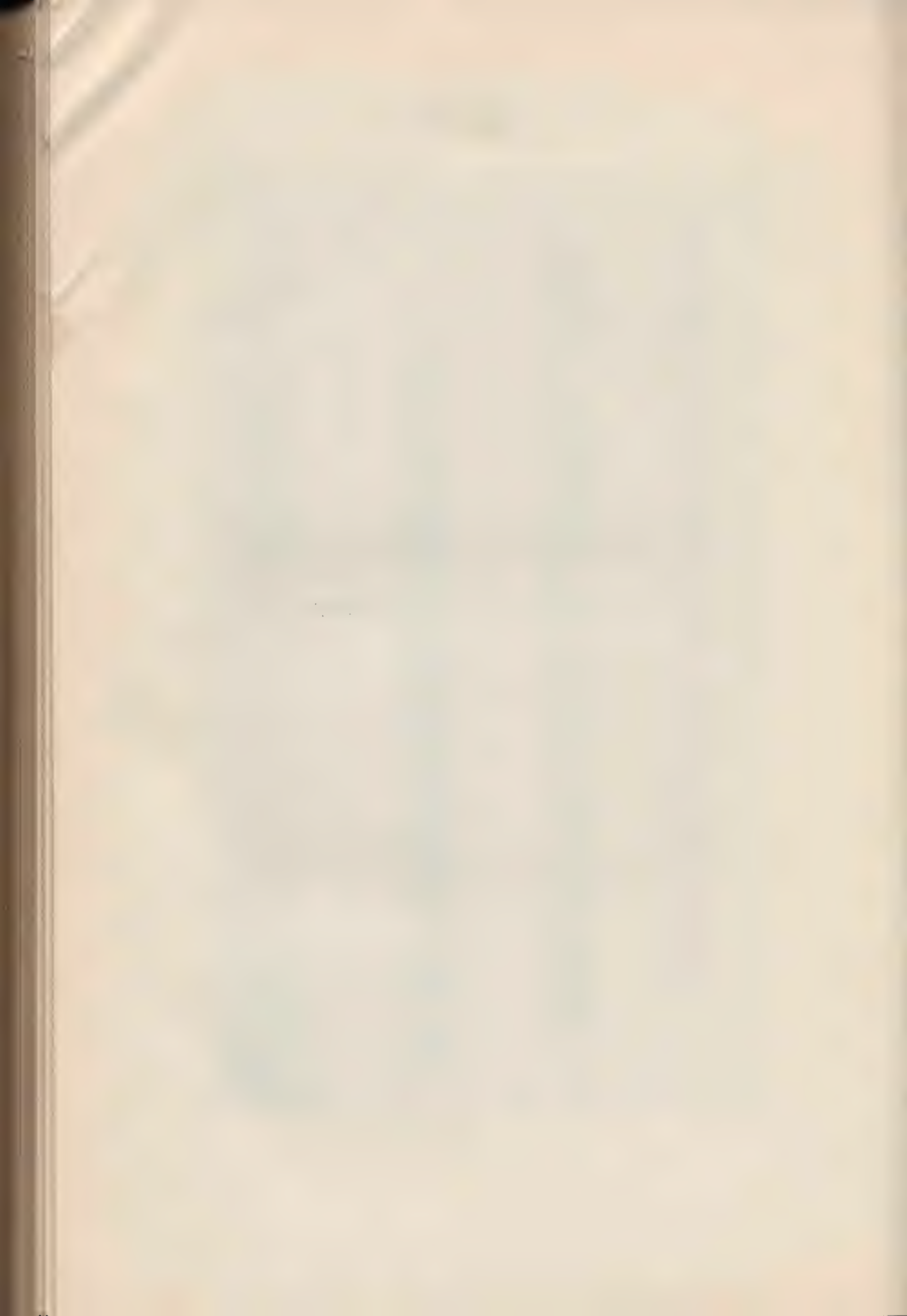


Bear Mother, at the
Colorado Museum,
Denver



Grotesque poles carved for sale

DETAILS OF ILLUSTRATIONS



DETAILS OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrations bear serial numbers which refer to the same figures in the following descriptive list. Credit for photographs is given to the individuals or the institutions whose contributions they are. The numbers in brackets are the negative numbers of the National Museum of Canada, unless otherwise stated. Most of the photographs were taken by M. Barbeau from 1915 to 1947.

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LEGEND FOR MAP SHOWING POSITION OF INDIAN VILLAGES

Tlingit

1. Klukwan
2. Chilkat
3. Juneau
4. Sitka
5. Telegraph Creek
6. Stikine Glacier
7. Wrangell
8. Klawock
9. Ketchikan
10. Saxman
11. Cape Fox
12. Tongas

Haida (Kaigani)

13. Tuxecan
14. Kasaan
15. Hydaburg
16. Sukkwan
17. Howkan
18. Cape Chacon

Haida

19. Langara Island
20. Frederick Island
21. Hippa
22. Virago
23. Yan
24. Massett
25. Tow Hill
26. Cape Ball
27. Skidegate
28. Tsahl
29. New Gold Harbour
30. Cumsheewa
31. Skedans
32. Tanu
33. Ninstints
34. Tasu

Tsimshyan (Niskæ)

35. Nass River
36. Kincolith
37. Gitiks
38. Gitrhadeen
39. Gwunahaw
40. Gitwinksihlk
41. Gitlarhdamks
42. Volcano

Tsimshyan proper

43. Fort Simpson (1831)
44. Port Simpson (1833)
45. Metlakatla
46. Prince Rupert
47. Port Essington
48. Kitsemkælem
49. Kitsalas Canyon
50. Gitrhahla
51. Kitamat
52. Hartley Bay

Tsimshyan (Gitksan)

53. Kitwanga
54. Gitwinkul
55. Gitsegyukla
56. Hazelton
57. Kispayaks
58. Kiskagas
59. Qaldo

Kwakiutl

60. Bella Bella
61. Rivers Inlet
62. Smith Inlet
63. Hope Island
64. Koskimo
65. Blunden Harbour
66. Fort Rupert
67. Alert Bay
68. Kingcome Inlet
69. Gilford Island
70. Turnour Island
71. Knight Inlet
72. Cape Mudge

Nootka

73. Quatsino
74. Klayuqaht
75. Nootka Sound
76. Friendly Cove
77. Zeballos
78. Alberni

Salish

79. Campbell River
80. Comox
81. Nanaimo
82. Vancouver
83. Victoria
84. Port Townsen

T L I N G I T

T A H T A N Z

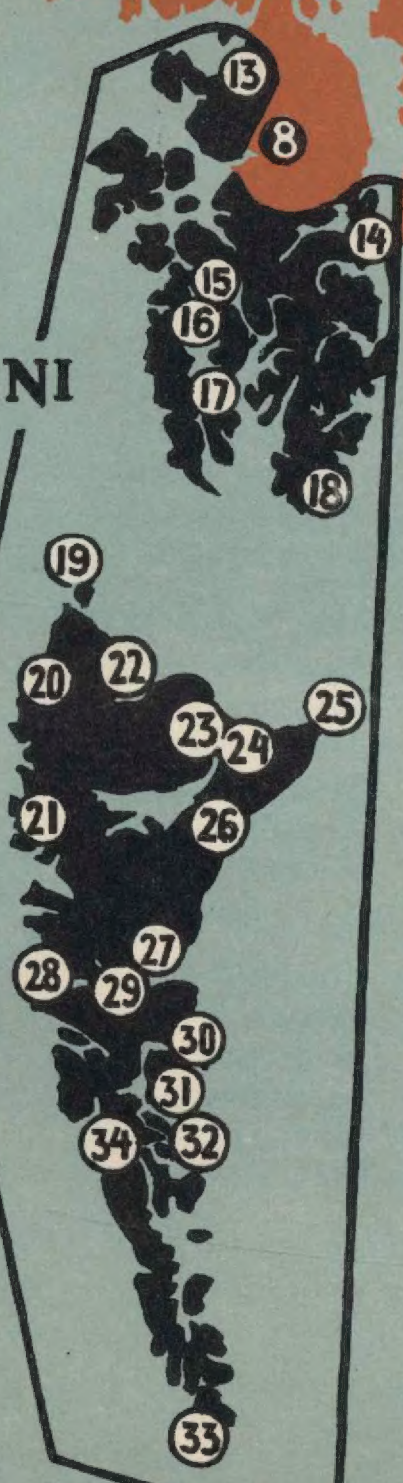
KAIGANI

HAIDA

NISKĀE

GITKSAN

TSIMSYAN



BELLA BELLA

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